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XIV

CHARACTER WRITINGS

OF THE

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

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CHARACTER WRITINGS

OF THE

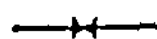
SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

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CHARACTER WRITINGS

OF THE

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

CHARACTER WRITING, as a distinct form of Literature, had its origin more than two thousand years ago in the ἠθικοὶ χαρακτῆρες*—Ethic Characters—of Tyrtamus of Lesbos, a disciple of Plato, who gave him for his eloquence the name of Divine Speaker—Theophrastus Aristotle left him his library and all his MSS, and named him his successor in the schools of the Lyceum. Nicomachus, the son of Aristotle, was among his pupils He followed in the steps of Aristotle. Diogenes Laertius ascribed to Theophrastus two hundred and twenty books He founded, by a History of Plants, the science of Botany; and he is now best known by the little contribution to Moral Philosophy, in which he gave twenty-eight short chapters to concise description of twenty-eight differing qualities in men. The description in each chapter was not of a man, but of a quality. The method of Theophrastus, as Casaubon said, was between the philosophical and the poetical. He described a quality, but he described it by personification, and his aim was the amending of men's manners. The twenty-eight chapters that have come down to us are probably no more than a fragment of a larger work They describe vices, and not all of them Another part, now lost, may have described the virtues. In a short proem the writer speaks of himself as ninety-nine years old Probably those two nines were only a poetical suggestion of long experience*

from which these pictures of the constituents of human life and action had been drawn. He had wondered, he said, before he thought of writing such a book, at the diversities of manners among Greeks all born under one sky and trained alike. For many years he had considered and compared the ways of men, he had lived to be ninety-nine. Our children may be the better for a knowledge of our ways of daily life, that they may grow into the best. Observe and see whether I describe them rightly. I will begin, he says, with Dissimulation. I will first define the vice, and then describe the quality and manners of the man who dissembles. After that I will endeavour to describe also the other qualities of mind, each in its kind. Then follow the Characters of these twenty-eight qualities Dissimulation, Adulation, Garrulity, Rusticity, Blandishment, Senselessness, Loquacity, Newsmongering, Impudence, Sordid Parsimony, Impurity, Ill-timed Approach, Inept Sedulity, Stupidity, Contumacy, Superstition, Querulousness, Distrust, Dirtiness, Tediousness, Sordid or Frivolous Desire for Praise, Illiberality, Ostentation, Pride, Timidity, Oligarchy, or the vehement desire for honour, without greed for money, Insolence, and Evil Speaking. One of these Characters may serve as an example of their method, and show their place in the ancestry of Characters as they were written in England in the Seventeenth Century.

STUPIDITY.

You may define Stupidity as a slowness of mind in word or deed But the Stupid Man is one who, sitting at his counters, and having made all his calculations and worked out his sum, asks one who sits by him how much it comes to When any one has a suit against him, and he has come to the day when the cause must be decided, he forgets it and walks out into his field Often also when he sits to see a play, the rest go out and he is left, fallen asleep in the theatre The same man, having eaten too much, will go out in the night to relieve himself, and fall over the neighbour's dog, who bites him The same man, having hidden away what he has received, is always searching for it, and never

finds it. And when it is announced to him that one of his intimate friends is dead, and he is asked to the funeral, then, with a face set to sadness and tears, he says, "Good luck to it!" When he receives money owing to him he calls in witnesses, and in midwinter he scolds his man for not having gathered cucumbers. To train his boys for wrestling he makes them race till they are tired. Cooking his own lentils in the field, he throws salt twice into the pot and makes them uneatable. When it rains he says, "How sweet I find this water of the stars." And when some one asks, "How many have passed the gates of death?" [proverbial phrase for a great number] answers, "As many, I hope, as will be enough for you and me."

The first and the best sequence of "Characters" in English Literature is the series of sketches of the Pilgrims in the Prologue to Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales." The Characters are so varied as to unite in representing the whole character of English life in Chaucer's day; and they are written upon one plan, each with suggestion of the outward body and its dress as well as of the mind within But Chaucer owed nothing to Theophrastus. In his Character Writing he drew all from nature with his own good wit. La Bruyère in France translated the characters of Theophrastus, and his own writing of Characters in the seventeenth century followed a fashion that had its origin in admiration of the wit of those Greek Ethical Characters La Bruyère was born in 1639 *and died in* 1696 *Our Joseph Hall, whose "Characters of Vices and Virtues" were written in* 1608, *and translated into French twenty years before La Bruyère was born, said, in his Preface to them, "I have done as I could, following that ancient Master of Morality who thought this the fittest task for the ninety-ninth year of his age, and the profitablest Monument that he could leave for a farewell to his Grecians."*

There was some aim at short and witty sketches of character in descriptions of the ingenuity of horse-coursers and coney-catchers who used quick wit for beguiling the unwary in those bright days of Elizabeth, when the very tailors and cooks worked fantasies in silk and velvet, sugar and paste. Thomas Harman, whose grandfather

had been Clerk of the Crown under Henry VII., and who himself inherited estates in Kent, became greatly interested in the vagrant beggars who came to his door. He made a study of them, came to London to publish his book, and lodged at Whitefriars, within the Cloister, for convenience of nearness to them, and more thorough knowledge of their ways. He first published his book in 1567 as A Caveat or Warning for Common Cursitors, vulgarly called Vagabonds—"A Caueat or Warening for common cursetors, Vulgarely called Vagabones, set forth by Thomas Harman, Esquiere, for the utilite and proffyt of his naturall Cuntrey," and he dedicated it to Elizabeth, Countess of Shrewsbury. It contained twenty-four character sketches, gave the names of the chief tramps then living in England, and a vocabulary of their cant words. This is Harman's first character:—

A RUFFLER.

The Ruffler, because he is first in degree of this odious order, and is so called in a statute made for the punishment of Vagabonds in the twenty-seventh year of King Henry VIII, late of most famous memory, he shall be first placed as the worthiest of this unruly rabblement. And he is so called when he goeth first abroad. Either he hath served in the wars, or else he hath been a serving-man, and weary of well-doing, shaking off all pain, doth choose him this idle life; and wretchedly wanders about the most shires of this realm, and with stout audacity demandeth, where he thinketh he may be bold, and circumspect enough where he seeth cause, to ask charity ruefully and lamentably, that it would make a flinty heart to relent and pity his miserable estate, how he hath been maimed and bruised in the wars. Peradventure one will show you some outward wound which he got at some drunken fray, either halting of some privy wound festered with a filthy fiery flankard [brand]. For be well assured that the hardiest soldiers be either slain or maimed, either and [or if] they escape all hazards and return home again, if they be without relief of their friends they will surely desperately rob and steal,

and either shortly be hanged or miserably die in prison. For they be so much ashamed and disdain to beg or ask charity, that rather they will as desperately fight for to live and maintain themselves, as manfully and valiantly they ventured themselves in the Prince's quarrel. Now these Rufflers, the outcasts of serving-men, when begging or craving fails them, they pick and pilfer from other inferior beggars that they meet by the way, as rogues, palliards, morts, and doxes. Yea, if they meet with a woman alone riding to the market, either old man or boy, that he knoweth well will not resist, such they fetch and spoil. These Rufflers, after a year or two at the farthest, become upright men [lusty vagrants who beg and take only money, who rob hen roosts, filch from stalls or pockets, and have dens of their own for drinking and receipt of stolen goods], unless they be prevented by twined hemp.

I had of late years an old man to my tenant who customably a great time went twice in the week to London, either with fruit or with peascods, when time served therefor. And as he was coming homeward, on Blackheath, at the end thereof next to Shooter's Hill, he overtook two Rufflers, the one mannerly waiting on the other, as one had been the master and the other his man or servant, carrying his master's cloak. This old man was very glad that he might have their company over the hill, because that day he had made a good market. For he had seven shillings in his purse and an old angel, which this poor man had thought had not been in his purse; for he willed his wife overnight to take out the same angel and lay it up until his coming home again, and he verily thought his wife had so done, which indeed forgot to do it. Thus, after salutations had, this Master Ruffler entered into communication with this simple old man, who, riding softly beside them, communed of many matters. Thus feeding this old man with pleasant talk until they were on the top of the hill, where these Rufflers might well behold the coast about them clear, quickly steps unto this poor man and taketh hold of his horse bridle and leadeth him into the wood, and demandeth of him what and how much money he had in his purse.

"Now, by my troth," quoth this old man, "you are a merry gentleman! I know you mean not to take anything from me, but rather to give me some, if I should ask it of you."

By and by [immediately] this servant thief casteth the cloak that he carried on his arm about this poor man's face that he should not mark or view them, with sharp words to deliver quickly that he had, and to confess truly what was in his purse. This poor man then all abashed yielded, and confessed that he had seven shillings in his purse; and the truth is, he knew of no more. This old angel was fallen out of a little purse into the bottom of a great purse. Now this seven shillings in white money they quickly found, thinking indeed that there had been no more; yet farther groping and searching, found this old angel. And with great admiration this gentleman thief began to bless him, saying—

"Good Lord, what a world is this! How may," quoth he, "a man believe or trust in the same? See you not," quoth he, "this old knave told me that he had but seven shillings, and here is more by an angel! What an old knave and a false knave have we here!" quoth this Ruffler. "Our Lord have mercy on us, will this world never be better?" and therewith went their way and left the old man in the wood, doing him no more harm.

But sorrowfully sighing this old man, returning home, declared his misadventure with all the words and circumstances above showed. Whereat for the time was great laughing, and this poor man, for his losses, among his loving neighbours well considered in the end.

Such character-painting simply came of the keen interest in life that was at the same time developing an energetic drama. But at the end of Elizabeth's reign a writing of brief witty characters appears to have come into fashion as one of the many forms of ingenuity that pleased society, and might be distantly related to the Euphuism of the day.

Ben Jonson's "Cynthia's Revels," first acted in 1600, *two or*

three years before the end of Elizabeth's reign, has little character sketches set into the text. Here are two of them:—

A TRAVELLER.

One so made out of the mixture of shreds and forms that himself is truly deformed. He walks most commonly with a clove or pick-tooth in his mouth, he is the very mint of compliment, all his behaviours are printed, his face is another volume of essays, and his beard is an Aristarchus. He speaks all cream skimmed, and more affected than a dozen waiting-women. He is his own promoter in every place. The wife of the ordinary gives him his diet to maintain her table in discourse; which, indeed, is a mere tyranny over her other guests, for he will usurp all the talk; ten constables are not so tedious. He is no great shifter; once a year his apparel is ready to revolt. He doth use much to arbitrate quarrels, and fights himself, exceeding well, out at a window. He will lie cheaper than any beggar, and louder than most clocks, for which he is right properly accommodated to the whetstone, his page. The other gallant is his zany, and doth most of these tricks after him, sweats to imitate him in everything to a hair, except a beard, which is not yet extant He doth learn to make strange sauces, to eat anchovies, maccaroni, bovoli, fagioli, and caviare, because he loves them; speaks as he speaks, looks, walks, goes so in clothes and fashion: is in all as if he were moulded of him. Marry, before they met, he had other very pretty sufficiencies, which yet he retains some light impression of; as frequenting a dancing-school, and grievously torturing strangers with inquisition after his grace in his galliard. He buys a fresh acquaintance at any rate His eyes and his raiment confer much together as he goes in the street. He treads nicely, like the fellow that walks upon ropes, especially the first Sunday of his silk stockings; and when he is most neat and new, you shall strip him with commendations.

THE TRUE CRITIC.

A creature of a most perfect and divine temper: one in whom the humours and elements are peaceably met, without emulation of precedency. He is neither too fantastically melancholy, too slowly phlegmatic, too lightly sanguine, nor too rashly choleric; but in all so composed and ordered, as it is clear Nature went about some full work, she did more than make a man when she made him. His discourse is like his behaviour, uncommon, but not unpleasing; he is prodigal of neither. He strives rather to be that which men call judiçious, than to be thought so; and is so truly learned, that he affects not to show it. He will think and speak his thought both freely; but as distant from depraving another man's merit, as proclaiming his own. For his valour, 'tis such that he dares as little to offer any injury as receive one. In sum, he hath a most ingenuous and sweet spirit, a sharp and seasoned wit, a straight judgment and a strong mind. Fortune could never break him, nor make him less. He counts it his pleasure to despise pleasures, and is more delighted with good deeds than goods. It is a competency to him that he can be virtuous. He doth neither covet nor fear; he hath too much reason to do either; and that commends all things to him.

The play that preceded "Cynthia's Revels" was "Every Man Out of his Humour." It was first printed in 1600, *and Ben Jonson amused himself by adding to its list of Dramatis Personæ this piece of Character Writing.*—

THE CHARACTER OF THE PERSONS.

Asper. He is of an ingenious and free spirit, eager and constant in reproof, without fear controlling the world's abuses. One whom no servile hope of gain, or frosty apprehension of danger, can make to be a parasite, either to time, place, or opinion.

Macilente. A man well parted, a sufficient scholar, and travelled; who, wanting that place in the world's account which he thinks his merit capable of, falls into such an envious apoplexy, with

which his judgment is so dazzled and distasted, that he grows violently impatient of any opposite happiness in another.

Puntarvolo A vainglorious knight, over-Englishing his travels, and wholly consecrated to singularity; the very Jacob's staff of compliment; a sir that hath lived to see the revolution of time in most of his apparel. Of presence good enough, but so palpably affected to his own praise, that for want of flatterers he commends himself, to the floutage of his own family. He deals upon returns, and strange performances, resolving, in despite of public derision, to stick to his own particular fashion, phrase, and gesture.

Carlo Buffone. A public, scurrilous, and profane jester, that more swift than Circe, with absurd similes, will transform any person into deformity. A good feast-hound or banquet-beagle, that will scent you out a supper some three miles off, and swear to his patrons, damn him! he came in oars, when he was but wafted over in a sculler A slave that hath an extraordinary gift in pleasing his palate, and will swill up more sack at a sitting than would make all the guard a posset. His religion is railing, and his discourse ribaldry. They stand highest in his respect whom he studies most to reproach.

Fastidious Brisk. A neat, spruce, affecting courtier, one that wears clothes well, and in fashion, practiseth by his glass how to salute; speaks good remnants, notwithstanding the base viol and tobacco; swears tersely, and with variety; cares not what lady's favour he belies, or great man's familiarity, a good property to perfume the boot of a coach. He will borrow another man's horse to praise, and backs him as his own. Or, for a need, on foot can post himself into credit with his merchant, only with the jingle of his spur, and the jerk of his wand.

Deliro. A good doting citizen, who, it is thought, might be of the common-council for his wealth; a fellow sincerely besotted on his own wife, and so wrapt with a conceit of her perfections, that he simply holds himself unworthy of her. And, in that hoodwinked humour, lives more like a suitor than a husband; standing in as true dread of her displeasure, as when he first made love to her. He doth sacrifice twopence in juniper to her

every morning before she rises, and wakes her with villainous out-of-tune music, which she out of her contempt (though not out of her judgment) is sure to dislike.

Fallace. Deliro's wife, and idol; a proud mincing peat, and as perverse as he is officious. She dotes as perfectly upon the courtier, as her husband doth on her, and only wants the face to be dishonest.

Saviolina. A court-lady, whose weightiest praise is a light wit, admired by herself, and one more, her servant Brisk.

Sordido. A wretched hobnailed chuff, whose recreation is reading of almanacks; and felicity, foul weather. One that never prayed but for a lean dearth, and ever wept in a fat harvest.

Fungoso. The son of Sordido, and a student; one that has revelled in his time, and follows the fashion afar off, like a spy. He makes it the whole bent of his endeavours to wring sufficient means from his wretched father, to put him in the courtiers' cut; at which he earnestly aims, but so unluckily, that he still lights short a suit.

Sogliardo. An essential clown, brother to Sordido, yet so enamoured of the name of a gentleman, that he will have it though he buys it. He comes up every term to learn tô take tobacco, and see new motions. He is in his kingdom when he can get himself into company where he may be well laughed at.

Shift. A threadbare shark; one that never was a soldier, yet lives upon lendings His profession is skeldring and odling, his bank Paul's, and his warehouse Picthatch Takes up single testons upon oath, till doomsday Falls under executions of three shillings, and enters into five-groat bonds He waylays the reports of services, and cons them without book, damning himself he came new from them, when all the while he was taking the diet in the bawdy-house, or lay pawned in his chamber for rent and victuals He is of that admirable and happy memory, that he will salute one for an old acquaintance that he never saw in his life before. He usurps upon cheats, quarrels, and robberies, which he never did, only to get him a name. His chief exercises

are, taking the whiff, squiring a cockatrice, and making privy searches for imparters.

Clove and *Orange.* An inseparable case of coxcombs, city born; the Gemini, or twins of foppery; that, like a pair of wooden foils, are fit for nothing but to be practised upon. Being well flattered they'll lend money, and repent when they have done. Their glory is to invite players, and make suppers. And in company of better rank, to avoid the suspect of insufficiency, will enforce their ignorance most desperately, to set upon the understanding of anything. Orange is the most humorous of the two, whose small portion of juice being squeezed out, Clove serves to stick him with commendations.

Cordatus The author's friend; a man inly acquainted with the scope and drift of his plot; of a discreet and understanding judgment; and has the place of a moderator.

Mitis. Is a person of no action, and therefore we have reason to afford him no character.

Of this kind are the

CHARACTERS

BY

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY,

which were not published until 1614, *the year after their writer's death, at the age of thirty-two, but they may have been written earlier than the "Characters of Virtues and Vices"—ethical characters—written by Joseph Hall, which were first published in* 1609

Sir Thomas Overbury died poisoned in the Tower on the 15*th of September* 1613 *On the* 5*th of January* 1606, *by desire of James the First, the young Earl of Essex, aged fourteen, had been married to the Lady Frances Howard, aged thirteen, the younger daughter of the Earl of Suffolk Ben Jonson's "Masque of Hymen" was produced at Court in celebration of that union The young Robert Devereux, third Earl of Essex, had good qualities too solid for the taste of a frivolous girl; and when, after travel abroad, the husband of eighteen claimed the wife of seventeen, he found her happy in flirtation with the King's favourite, Sir Robert Carr. Though*

compelled to live with her husband, she repelled all his advances, and after three years of this repugnance tried for a divorce. The King's Scotch favourite, Carr, had been made, in March 1611, an English peer, as Viscount Rochester, when the age of the young Countess of Essex was nineteen. He was the man highest in King James's favour. If the divorce sought by the Countess early in 1613 were obtained for her, it was understood that Carr would marry her, and that support of the divorce would be a way to future benefit through his good offices. Thus she obtained the support of her father and uncle, the Earls of Suffolk and Northampton. The King's influence went with the wishes of the favourite. The trial, in 1613, ending in a decree of nullity of marriage, was a four months' scandal in the land. Among the familiar friends of Robert Carr, Lord Rochester, was Sir Thomas Overbury, born in Warwickshire in 1581, and knighted by King James in 1608. He strongly opposed the policy of a divorce obtained on false pretences followed by his patron's marriage to the divorced wife. The grounds of his opposition may have been part private, part political. His opposition was determined, and if he offered himself as witness before the Commission, he probably knew enough about the lady's secret practisings to give such evidence as would frustrate her designs It was thought desirable, therefore, to get Overbury out of the way. The King offered him a post abroad. He was unwilling to accept it, and at last was driven to an explicit refusal. The King was angry, and caused his Council to commit Sir Thomas Overbury to the Tower for contempt of His Majesty's commands. He was to be seen by no one, and to have no servant with him. Sir William Wood, the Lieutenant of the Tower, was superseded, and Sir Gervase Helwys was put in his place with secret understandings, of which the design may only have been to prevent Sir Thomas Overbury from saying anything that could come to the ears of the world until the divorce was granted. But Lady Essex wished Sir Thomas Overbury to be more effectually silenced She had tried and failed to get him assassinated Now she resolved to get him poisoned. She obtained the employment of a creature of her own, named Weston, as his immediate keeper. Weston falsely professed to Lady Essex that he had admi-

nistered the poison she had given him, and that the result had been not death but loss of health. There is much uncertainty about the evidence of detail and of the privity of others in the designs of Lady Essex, who seems at last to have completed her work by the agency of an apothecary's assistant. He gave the fatal dose in an injection, by which Overbury was killed ten days before the Commission gave judgment in favour of the divorce At Christmas the favourite married the divorced wife, having been created Earl of Somerset, that as his wife she might be Countess still. In the following year, 1614, *Sir Thomas Overbury's "Characters" were published, together with his Character in verse of A Wife, who was described as "A Wife, now a Widow." This had been published a little earlier in the same year separately, without any added "Characters" When the Characters appeared they were described as "Many Witty Characters and conceited Newes written by himselfe and other learned Gentlemen his Friends." The twenty-one Characters in that edition were, therefore, not all from one hand. Their popularity is indicated by the fact that in the next year,* 1615, *they reached a sixth edition. Three more editions were published in* 1616 *This was because interest in the book had been heightened by the Great Oyer of Poisoning, the trial in May* 1616 *of the Earl and Countess of Somerset for Overbury's murder, of which both were found guilty, though the Countess took all guilt upon herself. Then followed a tenth edition in* 1618, *an eleventh in* 1622, *a twelfth in* 1627, *a thirteenth in* 1628, *a fourteenth in* 1630, *a fifteenth in* 1632, *a sixteenth in* 1638, *and then a pause, the seventeenth being in* 1664, *two years before the fire of London By this time the original set of twenty-one Characters had been considerably increased, "with additions of New Characters and many other Witty Conceits never before Printed," so that Overbury's Characters, which had from the first included a few pieces written by his friends, became a name for the most popular miscellany of pieces of Character Writing current in the Seventeenth Century, and shows how wit was exercised in this way by half-a-dozen or more of the mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease. These are the pieces thus at last made current as*

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY'S CHARACTERS;

OR,

WITTY DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PROPERTIES OF SUNDRY PERSONS.

A Good Woman.

A Good Woman is a comfort, like a man. She lacks of him nothing but heat. Thence is her sweetness of disposition, which meets his stoutness more pleasingly; so wool meets iron easier than iron, and turns resisting into embracing. Her greatest learning is religion, and her thoughts are on her own sex, or on men, without casting the difference. Dishonesty never comes nearer than her ears, and then wonder stops it out, and saves virtue the labour. She leaves the neat youth telling his luscious tales, and puts back the serving man's putting forward with a frown: yet her kindness is free enough to be seen, for it hath no guilt about it; and her mind is so clear, that you may look through it into virtue, but not beyond. She hath not behaviour at a certain, but makes it to her occasion. She hath so much knowledge as to love it; and if she have it not at home, she will fetch it, for this sometimes in a pleasant discontent she dares chide her sex, though she use it never the worse. She is much within, and frames outward things to her mind, not her mind to them. She wears good clothes, but never better; for she finds no degree beyond decency. She hath a content of her own, and so seeks not an husband, but finds him. She is indeed most, but not much of description, for she is direct and one, and hath not the variety of ill. Now she is given fresh and alive to a husband,

and she doth nothing more than love him, for she takes him to that purpose. So his good becomes the business of her actions, and she doth herself kindness upon him. After his, her chiefest virtue is a good husband. For she is he.

A Very Woman.

A Very Woman is a dough-baked man, or a She meant well towards man, but fell two bows short, strength and understanding. Her virtue is the hedge, modesty, that keeps a man from climbing over into her faults. She simpers as if she had no teeth but lips, and she divides her eyes, and keeps half for herself, and gives the other to her neat youth. Being set down, she casts her face into a platform, which dureth the meal, and is taken away with the voider. Her draught reacheth to good manners, not to thirst, and it is a part of their mystery not to profess hunger; but nature takes her in private and stretcheth her upon meat. She is marriageable and fourteen at once, and after she doth not live but tarry. She reads over her face every morning, and sometimes blots out pale and writes red She thinks she is fair, though many times her opinion goes alone, and she loves her glass and the knight of the sun for lying. She is hid away all but her face, and that's hanged about with toys and devices, like the sign of a tavern, to draw strangers If she show more she prevents desire, and by too free giving leaves no gift She may escape from the serving-man, but not from the chambermaid. Her philosophy is a seeming neglect of those that be too good for her She's a younger brother for her portion, but not for her portion for wit—that comes from her in treble, which is still too big for it, yet her vanity seldom matcheth her with one of her own degree, for then she will beget another creature a beggar, and commonly, if she marry better she marries worse She gets much by the simplicity of her suitor, and for a jest laughs at him without one. Thus she dresses a husband for herself, and after takes him for his patience, and the land ad-

joining, ye may see it, in a serving-man's fresh napery, and his leg steps into an unknown stocking. I need not speak of his garters, the tassel shows itself. If she love, she loves not the man, but the best of him. She is Salomon's cruel creature, and a man's walking consumption; every caudle she gives him is a purge. Her chief commendation is, she brings a man to repentance.

Her Next Part.

Her lightness gets her to swim at top of the table, where her wry little finger bewrays carving; her neighbours at the latter end know they are welcome, and for that purpose she quencheth her thirst. She travels to and among, and so becomes a woman of good entertainment, for all the folly in the country comes in clean linen to visit her; she breaks to them her grief in sugar cakes, and receives from their mouths in exchange many stories that conclude to no purpose. Her eldest son is like her howsoever, and that dispraiseth him best; her utmost drift is to turn him fool, which commonly she obtains at the years of discretion. She takes a journey sometimes to her niece's house, but never thinks beyond London Her devotion is good clothes—they carry her to church, express their stuff and fashion, and are silent if she be more devout, she lifts up a certain number of eyes instead of prayers, and takes the sermon, and measures out a nap by it, just as long She sends religion afore to sixty, where she never overtakes it, or drives it before her again. Her most necessary instruments are a waiting gentlewoman and a chamber-maid; she wears her gentlewoman still, but most often leaves the other in her chamber window She hath a little kennel in her lap, and she smells the sweeter for it The utmost reach of her providence is the fatness of a capon, and her greatest envy is the next gentlewoman's better gown. Her most commendable skill is to make her husband's fustian bear her velvet. This she doth many times over, and then is delivered to old age and a chair, where everybody leaves her.

A Dissembler

Is an essence needing a double definition, for he is not that he appears. Unto the eye he is pleasing, unto the ear he is harsh, but unto the understanding intricate and full of windings, he is the *prima materia*, and his intents give him form; he dyeth his means and his meaning into two colours; he baits craft with humility, and his countenance is the picture of the present disposition. He wins not by battery but undermining, and his rack is smoothing He allures, is not allured by his affections, for they are the breakers of his observation. He knows passion only by sufferance, and resisteth by obeying. He makes his time an accountant to his memory, and of the humours of men weaves a net for occasion; the inquisitor must look through his judgment, for to the eye only he is not visible.

A Courtier,

To all men's thinking, is a man, and to most men the finest, all things else are defined by the understanding, but this by the senses; but his surest mark is, that he is to be found only about princes. He smells, and putteth away much of his judgment about the situation of his clothes. He knows no man that is not generally known. His wit, like the marigold, openeth with the sun, and therefore he riseth not before ten of the clock He puts more confidence in his words than meaning, and more in his pronunciation than his words Occasion is his Cupid, and he hath but one receipt of making love. He follows nothing but inconstancy, admires nothing but beauty, honours nothing but fortune: Loves nothing. The sustenance of his discourse is news, and his censure, like a shot, depends upon the charging He is not, if he be out of court, but fish-like breathes destruction if out of his element Neither his motion or aspect are regular, but he moves by the upper spheres, and is the reflection of higher substances.

If you find him not here, you shall in Paul's, with a pick-tooth in his hat, cape-cloak, and a long stocking

A Golden Ass

Is a young thing, whose father went to the devil; he is followed like a salt bitch, and limbed by him that gets up first; his disposition is cut, and knaves rend him like tenter-hooks; he is as blind as his mother, and swallows flatterers for friends. He is high in his own imagination, but that imagination is as a stone that is raised by violence, descends naturally. When he goes, he looks who looks; if he find not good store of vailers, he comes home stiff and sere, until he be new oiled and watered by his husbandmen. Wheresoever he eats he hath an officer to warn men not to talk out of his element, and his own is exceeding sensible, because it is sensual; but he cannot exchange a piece of reason, though he can a piece of gold. He is not plucked, for his feathers are his beauty, and more than his beauty, they are his discretion, his countenance, his all. He is now at an end, for he hath had the wolf of vainglory, which he fed until himself became the food.

A Flatterer

Is the shadow of a fool. He is a good woodman, for he singleth out none but the wealthy. His carriage is ever of the colour of his patient; and for his sake he will halt or wear a wry neck. He dispraiseth nothing but poverty and small drink, and praiseth his Grace of making water. He selleth himself with reckoning his great friends, and teacheth the present how to win his praises by reciting the other gifts; he is ready for all employments, but especially before dinner, for his courage and his stomach go together. He will play any upon his countenance, and where he cannot be admitted for a counsellor he will serve as a fool. He frequents the Court of Wards and Ordinaries, and fits these guests of *Togæ viriles* with wives or worse. He entereth young men into aquaintance with debt-books. In a word, he is the impression of the last term, and will be so until the coming of a new term or termer.

AN IGNORANT GLORY-HUNTER

Is an *insectum* animal, for he is the maggot of opinion; his behaviour is another thing from himself, and is glued and but set on He entertains men with repetitions, and returns them their own words. He is ignorant of nothing, no not of those things where ignorance is the lesser shame. He gets the names of good wits, and utters them for his companions He confesseth vices that he is guiltless of, if they be in fashion; and dares not salute a man in old clothes, or out of fashion. There is not a public assembly without him, and he will take any pains for an acquaintance there. In any show he will be one, though he be but a whiffler or a torch-bearer, and bears down strangers with the story of his actions He handles nothing that is not rare, and defends his wardrobe, diet, and all customs, with intituling their beginnings from princes, great soldiers, and strange nations He dare speak more than he understands, and adventures his words without the relief of any seconds. He relates battles and skirmishes as from an eyewitness, when his eyes thievishly beguiled a ballad of them. In a word, to make sure of admiration, he will not let himself understand himself, but hopes fame and opinion will be the readers of his riddles.

A TIMIST

Is a noun adjective of the present tense. He hath no more of a conscience than fear, and his religion is not his but the prince's He reverenceth a courtier's servant's servant; is first his own slave, and then whosesoever looketh big. When he gives he curseth, and when he sells he worships. He reads the statutes in his chamber, and wears the Bible in the streets; he never praiseth any, but before themselves or friends; and mislikes no great man's actions during his life. His New Year's gifts are ready at Allhallowmas, and the suit he meant to meditate before them. He pleaseth the children of great men, and promiseth to adopt them, and his courtesy extends itself even to the stable. He strains to

talk wisely, and his modesty would serve a bride. He is gravity from the head to the foot, but not from the head to the heart. You may find what place he affecteth, for he creeps as near it as may be, and as passionately courts it; if at any time his hopes be affected, he swelleth with them, and they burst out too good for the vessel. In a word, he danceth to the tune of Fortune, and studies for nothing but to keep time.

An Amorist

Is a man blasted or planet-stricken, and is the dog that leads blind Cupid; when he is at the best his fashion exceeds the worth of his weight. He is never without verses and musk confects, and sighs to the hazard of his buttons. His eyes are all white, either to wear the livery of his mistress' complexion or to keep Cupid from hitting the black. He fights with passion, and loseth much of his blood by his weapon; dreams, thence his paleness. His arms are carelessly used, as if their best use was nothing but embracements. He is untrussed, unbuttoned, and ungartered, not out of carelessness, but care; his farthest end being but going to bed. Sometimes he wraps his petition in neatness, but he goeth not alone; for then he makes some other quality moralise his affection, and his trimness is the grace of that grace. Her favour lifts him up as the sun moisture; when she disfavours, unable to hold that happiness, it falls down in tears. His fingers are his orators, and he expresseth much of himself upon some instrument. He answers not, or not to the purpose, and no marvel, for he is not at home. He scotcheth time with dancing with his mistress, taking up of her glove, and wearing her feather; he is confined to her colour, and dares not pass out of the circuit of her memory. His imagination is a fool, and it goeth in a pied coat of red and white. Shortly, he is translated out of a man into folly; his imagination is the glass of lust, and himself the traitor to his own discretion.

An Affected Traveller

Is a speaking fashion; he hath taken pains to be ridiculous, and hath seen more than he hath perceived. His attire speaks French or Italian, and his gait cries, Behold me. He censures all things by countenances and shrugs, and speaks his own language with shame and lisping, he will choke rather than confess beer good drink, and his pick-tooth is a main part of his behaviour. He chooseth rather to be counted a spy than not a politician, and *maintains his reputation by naming great men* familiarly. He chooseth rather to tell lies than not wonders, and talks with men singly; his discourse sounds big, but means nothing, and his boy is bound to admire him howsoever. He comes still from great personages, but goes with mean. He takes occasion to show jewels given him in regard of his virtue, that were bought in St. Martin's; and not long after having with a mountebank's method pronounced them worth thousands, impawneth them for a few shillings. Upon festival days he goes to court, and salutes without resaluting, at night in an ordinary he canvasseth the business in hand, and seems as conversant with all intents and plots as if he begot them. His extraordinary account of men is, first to tell them the ends of all matters of consequence, and then to borrow money of them; he offers courtesies to show them, rather than himself, humble. He disdains all things above his reach, and preferreth all countries before his own. He imputeth his want and poverty to the ignorance of the time, not his own unworthiness, and concludes his discourse with half a period, or a word, and leaves the rest to imagination In a word, his religion is fashion, and both body and soul are governed by fame; he loves most voices above truth.

A Wise Man

Is the truth of the true definition of man, that is, a reasonable creature. His disposition alters; he alters not. He hides himself with the attire of the vulgar; and in indifferent things is

content to be governed by them. He looks according to nature; so goes his behaviour. His mind enjoys a continual smoothness; so cometh it that his consideration is always at home. He endures the faults of all men silently, except his friends, and to them he is the mirror of their actions; by this means, his peace cometh not from fortune, but himself. He is cunning in men, not to surprise, but keep his own, and beats off their ill-affected humours no otherwise than if they were flies. He chooseth not friends by the Subsidy-book, and is not luxurious after acquaintance. He maintains the strength of his body, not by delicates but temperance; and his mind, by giving it pre-eminence over his body. He understands things, not by their form, but qualities; and his comparisons intend not to excuse but to provoke him higher. He is not subject to casualties, for fortune [illegible] nothing to do with the mind, except those drowned in the body; but he hath divided his soul from the case of his soul, whose weakness he assists no otherwise than commiseratively—not that it is his, but that it is. He is thus, and will be thus; and lives subject neither to time nor his frailties, the servant of virtue, and by virtue the friend of the highest.

A Noble Spirit

Hath surveyed and fortified his disposition, and converts all occurrents into experience, between which experience and his reason there is marriage; the issue are his actions He circuits his intents, and seeth the end before he shoot. Men are the instruments of his art, and there is no man without his use. Occasion incites him, none enticeth him; and he moves by affection, not for affection. He loves glory, scorns shame, and governeth and obeyeth with one countenance, for it comes from one consideration. He calls not the variety of the world chances, for his meditation hath travelled over them, and his eye, mounted upon his understanding, seeth them as things underneath He covers not his body with delicacies, nor excuseth these delicacies by his body, but teacheth it, since it is not able to defend its own

imbecility, to show or suffer. He licenseth not his weakness to wear fate, but knowing reason to be no idle gift of nature, he is the steersman of his own destiny. Truth is the goddess, and he takes pains to get her, not to look like her. He knows the condition of the world, that he must act one thing like another, and then another. To these he carries his desires, and not his desires him, and sticks not fast by the way (for that contentment is repentance), but knowing the circle of all courses, of all intents, of all things, to have but one centre or period, without all distraction, he hasteth thither and ends there, as his true and natural element. He doth not contemn Fortune, but not confess her. He is no gamester of the world (which only complain and praise her), but being only sensible of the honesty of actions, contemns a particular profit as the excrement of scum. Unto the society of men he is a sun, whose clearness directs their steps in a regular motion. When he is more particular, he is the wise man's friend, the example of the indifferent, the medicine of the vicious. Thus time goeth not from him, but with him; and he feels age more by the strength of his soul than the weakness of his body. Thus feels he no pain, but esteems all such things as friends that desire to file off his fetters, and help him out of prison.

An Old Man

Is a thing that hath been a man in his days. Old men are to be known blindfolded, for their talk is as terrible as their resemblance They praise their own times as vehemently as if they would sell them. They become wrinkled with frowning and facing youth, they admire their old customs, even to the eating of red herring and going wetshod They cast the thumb under the girdle, gravity, and because they can hardly smell at all their posies are under their girdles. They count it an ornament of speech to close the period with a cough, and it is venerable (they say) to spend time in wiping their drivelled beards. Their discourse is unanswerable, by reason of their obstinacy; their speech is much, though little to the purpose. Truths and lies pass with

an unequal affirmation; for their memories several are won into one receptacle, and so they come out with one sense. They teach their servants their duties with as much scorn and tyranny as some people teach their dogs to fetch. Their envy is one of their diseases. They put off and on their clothes with that certainty, as if they knew their heads would not direct them, and therefore custom should. They take a pride in halting and going stiffly, and therefore their staves are carved and tipped; they trust their attire with much of their gravity; and they dare not go without a gown in summer Their hats are brushed, to draw men's eyes off from their faces; but of all, their pomanders are worn to most purpose, for their putrified breath ought not to want either a smell to defend or a dog to excuse.

A Country Gentleman

Is a thing, out of whose corruption the generation of a Justice of Peace is produced. He speaks statutes and husbandry well enough to make his neighbours think him a wise man; he is well skilled in arithmetic or rates, and hath eloquence enough to save twopence. His conversation amongst his tenants is desperate, but amongst his equals full of doubt His travel is seldom farther than the next market town, and his inquisition is about the price of corn. When he travelleth he will go ten miles out of the way to a cousin's house of his to save charges; he rewards the servant by taking him by the hand when he departs. Nothing under a subpœna can draw him to London; and when he is there he sticks fast upon every object, casts his eyes away upon gazing, and becomes the prey of every cutpurse. When he comes home, those wonders serve him for his holiday talk If he go to court it is in yellow stockings; and if it be in winter, in a slight taffety cloak, and pumps and pantofles He is chained that woos the usher for his coming into the presence, where he becomes troublesome with the ill-managing of his rapier, and the wearing of his girdle of one fashion, and the hangers of another. By this time he hath learned to kiss his hand, and make a leg both

together, and the names of lords and councillors. He hath thus much toward entertainment and courtesy, but of the last he makes more use, for, by the recital of my lord, he conjures his poor countrymen. But this is not his element; he must home again, being like a dor, that ends his flight in a dunghill.

A Fine Gentleman

Is the cinnamon tree, whose bark is more worth than his body. He hath read the book of good manners, and by this time each of his limbs may read it. He alloweth of no judge but the eye: painting, bolstering, and bombasting are his orators. By these also he proves his industry, for he hath purchased legs, hair, beauty, and straightness, more than nature left him. He unlocks maidenheads with his language, and speaks Euphues, not so gracefully as heartily. His discourse makes not his behaviour; but he buys it at court, as countrymen their clothes in Birchin Lane. He is somewhat like the salamander, and lives in the flame of love, which pains he expresseth comically. And nothing grieves him so much as the want of a poet to make an issue in his love. Yet he sighs sweetly and speaks lamentably, for his breath is perfumed and his words are wind. He is best in season at Christmas, for the boar's head and reveller come together. His hopes are laden in his quality; and, lest fiddlers should take him unprovided, he wears pumps in his pocket; and, lest he should take fiddlers unprovided, he whistles his own galliard He is a calendar of ten years, and marriage rusts him. Afterwards he maintains himself an implement of household, by carving and ushering. For all this, he is judicial only in tailors and barbers; but his opinion is ever ready, and ever idle. If you will know more of his acts, the broker's shop is the witness of his valour, where lies wounded, dead rent, and out of fashion, many a spruce suit, overthrown by his fantasticness

An Elder Brother

Is a creature born to the best advantage of things without him; that hath the start at the beginning, but loiters it away before the ending. He looks like his land, as heavily and dirtily, as stubbornly. He dares do anything but fight, and fears nothing but his father's life, and minority. The first thing he makes known is his estate, and the loadstone that draws him is the upper end of the table. He wooeth by a particular, and his strongest argument is all about the jointure. His observation is all about the fashion, and he commends partlets for a rare device. He speaks no language, but smells of dogs or hawks, and his ambition flies justice-height. He loves to be commended, and he will go into the kitchen but he'll have it. He loves glory, but is so lazy as he is content with flattery. He speaks most of the precedency of age, and protests fortune the greatest virtue. He summoneth the old servants, and tells what strange acts he will do when he reigns. He verily believes housekeepers the best commonwealths-men, and therefore studies baking, brewing, greasing, and such, as the limbs of goodness. He judgeth it no small sign of wisdom to talk much; his tongue therefore goes continually his errand, but never speeds. If his understanding were not honester than his will, no man should keep good conceit by him, for he thinks it no theft to sell all he can to opinion. His pedigree and his father's seal-ring are the stilts of his crazed disposition. He had rather keep company with the dregs of men than not to be the best man. His insinuation is the inviting of men to his house; and he thinks it a great modesty to comprehend his cheer under a piece of mutton and a rabbit. If he by this time be not known, he will go home again, for he can no more abide to have himself concealed than his land. Yet he is (as you see) good for nothing, except to make a stallion to maintain the race.

A Braggadocio Welshman

Is the oyster that the pearl is in, for a man may be picked out of him. He hath the abilities of the mind in *potentia*, and *actu*

nothing but boldness. His clothes are in fashion before his body, and he accounts boldness the chiefest virtue. Above all men he loves an herald, and speaks pedigrees naturally. He accounts none well descended that call him not cousin, and prefers Owen Glendower before any of the Nine Worthies. The first note of his familiarity is the confession of his valour, and so he prevents quarrels He voucheth Welsh a pure and unconquered language, and courts ladies with the story of their chronicle. To conclude, he is precious in his own conceit, and upon St David's Day without comparison.

A Pedant.

He treads in a rule, and one hand scans verses, and the other holds his sceptre. He dares not think a thought that the nominative case governs not the verb; and he never had meaning in his life, for he travelled only for words. His ambition is criticism, and his example Tully. He values phrases, and elects them by the sound, and the eight parts of speech are his servants. To be brief, he is a Heteroclite, for he wants the plural number, having only the single quality of words.

A Serving-Man

Is a creature, which, though he be not drunk, yet is not his own man. He tells without asking who owns him, by the superscription of his livery. His life is for ease and leisure, much about gentleman-like. His wealth enough to suffice nature, and sufficient to make him happy, if he were sure of it, for he hath little, and wants nothing, he values himself higher or lower as his master is He hates or loves the men as his master doth the master. He is commonly proud of his master's horses or his Christmas, he sleeps when he is sleepy, is of his religion, only the clock of his stomach is set to go an hour after his. He seldom breaks his own clothes. He never drinks but double, for he must be pledged; nor commonly without some short sentence

nothing to the purpose, and seldom abstains till he comes to a thirst. His discretion is to be careful for his master's credit, and his sufficiency to marshal dishes at a table, and to carve well; his neatness consists much in his hair and outward linen; his courting language, visible coarse jests; and against his matter fail, he is always ready furnished with a song. His inheritance is the chambermaid, but often purchaseth his master's daughter, by reason of opportunity, or for want of a better, he always cuckolds himself, and never marries but his own widow His master being appeased, he becomes a retainer, and entails himself and his posterity upon his heir-males for ever.

An Host

Is the kernel of a sign; or the sign is the shell, and mine host is the snail. He consists of double beer and fellowship, and his vices are the bawds of his thirst. He entertains humbly, and gives his guests power, as well of himself as house. He answers all men's expectations to his power, save in the reckoning; and hath gotten the trick of greatness, to lay all mislikes upon his servants. His wife is the common seed of his dove-house; and to be a good guest is a warrant for her liberty. He traffics for guests by men-friends' friends' friends, and is sensible only of his purse In a word, he is none of his own; for he neither eats, drinks, or thinks, but at other men's charges and appointments.

An Ostler

Is a thing that scrubbeth unreasonably his horse, reasonably himself He consists of travellers, though he be none himself His highest ambition is to be host, and the invention of his sign is his greatest wit, for the expressing whereof he sends away the painters for want of understanding. He hath certain charms for a horse mouth, that he should not eat his hay; and behind your back, he will cozen your horse to his face His curry-comb is one of his best parts, for he expresseth much by the

jingling; and his mane-comb is a spinner's card turned out of service. He puffs and blows over your horse, to the hazard of a double jug, and leaves much of the dressing to the proverb of *muli mutuo scabient*, one horse rubs another. He comes to him that calls loudest, not first; he takes a broken head patiently, but the knave he feels it not; utmost honesty is good fellowship, and he speaks northern, what countryman soever. He hath a pension of ale from the next smith and saddler for intelligence; he loves to see you ride, and hold your stirrup in expectation

The True Character of a Dunce.

He hath a soul drowned in a lump of flesh, or is a piece of earth that Prometheus put not half his proportion of fire into A thing that hath neither edge of desire nor feeling of affection in it; the most dangerous creature for confirming an atheist, who would swear his soul were nothing but the bare temperature of his body. He sleeps as he goes, and his thoughts seldom reach an inch further than his eyes. The most part of the faculties of his soul lie fallow, or are like the restive jades that no spur can drive forward towards the pursuit of any worthy designs One of the most unprofitable of God's creatures, being as he is a thing put clean beside the right use; made fit for the cart and the flail, and by mischance entangled amongst books and papers. A man cannot tell possibly what he is now good for, save to move up and down and fill room, or to serve as *animatum instrumentum*, for others to work withal in base employments, or to be foil for better wits, or to serve (as they say monsters do) to set out the variety of nature, and ornament of the universe. He is mere nothing of himself, neither eats, nor drinks, nor goes, nor spits, but by imitation, for all which he hath set forms and fashions, which he never varies, but sticks to with the like plodding constancy that a mill-horse follows his trace. But the Muses and the Graces are his hard mistresses; though he daily invocate them, though he sacrifice hecatombs, they still look asquint. You shall note him (besides his dull eye, and lowering head, and a

certain clammy benumbed pace) by a fair displayed beard, a night-cap, and a gown, whose very wrinkles proclaim him the true genius of familiarity. But of all others, his discourse and compositions best speak him, both of them are much of one stuff and fashion. He speaks just what his books or last company said unto him, without varying one whit, and very seldom understands himself. You may know by his discourse where he was last, for what he heard or read yesterday, he now dischargeth his memory or note-book of—not his understanding, for it never came there What he hath he flings abroad at all adventures, without accommodating it to time, place, or persons, or occasions. He commonly loseth himself in his tale, and flutters up and down windless without recovery, and whatsoever next presents itself, his heavy conceit seizeth upon, and goeth along with, however heterogeneal to his matter in hand. His jests are either old fled proverbs, or lean-starved hackney apophthegms, or poor verbal quips, outworn by serving-men, tapsters, and milkmaids, even laid aside by balladers. He assents to all men that bring any shadow of reason, and you may make him when he speaks most dogmatically even with one breath, to aver poor contradictions. His compositions differ only *terminorum positione* from dreams; nothing but rude heaps of immaterial, incoherent, drossy, rubbishy stuff, promiscuously thrust up together; enough to infuse dulness and barrenness in conceit into him that is so prodigal of his ears as to give the hearing; enough to make a man's memory ache with suffering such dirty stuff cast into it. As unwelcome to any true conceit, as sluttish morsels or wallowish potions to a nice stomach, which whiles he empties himself, it sticks in his teeth, nor can he be delivered without sweat, and sighs, and hems, and coughs enough to shake his grandam's teeth out of her head. He spits, and scratches, and spawls, and turns like sick men from one elbow to another, and deserves as much pity during his torture as men in fits of tertian fevers, or self-lashing penitentiaries. In a word, rip him quite asunder, and examine every shred of him, you shall find of him to be just nothing but the subject of nothing, the object of contempt, yet

such as he is you must take him, for there is no hope he should ever become better.

A Good Wife

Is a man's best movable, a scion incorporate with the stock, bringing sweet fruit; one that to her husband is more than a friend, less than trouble; an equal with him in the yoke. Calamities and troubles she shares alike, nothing pleaseth her that doth not him. She is relative in all, and he without her but half himself. She is his absent hands, eyes, ears, and mouth; his present and absent all. She frames her nature unto his howsoever; the hyacinth follows not the sun more willingly. Stubbornness and obstinacy are herbs that grow not in her garden. She leaves tattling to the gossips of the town, and is more seen than heard. Her household is her charge; her care to that makes her seldom non-resident. Her pride is but to be cleanly, and her thrift not to be prodigal. By her discretion she hath children not wantons; a husband without her is a misery to man's apparel: none but she hath an aged husband, to whom she is both a staff and a chair. To conclude, she is both wise and religious, which makes her all this.

A Melancholy Man

Is a strayer from the drove: one that Nature made a sociable, because she made him man, and a crazed disposition hath altered. Unpleasing to all, as all to him, straggling thoughts are his content, they make him dream waking, there's his pleasure. His imagination is never idle, it keeps his mind in a continual motion, as the poise the clock: he winds up his thoughts often, and as often unwinds them, Penelope's web thrives faster. He'll seldom be found without the shade of some grove, in whose bottom a river dwells He carries a cloud in his face, never fair weather, his outside is framed to his inside, in that he keeps a decorum, both unseemly. Speak to him, he hears with his eyes, ears follow his mind, and that's not at leisure He thinks business, but never does any; he is all contemplation, no action.

He hews and fashions his thoughts, as if he meant them to some purpose, but they prove unprofitable, as a piece of wrought timber to no use His spirits and the sun are enemies: the sun bright and warm, his humour black and cold, variety of foolish apparitions people his head, they suffer him not to breathe according to the necessities of nature, which makes him sup up a draught of as much air at once as would serve at thrice. He denies nature her due in sleep, and nothing pleaseth him long, but that which pleaseth his own fantasies; they are the consuming evils, and evil consumptions that consume him alive. Lastly, he is a man only in show; but comes short of the better part, a whole reasonable soul, which is man's chief pre-eminence and sole mark from creatures sensible.

A Sailor

Is a pitched piece of reason caulked and tackled, and only studied to dispute with tempests. He is part of his own provision, for he lives ever pickled. A fore-wind is the substance of his creed, and fresh water the burden of his prayers. He is naturally ambitious, for he is ever climbing; out of which as naturally he fears, for he is ever flying. Time and he are everywhere ever contending who shall arrive first; he is well-winded, for he tires the day, and outruns darkness. His life is like a hawk's, the best part mewed; and if he live till three coats, is a master. He sees God's wonders in the deep, but so as rather they appear his playfellows than stirrers of his zeal. Nothing but hunger and hard rocks can convert him, and then but his upper deck neither; for his hold neither fears nor hopes, his sleeps are but reprievals of his dangers, and when he wakes 'tis but next stage to dying His wisdom is the coldest part about him, for it ever points to the north, and it lies lowest, which makes his valour every tide overflow it In a storm it is disputable whether the noise be more his or the elements, and which will first leave scolding, on which side of the ship he may be saved best, whether his faith be starboard faith or larboard, or the helm

at that time not all his hope of heaven. His keel is the emblem of his conscience, till it be split he never repents, then no farther than the land allows him, and his language is a new confusion, and all his thoughts new nations. His body and his ship are both one burden, nor is it known who stows most wine or rolls most; only the ship is guided, he has no stern A barnacle and he are bred together, both of one nature, and it is feared one reason. Upon any but a wooden horse he cannot ride, and if the wind blow against him he dare not. He swerves up to his seat as to a sail-yard, and cannot sit unless he bear a flagstaff. If ever he be broken to the saddle, it is but a voyage still, for he mistakes the bridle for a bowline, and is ever turning his horse-tail. He can pray, but it is by rote, not faith, and when he would he dares not, for his brackish belief hath made that ominous A rock or a quicksand plucks him before he be ripe, else he is gathered to his friends at Wapping.

A Soldier

Is the husbandman of valour; his sword is his plough, which honour and *aqua vitæ*, two fiery-metalled jades, are ever drawing. A younger brother best becomes arms, an elder the thanks for them. Every heat makes him a harvest, and discontents abroad are his sowers. He is actively his prince's, but passively his anger's servant. He is often a desirer of learning, which once arrived at, proves his strongest armour. He is a lover at all points, and a true defender of the faith of women. More wealth than makes him seem a handsome foe, lightly he covets not, less is below him. He never truly wants but in much having, for then his ease and lechery afflict him. The word peace, though in prayer, makes him start, and God he best considers by His power Hunger and cold rank in the same file with him, and hold him to a man; his honour else, and the desire of doing things beyond him, would blow him greater than the sons of Anak His religion is, commonly, as his cause is, doubtful, and that the best devotion keeps best quarter. He seldom sees grey hairs, some

none at all, for where the sword fails, there the flesh gives fire. In charity he goes beyond the clergy, for he loves his greatest enemy best, much drinking. He seems a full student, for he is a great desirer of controversies; he argues sharply, and carries his conclusion in his scabbard. In the first refining of mankind this was the gold, his actions are his amel. His alloy (for else you cannot work him perfectly) continual duties, heavy and weary marches, lodgings as full of need as cold diseases. No time to argue, but to execute. Line him with these, and link him to his squadrons, and he appears a most rich chain for princes.

A Tailor

Is a creature made up of threads that were pared off from Adam, when he was rough cast; the end of his being differeth from that of others, and is not to serve God, but to cover sin. Other men's pride is the best patron, and their negligence a main passage to his profit. He is a thing of more than ordinary judgment: for by virtue of that he buyeth land, buildeth houses, and raiseth the set roof of his cross-legged fortune. His actions are strong encounters, and for their notoriousness always upon record. It is neither Amadis de Gaul, nor the Knight of the Sun, that is able to resist them A ten-groat fee setteth them on foot, and a brace of officers bringeth them to execution. He handleth the Spanish pike to the hazard of many poor Egyptian vermin; and in show of his valour, scorneth a greater gauntlet than will cover the top of his middle finger. Of all weapons he most affecteth the long bill, and this he will manage to the great prejudice of a customer's estate His spirit, notwithstanding, is not so much as to make you think him man; like a true mongrel, he neither bites nor barks but when your back is towards him. His heart is a lump of congealed snow: Prometheus was asleep while it was making. He differeth altogether from God; for with him the best pieces are still marked out for damnation, and, without hope of recovery, shall be cast down into hell He is partly an alchemist; for he extracteth his own apparel out of other men's clothes, and when

occasion serveth, making a broker's shop his alembic, can turn your silks into gold, and having furnished his necessities, after a month or two, if he be urged unto it, reduce them again to their proper subsistence. He is in part likewise an arithmetician, cunning enough for multiplication and addition, but cannot abide subtraction: *summa totalis* is the language of his Canaan, and *usque ad ultimum quadrantem* the period of all his charity. For any skill in geometry I dare not commend him, for he could never yet find out the dimensions of his own conscience; notwithstanding he hath many bottoms, it seemeth this is always bottomless. And so with a *libera nos a malo* I leave you, promising to amend whatsoever is amiss at his next setting.

A Puritan

Is a diseased piece of apocalypse: bind him to the Bible, and he corrupts the whole text. Ignorance and fat feed are his founders; his nurses, railing, rabies, and round breeches. His life is but a borrowed blast of wind: for between two religions, as between two doors, he is ever whistling. Truly, whose child he is is yet unknown, for, willingly, his faith allows no father: only thus far his pedigree is found, Bragger and he flourished about a time first. His fiery zeal keeps him continually costive, which withers him into his own translation; and till he eat a schoolman he is hide-bound. He ever prays against non-residents, but is himself the greatest discontinuer, for he never keeps near his text. Anything that the law allows, but marriage and March beer, he murmurs at; what it disallows and holds dangerous, makes him a discipline. Where the gate stands open, he is ever seeking a stile; and where his learning ought to climb, he creeps through. Give him advice, you run into traditions; and urge a modest course, he cries out counsel. His greatest care is to contemn obedience; his last care to serve God handsomely and cleanly. He is now become so cross a kind of teaching, that should the Church enjoin clean shirts, he were lousy. More sense than single prayers is not his; nor more in

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those than still the same petitions: from which he either fears a learned faith, or doubts God understands not at first hearing. Show him a ring, he runs back like a bear; and hates square dealing as allied to caps. A pair of organs blow him out of the parish, and are the only glyster-pipes to cool him. Where the meat is best, there he confutes most, for his arguing is but the efficacy of his eating · good bits he holds breed good positions, and the Pope he best concludes against in plum-broth. He is often drunk, but not as we are, temporally; nor can his sleep then cure him, for the fumes of his ambition make his very soul reel, and that small beer that should allay him (silence) keeps him more surfeited, and makes his heat break out in private houses. Women and lawyers are his best disciples; the one, next fruit, longs for forbidden doctrine, the other to maintain forbidden titles, both which he sows amongst them. Honest he dare not be, for that loves order; yet, if he can be brought to ceremony and made but master of it, he is converted.

A Mere Common Lawyer

Is the best shadow to make a discreet one show the fairer. He is a *materia prima* informed by reports, actuated by statutes, and hath his motion by the favourable intelligence of the Court. His law is always furnished with a commission to arraign his conscience; but, upon judgment given, he usually sets it at large. He thinks no language worth knowing but his Barragouin only for that point he hath been a long time at wars with Priscian for a northern province He imagines that by sure excellency his profession only is learning, and that it is a profanation of the Temple to his Themis dedicated, if any of the liberal arts be there admitted to offer strange incense to her For, indeed, he is all for money. Seven or eight years squires him out, some of his nation less standing, and ever since the night of his call, he forgot much what he was at dinner. The next morning his man (in *actu* or *potentia*) enjoys his pickadels His laundress is then shrewdly troubled in fitting him a ruff, his perpetual badge

His love-letters of the last year of his gentlemanship are stuffed with discontinuances, remitters, and uncore priests; but, now being enabled to speak in proper person, he talks of a French hood instead of a jointure, wags his law, and joins issue. Then he begins to stick his letters in his ground chamber-window, that so the superscription may make his squireship transparent. His heraldry gives him place before the minister, because the Law was before the Gospel. Next term he walks his hoopsleeve gown to the hall; there it proclaims him. He feeds fat in the reading, and till it chance to his turn, dislikes no house order so much as that the month is so contracted to a fortnight. Amongst his country neighbours he arrogates as much honour for being reader of an Inn of Chancery, as if it had been of his own house; for they, poor souls, take law and conscience, Court and Chancery, for all one. He learned to frame his case from putting riddles and imitating Merlin's prophecies, and to set all the Cross Row together by the ears; yet his whole law is not able to decide Lucan's one old controversy betwixt Tau and Sigma. He accounts no man of his cap and coat idle, but who trots not the circuit He affects no life or quality for itself, but for gain; and that, at least, to the stating him in a Justice of Peace-ship, which is the first quickening soul superadded to the elementary and inanimate form of his new tide. His terms are his wife's vacations, yet she then may usurp divers Court-days, and has her returns in *mensem* for writs of entry—often shorter. His vacations are her termers; but in assize time (the circuit being long) he may have a trial at home against him by *nisi prius* No way to heaven, he thinks, so wise as through Westminster Hall; and his clerks commonly through it visit both heaven and hell Yet then he oft forgets his journey's end, although he look on the Star-Chamber. Neither is he wholly destitute of the arts Grammar he has enough to make termination of those words which his authority hath endenizoned rhetoricsome; but so little that it is thought a concealment. Logic, enough to wrangle. Arithmetic, enough for the ordinals of his year-books and number-rolls; but he goes not to multiplication,

there is a statute against it. So much geometry, that he can advise in a *perambulatione facienda*, or a *rationalibus divisis*. In astronomy and astrology he is so far seen, that by the Dominical letter he knows the holy-days, and finds by calculation that Michaelmas term will be long and dirty. Marry, he knows so much in music that he affects only the most and cunningest discords; rarely a perfect concord, especially song, except *in fine* His skill in perspective endeavours much to deceive the eye of the law, and gives many false colours. He is specially practised in necromancy (such a kind as is out of the Statute of Primo), by raising many dead questions What sufficiency he hath in criticism, the foul copies of his special pleas will tell you.

Many of the same coat, which are much to be honoured, partake of divers of his indifferent qualities, but so that discretion, virtue, and sometimes other good learning, concurring and distinguishing ornaments to them, make them as foils to set their work on.

A Mere Scholar.

A mere scholar is an intelligible ass, or a silly fellow in black that speaks sentences more familiarly than sense. The antiquity of his University is his creed, and the excellency of his college (though but for a match at football) an article of his faith. He speaks Latin better than his mother-tongue, and is a stranger in no part of the world but his own country. He does usually tell great stories of himself to small purpose, for they are commonly ridiculous, be they true or false. His ambition is that he either is or shall be a graduate; but if ever he get a fellowship, he has then no fellow. In spite of all logic he dares swear and maintain it, that a cuckold and a town's-man are *termini convertibiles*, though his mother's husband be an alderman. He was never begotten (as it seems) without much wrangling, for his whole life is spent in *pro et contra* His tongue goes always before his wit, like gentleman-usher, but somewhat faster. That the be a complete gallant in all points, *cap-à-pie*, witness his

horsemanship and the wearing of his weapons. He is commonly long-winded, able to speak more with ease than any man can endure to hear with patience University jests are his universal discourse, and his news the demeanour of the proctors. His phrase, the apparel of his mind, is made of divers shreds, like a cushion, and when it goes plainest it hath a rash outside and fustian linings The current of his speech is closed with an *ergo;* and, whatever be the question, the truth is on his side It is a wrong to his reputation to be ignorant of anything, and yet he knows not that he knows nothing He gives directions for husbandry, from Virgil's "Georgics;" for cattle, from his "Bucolics;" for warlike stratagems, from his "Æneids" or Cæsar's "Commentaries." He orders all things and thrives in none; skilful in all trades and thrives in none. He is led more by his ears than his understanding, taking the sound of words for their true sense, and does therefore confidently believe that Erra Pater was the father of heretics, Radulphus Agricola a substantial farmer, and will not stick to aver that Systemo's Logic doth excel Keckerman's. His ill-luck is not so much in being a fool, as in being put to such pains to express it to the world, for what in others is natural, in him (with much ado) is artificial. His poverty is his happiness, for it makes some men believe that he is none of fortune's favourites. That learning which he hath was in non age put in backward like a glyster, and it's now like ware mislaid in a pedlar's pack; a has it, but knows not where it is. In a word, his is the index of a man and the title-page of a scholar, or a puritan in morality—much in profession, nothing in practice

A Tinker

Is a movable, for he hath no abiding-place; by his motion he gathers heat, thence his choleric nature. He seems to be very devout, for his life is a continual pilgrimage, and sometimes in humility goes barefoot, thereon making necessity a virtue. His house is as ancient as Tubal Cain's, and so is a renegade by antiquity: yet he proves himself a gallant, for he carries all his

fields, who follow the chase to city suburbs, where often his game is at covert; his quiver hangs by his side stuffed with silver arrows, which he shoots against church-gates and private men's doors, to the hazard of their purses and credit. There went but a pair of shears between him and the pursuivant of hell, for they both delight in sin, grow richer by it, and are by justice appointed to punish it; only the devil is more cunning, for he picks a living out of others' gains. His living lieth in his eye, which (like spirits) he sends through chinks and keyholes to survey the places of darkness; for which purpose he studieth the optics, but can discover no colour but black, for the pure white of chastity dazzleth his eyes. He is a Catholic, for he is everywhere, and with a politic, for he transforms himself into all shapes. He travels on foot to avoid idleness, and loves the Church entirely, because it is the place of his edification. He accounts not all sins mortal, for fornication with him is a venial sin, and to take bribes a matter of charity; he is collector for burnings and losses at sea, and in casting account readily subtracts the lesser from the greater sum Thus lives he in a golden age, till death by a process summons him to appear.

An Almanac-Maker

Is the worst part of an astronomer, a certain compact of figures, characters, and ciphers, out of which he scores the fortune of a year, not so profitably as doubtfully. He is tenant by custom to the planets, of whom he holds the twelve houses by lease parol, to them he pays yearly rent, his study and time, yet lets them out again with all his heart for 40s. per annum. His life is merely contemplative; for his practice, 'tis worth nothing, at least not worthy of credit, and if by chance he purchase any, he loseth it again at the year's end, for time brings truth to light. Ptolemy and Tycho Brahe are his patrons, whose volumes he understands not but admires, and the rather because they are strangers, and so easier to be credited than controlled. His life is upright, for he is always looking upward, yet dares believe

nothing above *primum mobile,* for 'tis out of the reach of his Jacob's staff. His charity extends no further than to mountebanks and sow-gelders, to whom he bequeaths the seasons of the year to kill or torture by. The verses of his book have a worse pace than ever had Rochester hackney; for his prose, 'tis dappled with ink-horn terms, and may serve for an almanac; but for his judging at the uncertainty of weather, any old shepherd shall make a dunce of him. He would be thought the devil's intelligencer for stolen goods, if ever he steal out of that quality. As a fly turns to a maggot, so the corruption of the cunning man is the generation of an empiric; his works fly forth in small volumes, yet not all, for many ride post to chandlers and tobacco shops in folio. To be brief, he falls three degrees short of his promises, yet is he the key to unlock terms and law days, a dumb mercury to point out highways, and a bailiff of all marts and fairs in England. The rest of him you shall know next year, for what he will be then he himself knows not.

A Hypocrite

Is a gilded pill, composed of two virtuous ingredients, natural dishonesty and artificial dissimulation Simple fruit, plant, or drug he is none, but a deformed mixture bred betwixt evil nature and false art by a monstrous generation, and may well be put into the reckoning of those creatures that God never made In Church or commonwealth (for in both these this mongrel weed will shoot) it is hard to say whether he be physic or a disease, for he is both in divers respects.

As he is gilt with an outside of seeming purity, or as he offereth himself to you to be taken down in a cup or taste of golden zeal and simplicity, you may call him physic Nay, and never let potion give patient good stool if, being truly tasted and relished, he be not as loathsome to the stomach of any honest man

He is also physic in being as commodious for use as he is odious in taste, if the body of the company into which he is taken can make true use of him. For the malice of his nature makes

him so informer-like-dangerous, in taking advantage of anything done or said, yea, even to the ruin of his makers, if he may have benefit, that such a creature in a society makes men as careful of their speeches and actions as the sight of a known cut-purse in a throng makes them watchful over their purses and pockets. He is also in this respect profitable physic, that his conversation being once truly tasted and discovered, the hateful foulness of it will make those that are not fully like him to purge all such diseases as are rank in him out of their own lives, as the sight of some citizens on horseback make a judicious man amend his own faults in horsemanship If one of these uses can be made of him, let him not long offend the stomach of your company; your best way is to spue him out. That he is a disease in the body where he liveth were as strange a thing to doubt as whether there be knavery in horse-coursers. For if among sheep, the rot; amongst dogs, the mange; amongst horses, the glanders; amongst men and women, the Northern itch and the French ache, be diseases, an hypocrite cannot but be the like in all States and societies that breed him. If he be a clergy hypocrite, then all manner of vice is for the most part so proper to him as he will grudge any man the practice of it but himself, like that grave burgess, who being desired to lend his clothes to represent a part in a comedy, answered: No, by his leave, he would have nobody play the fool in his clothes but himself Hence are his so austere reprehensions of drinking healths, lascivious talk, usury, and unconscionable dealing, whenas himself, hating the profane mixture of malt and water, will, by his good will, let nothing come within him but the purity of the grape, when he can get it of another's cost. But this must not be done neither without a preface of seeming soothness, turning up the eyes, moving the head, laying hand on the breast, and protesting that he would not do it but to strengthen his body, being even consumed with dissembled zeal, and tedious and thankless babbling to God and his auditors And for the other vices, do but venture the making yourself private with him or trusting of him, and if you come off without a savour of the air which his soul is infected with you have great

fortune. The fardel of all this ware that is in him you shall commonly see carried upon the back of these two beasts that live within him, Ignorance and Imperiousness, and they may well serve to carry other vices, for of themselves they are insupportable His Ignorance acquits him of all science, human or divine, and of all language but his mother's; holding nothing pure, holy, or sincere but the senseless recollections of his own crazed brain, the zealous fumes of his inflamed spirit, and the endless labours of his eternal tongue, the motions whereof, when matter and words fail (as they often do), must be patched up to accomplish his four hours in a day at the least with long and fervent hums Anything else, either for language or matter, he cannot abide, but thus censureth. Latin, the language of the beast; Greek, the tongue wherein the heathen poets wrote their fictions; Hebrew, the speech of the Jews that crucified Christ; controversies do not edify, logic and philosophy are the subtilties of Satan to deceive the simple, human stories profane, and not savouring of the Spirit; in a word, all decent and sensible form of speech and persuasion (though in his own tongue) vain ostentation. And all this is the burden of his Ignorance, saving that sometimes idleness will put in also to bear a part of the baggage. His other beast, Imperiousness, is yet more proudly laden, it carrieth a burden that no cords of authority, spiritual nor temporal, should bind if it might have the full swing. No Pilate, no prince should command him, nay, he will command them, and at his pleasure censure them if they will not suffer their ears to be fettered with the long chains of his tedious collations, their purses to be emptied with the inundations of his unsatiable humour, and their judgments to be blinded with the muffler of his zealous ignorance; for this doth he familiarly insult over his maintainer that breeds him, his patron that feeds him, and in time over all them that will suffer him to set a foot within their doors or put a finger in their purses. All this and much more is in him, that abhorring degrees and universities as reliques of superstition, hath leapt from a shop-board or a cloak-bag to a desk or pulpit; and that, like a sea-god in a pageant, hath the

rotten laths of his culpable life and palpable ignorance covered over with the painted-cloth of a pure gown and a night-cap, and with a false trumpet of feigned zeal draweth after him some poor nymphs and madmen that delight more to resort to dark caves and secret places than to open and public assemblies. The lay-hypocrite is to the other a champion, disciple, and subject, and will not acknowledge the tithe of the subjection to any mitre, no, not to any sceptre, that he will do to the hook and crook of his zeal-blind shepherd. No Jesuits demand more blind and absolute obedience from their vassals, no magistrates of the canting society more slavish subjection from the members of that travelling State, than the clerk hypocrites expect from these lay pulpits Nay, they must not only be obeyed, fed, and defended, but admired too; and that their lay-followers do sincerely, as a shirtless fellow with a cudgel under his arm doth a face-wringing ballad-singer, a water-bearer on the floor of a playhouse, a wide-mouthed poet that speaks nothing but blathers and bombast. Otherwise, for life and profession, nature and art, inward and outward, they agree in all, like canters and gypsies, they are all zeal no knowledge, all purity no humanity, all simplicity no honesty, and if you never trust them they will never deceive you

A Chambermaid.

She is her mistress's she secretary, and keeps the box of her teeth, her hair, and her painting very private Her industry is up-stairs and downstairs, like a drawer, and by her dry hand you may know she is a sore starcher. If she lie at her master's bed's feet, she is quit of the green sickness for ever, for she hath terrible dreams when she's awake, as if she were troubled with the night-mare She hath a good liking to dwell in the country, but she holds London the goodliest forest in England to shelter a great belly. She reads Greene's works over and over, but is so carried away with the "Mirror of Knighthood," she is many times resolved to run out of her self and become a lady-errant. The pedant of the house, though he promise her marriage, cannot grow further

inward with her; she hath paid for her credulity often, and now grows weary. She likes the form of our marriage very well, in that a woman is not tied to answer to any articles concerning questions of virginity. Her mind, her body, and clothes are parcels loosely tacked together, and for want of good utterance she perpetually laughs out her meaning. Her mistress and she help to make away time to the idlest purpose that can be, either for love or money. In brief, these chambermaids are like lotteries. you may draw twenty ere one worth anything.

A PRECISIAN.

To speak no otherwise of this varnished rottenness than in truth and verity he is, I must define him to be a demure creature, full of oral sanctity and mental impiety; a fair object to the eye, but stark naught for the understanding, or else a violent thing much given to contradiction. He will be sure to be in opposition with the Papist, though it be sometimes accompanied with an absurdity, like the islanders near adjoining unto China, who salute by putting off their shoes, because the men of China do it by their hats. If at any time he fast, it is upon Sunday, and he is sure to feast upon Friday. He can better afford you ten lies than one oath, and dare commit any sin gilded with a pretence of sanctity. He will not stick to commit fornication or adultery so it be done in the fear of God and for the propagation of the godly, and can find in his heart to lie with any whore save the whore of Babylon. To steal he holds it lawful, so it be from the wicked and Egyptians. He had rather see Antichrist than a picture in the church window, and chooseth sooner to be half hanged than see a leg at the name of Jesus or one stand at the Creed. He conceives his prayer in the kitchen rather than in the church, and is of so good discourse that he dares challenge the Almighty to talk with him extempore. He thinks every organist is in the state of damnation, and had rather hear one of Robert Wisdom's psalms than the best hymn a cherubim can sing. He will not break wind without an apology or asking forgiveness,

nor kiss a gentlewoman for fear of lusting after her. He hath nicknamed all the prophets and apostles with his sons, and begets nothing but virtues for daughters. Finally, he is so sure of his salvation, that he will not change places in heaven with the Virgin Mary, without boot.

An Inns of Court Man.

He is distinguished from a scholar by a pair of silk stockings and a beaver hat, which makes him condemn a scholar as much as a scholar doth a schoolmaster. By that he hath heard one mooting and seen two plays, he thinks as basely of the university as a young sophister doth of the grammar-school. He talks of the university with that state as if he were her chancellor; finds fault with alterations and the fall of discipline with an "It was not so when I was a student," although that was within this half year. He will talk ends of Latin, though it be false, with as great confidence as ever Cicero could pronounce an oration, though his best authors for it be taverns and ordinaries. He is as far behind a courtier in his fashion as a scholar is behind him, and the best grace in his behaviour is to forget his acquaintance

He laughs at every man whose band fits not well, or that hath not a fair shoe-tie, and he is ashamed to be seen in any man's company that wears not his clothes well. His very essence he placeth in his outside, and his chiefest prayer is, that his revenues may hold out for taffety cloaks in the summer and velvet in the winter. To his acquaintance he offers two quarts of wine for one he gives You shall never see him melancholy but when he wants a new suit or fears a sergeant, at which times he only betakes himself to Ploydon By that he hath read Littleton, he can call Solon, Lycurgus, and Justinian fools, and dares compare his law to a lord chief-justice's.

A Mere Fellow of an House.

He is one whose hopes commonly exceed his fortunes and whose mind soars above his purse. If he hath read Tacitus Guicciardine or Gallo-Belgicus, he condemns the late Lord-Treasurer for all the state policy he had, and laughs to think what a fool he could make of Solomon if he were now alive. He never wears new clothes but against a commencement or a good time, and is commonly a degree behind the fashion. He hath sworn to see London once a year, though all his business be to see a play, walk a turn in Paul's, and observe the fashion. He thinks it a discredit to be out of debt, which he never likely clears without resignation money He will not leave his part he hath in the privilege over young gentlemen in going bare to him, for the empire of Germany. He prays as heartily for a sealing as a cormorant doth for a dear year, yet commonly he spends that revenue before he receives it.

At meals he sits in as great state over his penny commons as ever Vitellius did at his greatest banquet, and takes great delight in comparing his fare to my Lord Mayor's.

If he be a leader of a faction, he thinks himself greater than ever Cæsar was or the Turk at this day is. And he had rather lose an inheritance than an office when he stands for it

If he be to travel, he is longer furnishing himself for a five miles' journey than a ship is rigging for a seven years' voyage. He is never more troubled than when he has to maintain talk with a gentlewoman, wherein he commits more absurdities than a clown in eating of an egg.

He thinks himself as fine when he is in a clean band and a new pair of shoes, as any courtier doth when he is first in a new fashion.

Lastly, he is one that respects no man in the university, and is respected by no man out of it.

A Worthy Commander in the Wars

Is one that accounts learning the nourishment of military virtue, and lays that as his first foundation. He never bloodies his sword but in heat of battle, and had rather save one of his own soldiers than kill ten of his enemies. He accounts it an idle, vainglorious, and suspected bounty to be full of good words; his rewarding, therefore, of the deserver arrives so timely, that his liberality can never be said to be gouty-handed. He holds it next his creed that no coward can be an honest man, and dare die in it He doth not think his body yields a more spreading shadow after a victory than before; and when he looks upon his enemy's dead body 'tis a kind of noble heaviness—no insultation He is so honourably merciful to women in surprisal, that only that makes him an excellent courtier. He knows the hazard of battles, not the pomp of ceremonies, are soldiers' best theatres, and strives to gain reputation, not by the multitude but by the greatness of his actions. He is the first in giving the charge and the last in retiring his foot Equal toil he endures with the common soldier; from his examples they all take fire, as one torch lights many. He understands in war there is no mean to err twice, the first and last fault being sufficient to ruin an army: faults, therefore, he pardons none; they that are precedents of disorder or mutiny repair it by being examples of his justice Besiege him never so strictly, so long as the air is not cut from him, his heart faints not. He hath learned as well to make use of a victory as to get it, and pursuing his enemies like a whirlwind, carries all before him; being assured if ever a man will benefit himself upon his foe, then is the time when they have lost force, wisdom, courage, and reputation. The goodness of his cause is the special motive to his valour, never is he known to slight the weakest enemy that comes armed against him in the band of justice. Hasty and overmuch heat he accounts the stepdame to all great actions that will not suffer them to drive; if he cannot overcome his enemy by force, he does it by time. If ever he shake hands with war, he can die more calmly than most

himself. The first part of him that is set a running is his eyesight; when that is once struck with terror all the costive physic in the world cannot stay him. If ever he do anything beyond his own heart 'tis for a knighthood, and he is the first kneels for it without bidding

A PIRATE,

Truly defined, is a bold traitor, for he fortifies a castle against the king. Give him sea-room in never so small a vessel, and like a witch in a sieve, you would think he were going to make merry with the devil. Of all callings his is the most desperate, for he will not leave off his thieving, though he be in a narrow prison, and look every day, by tempest or fight, for execution. He is one plague the devil hath added to make the sea more terrible than a storm, and his heart is so hardened in that rugged element that he cannot repent, though he view his grave before him continually open. He hath so little of his own that the house he sleeps in is stolen: all the necessities of life he filches but one; he cannot steal a sound sleep for his troubled conscience He is very gentle to those under him, yet his rule is the horriblest tyranny in the world, for he gives licence to all rape, murder, and cruelty in his own example. What he gets is small use to him, only lives by it somewhat the longer to do a little more service to his belly, for he throws away his treasure upon the shore in riot, as if he cast it into the sea. He is a cruel hawk that flies at all but his own kind, and as a whale never comes ashore but when she is wounded, so he very seldom but for his necessities. He is the merchant's book that serves only to reckon up his losses, a perpetual plague to noble traffic, the hurricane of the sea, and the earthquake of the exchange. Yet for all this give him but his pardon and forgive him restitution, he may live to know the inside of a church, and die on this side Wapping.

AN ORDINARY FENCER

Is a fellow that, beside shaving of cudgels, hath a good insight into the world, for he hath long been beaten to it. Flesh and

blood he is like other men, but surely nature meant him stockfish His and a dancing-school are inseparable adjuncts, and are bound, though both stink of sweat most abominable, neither shall complain of annoyance. Three large bavins set up his trade, with a bench, which, in the vacation of the afternoon, he used for his day-bed When he comes on the stage at his prize he makes a leg seven several ways, and scrambles for money, as if he had been born at the Bath in Somersetshire. At his challenge he shows his metal, for, contrary to all rules of physic, he dares bleed. though it be in the dog-days. He teaches devilish play in his school, but when he fights himself he doth it in the fear of a good Christian; he compounds quarrels among his scholars, and when he hath brought the business to a good upshot he makes the reckoning. His wounds are seldom above skin deep, for an inward bruise lamb-stones and sweetbreads are his only spermaceti, which he eats at night next his heart fasting Strange schoolmasters they are that every day set a man as far backward as he went forward, and throwing him into a strange posture, teach him to thresh satisfaction out of injury. One sign of a good nature is that he is still open-breasted to his friends; for his foil and his doublet wear not out above two buttons, and resolute he is, for he so much scorns to take blows that he never wears cuffs; and he lives better contented with a little than other men, for if he have two eyes in his head he thinks nature hath overdone him The Lord Mayor's triumph makes him a man, for that's his best time to flourish Lastly, these fencers are such things that care not if all the world were ignorant of more letters than only to read their patent

A Puny Clerk

He is taken from grammar-school half coddled, and can hardly shake off his dreams of breeching in a twelvemonth. He is a farmer's son, and his father's utmost ambition is to make him an attorney. He doth itch towards a poet, and greases his breeches extremely with feeding without a napkin He studies false dice

to cheat costermongers. He eats gingerbread at a playhouse, and is so saucy that he ventures fairly for a broken pate at the banqueting-house, and hath it. He would never come to have any wit but for a long vacation, for that makes him bethink him how he shall shift another day. He prays hotly against fasting, and so he may sup well on Friday nights, he cares not though his master be a puritan. He practices to make the words in his declaration spread as a sewer doth the dishes of a niggard's table, a clerk of a swooping dash is as commendable as a Flanders horse of a large tail Though you be never so much delayed you must not call his master knave, that makes him go beyond himself, and write a challenge in court hand, for it may be his own another day These are some certain of his liberal faculties; but in the term time his clog is a buckram bag Lastly, which is great pity, he never comes to his full growth, with bearing on his shoulder the sinful burden of his master at several courts in Westminster.

A Footman.

Let him be never so well made, yet his legs are not matches, for he is still setting the best foot forward He will never be a staid man, for he has had a running head of his own ever since his childhood His mother, which out of question was a light-heeled wench, knew it, yet let him run his race thinking age would reclaim him from his wild courses He is very long-winded, and without doubt but that he hates naturally to serve on horseback, he had proved an excellent trumpet. He has one happiness above all the rest of the serving-men, for when he most over-reaches his master he is best thought of. He lives more by his own heat than the warmth of clothes, and the waiting-woman hath the greatest fancy to him when he is in his close trouses Guards he wears none, which makes him live more upright than any cross-gartered gentleman-usher. 'Tis impossible to draw his picture to the life, because a man must take it as he's running,

only this, horses are usually let bloo apparel (which is herself) is St. Patrick's he takes rest, and is dre though she be not arrayed nocency, a far after.

A Noble and Retired Housekeeper

Is one whose bounty is limited by reason, not ostentation; and to make it last he deals it discreetly, as we sow the furrow, not by the sack, but by the handful. His word and his meaning never shake hands and part, but always go together. He can survey good and love it, and loves to do it himself for its own sake, not for thanks. He knows there is no such misery as to outlive good name, nor no such folly as to put it in practice. His mind is so secure that thunder rocks him asleep, which breaks other men's slumbers; nobility lightens in his eyes, and in his face and gesture is painted the god of hospitality. His great houses bear in their front more durance than state, unless this add the greater state to them, that they promise to outlast much of our new fantastical buildings. His heart never grows old, no more than his memory, whether at his book or on horseback. He passeth his time in such noble exercise, a man cannot say any time is lost by him; nor hath he only years to approve he hath lived till he be old, but virtues. His thoughts have a high aim, though their dwelling be in the vale of an humble heart, whence, as by an engine (that raises water to fall that it may rise the higher), he is heightened in his humility. The adamant serves not for all seas, but this doth; for he hath, as it were, put a gird about the whole world and found all her quicksands He hath this hand over fortune, that her injuries, how violent or sudden soever, they do not daunt him, for whether his time call him to live or die, he can do both nobly; if to fall, his descent is breast to breast with virtue, and even then, like the sun near his set, he shows unto the world his clearest countenance.

An Intruder into Favour

Is one that builds his reputation on others' infamy, for slander is most commonly his morning prayer His passions are guided

An Arr.. ustice. An inflexible anger against ..sely calls a courageous constancy, and Hath the trick .. part of gravity to consist in a ruffled forehead. He is the most slavishly submissive, though envious to those that are in better place than himself; and knows the art of words so well that (for shrouding dishonesty under a fair pretext) he seems to preserve mud in crystal. Like a man of a kind nature, he is the first good to himself, in the next file to his French tailor, that gives him all his perfection; for indeed, like an estridge, or bird of paradise, his feathers are more worth than his body. If ever he do good deed (which is very seldom) his own mouth is the chronicle of it, lest it should die forgotten. His whole body goes all upon screws, and his face is the vice that moves them. If his patron be given to music, he opens his chops and sings, or with a wry neck falls to tuning his instrument; if that fail, he takes the height of his lord with a hawking pole. He follows the man's fortune, not the man, seeking thereby to increase his own. He pretends he is most undeservedly envied, and cries out, remembering the game, chess, that a pawn before a king is most played on Debts he owns none but shrewd turns, and those he pays ere he be sued. He is a flattering glass to conceal age and wrinkles. He is mountain's monkey that, climbing a tree and skipping from bough to bough, gives you back his face; but come once to the top, he holds his nose up into the wind and shows you his tail Yet all this gay glitter shows on him as if the sun shone in a puddle, for he is a small wine that will not last; and when he is falling, he goes of himself faster than misery can drive him.

A Fair and Happy Milkmaid

Is a country wench, that is so far from making herself beautiful by art, that one look of hers is able to put all face physic out of countenance. She knows a fair look is but a dumb orator to commend virtue, therefore minds it not. All her excellences stand in her so silently, as if they had stolen upon her without

her knowledge. The lining of her apparel (which is herself) is far better than outsides of tissue; for though she be not arrayed in the spoil of the silk-worm, she is decked in innocency, a far better wearing. She doth not, with lying long a-bed, spoil both her complexion and conditions; Nature hath taught her too immoderate sleep is rust to the soul; she rises therefore with chanticleer, her dame's cock, and at night makes lamb her curfew In milking a cow and straining the teats through her fingers, it seems that so sweet a milk-press makes the milk the whiter or sweeter; for never came almond glove or aromatic ointment off her palm to taint it. The golden ears of corn fall and kiss her feet when she reaps them, as if they wished to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that felled them. Her breath is her own, which scents all the year long of June, like a new made haycock. She makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart soft with pity; and when winter's evenings fall early (sitting at her merry wheel) she sings a defiance to the giddy wheel of fortune She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems ignorance will not suffer her to do ill, because her mind is to do well. She bestows her year's wages at next fair; and, in choosing her garments, counts no bravery in the world like decency The garden and beehive are all her physic and chirurgery, and she lives the longer for it. She dares go alone and unfold sheep in the night, and fears no manner of ill because she means none, yet, to say truth, she is never alone, for she is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers, but short ones; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not palled with ensuing idle cogitations Lastly, her dreams are so chaste that she dare tell them: only a Friday's dream is all her superstition; that she conceals for fear of anger. Thus lives she, and all her care is that she may die in the spring-time, to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheet.

still Scotch bagpipes to him. He sends challenges by word of mouth, for he protests (as he is a gentleman and a brother of the sword) he can neither write nor read. He hath run through divers parcels of land, and great houses, beside both the counters. If any private quarrel happen among our great courtiers, he proclaims the business—that's the word, the business—as if the united force of the Romish Catholics were making up for Germany. He cheats young gulls that are newly come to town; and when the keeper of the ordinary blames him for it he answers him in his own profession, that a woodcock must be plucked ere he be dressed. He is a supervisor to brothels, and in them is a more unlawful reformer of vice than prentices on Shrove-Tuesday He loves his friend as a counsellor at law loves the velvet breeches he was first made barrister in, he will be sure to wear him threadbare ere he forsake him. He sleeps with a tobacco-pipe in his mouth; and his first prayer in the morning is he may remember whom he fell out with over night. Soldier he is none, for he cannot distinguish between onion-seed and gunpowder; if he have worn it in his hollow tooth for the toothache and so come to the knowledge of it, that is all The tenure by which he holds his means is an estate at will, and that's borrowing Landlords have but four quarter-days, but he three hundred and odd He keeps very good company, yet is a man of no reckoning; and when he goes not drunk to bed he is very sick next morning. He commonly dies like Anacreon, with a grape in his throat; or Hercules, with fire in his marrow. And I have heard of some that have escaped hanging begged for anatomies, only to deter man from taking tobacco.

A Drunken Dutchman resident in England

Is but a quarter-master with his wife. He stinks of butter as if he were anointed all over for the itch Let him come over never so lean, and plant him but one month near the brew-houses in St. Catherine's, and he will be puffed up to your hand like a bloat herring. Of all places of pleasure he loves a common garden,

and with the swine of the parish had need be ringed for rooting. Next to these he affects lotteries naturally, and bequeaths the best prize in his will aforehand; when his hopes fall he's blank. They swarm in great tenements like flies; six households will live in a garret He was wont, only to make us fools, to buy the fox skin for threepence, and sell the tail for a shilling. Now his new trade of brewing strong waters makes a number of madmen. He loves a Welshman extremely for his diet and orthography; that is, for plurality of consonants, and cheese. Like a horse, he is only guided by the mouth; when he's drunk you may thrust your hand into him like an eel's-skin, and strip him, his inside outwards. He hoards up fair gold, and pretends 'tis to seethe in his wife's broth for consumption; and loves the memory of King Henry the Eighth, most especially for his old sovereigns. He says we are unwise to lament the decay of timber in England; for all manner of buildings or fortification whatsoever, he desires no other thing in the world than barrels and hop-poles. To conclude, the only two plagues he trembles at is small beer and the Spanish Inquisition.

A PHANTASTIQUE: AN IMPROVIDENT YOUNG GALLANT.

There is a confederacy between him and his clothes, to be made a puppy · view him well and you will say his gentry sits as ill upon him as if he had bought it with his penny. He hath more places to send money to than the devil hath to send his spirits; and to furnish each mistress would make him run besides his wits, if he had any to lose. He accounts bashfulness the wickedest thing in the world, and therefore studies impudence If all men were of his mind all honesty would be out of fashion. He withers his clothes on a stage, as a saleman is forced to do his suits in Birchin Lane; and when the play is done, if you mark his rising, 'tis with a kind of walking epilogue between the two candles, to know if his suit may pass for current. He studies by the discretion of his barber, to frizzle like a baboon; three such would keep three the nimblest barbers in the town from ever

of the seven lean kine that ate up the fat ones, that he has in his parlour, which he will describe to you like a motion, and his comment ends with a smothered prayer for a like scarcity. He cannot away with tobacco, for he is persuaded (and not much amiss), that 'tis a sparer of bread-corn, which he could find in his heart to transport without license; but, weighing the penalty, he grows mealy-mouthed, and dares not. Sweet smells he cannot abide; wishes that the pure air were generally corrupted; nay, that the spring had lost her fragrancy for ever, or we our superfluous sense of smelling (as he terms it), that his corn might not be found musty The poor he accounts the Justices' intelligencers, and cannot abide them He complains of our negligence of discovering new parts of the world, only to rid them from our climate. His son, by a certain kind of instinct, he binds prentice to a tailor, who, all the term of his indenture, hath a dear year in his belly, and ravens bread exceedingly. When he comes to be a freeman, if it be a dearth, he marries him to a baker's daughter.

A Devilish Usurer

Is sowed as cummin or hempseed, with curses, and he thinks he thrives the better. He is far better read in the penal statutes than in the Bible, and his evil angel persuades him he shall sooner be saved by them. He can be no man's friend, for all men he hath most interest in he undoes. And a double dealer he is certainly, for by his good will he ever takes the forfeit. He puts his money to the unnatural act of generation, and his scrivener is the supervisor bawd to it Good deeds he loves none, but sealed and delivered; nor doth he wish anything to thrive in the country but beehives, for they make him wax rich He hates all but law-Latin, yet thinks he might be drawn to love a scholar, could he reduce the year to a shorter compass, that his use money might come in the faster. He seems to be the son of a jailor, for all his estate is in most heavy and cruel bonds He doth not give, but sell, days of payment, and those at the rate of a man's undoing. He doth only fear the Day of Judgment should fall

sooner than the payment of some great sum of money due to him He removes his lodging when a subsidy comes, and if he be found out, and pay it, he grumbles treason: but 'tis in such a deformed silence as witches raise their spirits in. Gravity he pretends in all things but in his private vice, for he will not in a hundred pound take one light sixpence. And it seems he was at Tilbury Camp, for you must not tell him of a Spaniard. He is a man of no conscience, for (like the Jakes-farmer that swooned with going into Bucklersbury) he falls into a cold sweat if he but look into the Chancery; thinks, in his religion, we are in the right for everything, if that were abolished He hides his money as if he thought to find it again at the last day, and then begin's old trade with it. His clothes plead prescription, and whether they or his body are more rotten is a question. Yet, should he live to be hanged in them, this good they would do him: the very hangman would pity his case The table he keeps is able to starve twenty tall men. His servants have not their living, but their dying from him, and that's of hunger. A spare diet he commends in all men but himself. He comes to cathedrals only for love of the singing-boys, because they look hungry He likes our religion best because 'tis best cheap, yet would fain allow of purgatory, cause 'twas of his trade, and brought in so much money. His heart goes with the same snaphance his purse doth 'tis seldom open to any man Friendship he accounts but a word without any signification, nay, he loves all the world so little, that an it were possible he would make himself his own executor. For certain, he is made administrator to his own good name while he is in perfect memory, for that dies long before him, but he is so far from being at the charge of a funeral for it, that he lets it stink above-ground In conclusion, for neighbourhood you were better dwell by a contentious lawyer. And for his death, 'tis either surfeit, the pox, or despair, for seldom such as he die of God's making, as honest men should do

A Waterman

Is one that hath learnt to speak well of himself, for always he names himself "the first man." If he had betaken himself to some richer trade, he could not have choosed but done well, for in this, though a mean one, he is still plying it, and putting himself forward. He is evermore telling strange news, most commonly lies. If he be a sculler, ask him if he be married: he'll equivocate, and swear he's a single man. Little trust is to be given to him, for he thinks that day he does best when he fetches most men over. His daily labour teaches him the art of dissembling, for, like a fellow that rides to the pillory, he goes not that way he looks. He keeps such a bawling at Westminster, that, if the lawyers were not acquainted with it, an order would be taken with him. When he is upon the water he is fair company; when he comes ashore he mutinies, and, contrary to all other trades, is most surly to gentlemen when they tender payment. The playhouses only keep him sober, and, as it doth many other gallants, make him an afternoon's man. London Bridge is the most terrible eyesore to him that can be. And, to conclude, nothing but a great press makes him fly from the river, nor anything but a great frost can teach him any good manners.

A Reverend Judge

Is one that desires to have his greatness only measured by his goodness. His care is to appear such to the people as he would have them be, and to be himself such as he appears; for virtue cannot seem one thing and be another. He knows that the hill of greatness yields a most delightful prospect; but, withal, that it is most subject to lightning and thunder, and that the people, as in ancient tragedies, sit and censure the actions of those in authority He squares his own, therefore, that they may far be above their pity. He wishes fewer laws, so they were better observed; and for those are mulctuary, he understands their institution not to be like briers or springs, to catch everything

they lay hold of, but, like sea-marks on our dangerous Goodwin, to avoid the shipwreck of innocent passengers. He hates to wrong any man: neither hope nor despair of preferment can draw him to such an exigent He thinks himself most honourably seated when he gives mercy the upper hand. He rather strives to purchase good name than land; and of all rich stuffs forbidden by the statute, loathes to have his followers wear their clothes cut out of bribes and extortions. If his Prince call him to higher place, there he delivers his mind plainly and freely, knowing for truth there is no place wherein dissembling ought to have less credit than in a prince's council. Thus honour keeps peace with him to the grave, and doth not (as with many) there forsake him, and go back with the heralds; but fairly sits over him, and broods out of his memory many right excellent commonwealth's-men

A Virtuous Widow

Is the palm-tree, that thrives not after the supplanting of her husband For her children's sake she first marries; for she married that she might have children, and for their sakes she marries no more She is like the purest gold, only employed for princes' medals · she never receives but one man's impression. The largest jointure moves her not, titles of honour cannot sway her To change her name were (she thinks) to commit a sin should make her ashamed of her husband's calling She thinks she hath travelled all the world in one man; the rest of her time, therefore, she directs to heaven. Her main superstition is, she thinks her husband's ghost would walk, should she not perform his will. She would do it were there no Prerogative Court. She gives much to pious uses, without any hope to merit by them; and as one diamond fashions another, so is she wrought into works of charity, with the dust or ashes of her husband. She lives to see herself full of time, being so necessary for earth, God calls her not to heaven till she be very aged, and even then, though her natural strength fail her, she stands like an ancient pyramid, which, the less it grows to man's eye, the nearer it

reaches to heaven. This latter chastity of hers is more grave and reverend than that ere she was married, for in it is neither hope, nor longing, nor fear, nor jealousy. She ought to be a mirror for our youngest dames to dress themselves by, when she is fullest of wrinkles No calamity can now come near her, for in suffering the loss of her husband she accounts all the rest trifles. She hath laid his dead body in the worthiest monument that can be: she hath buried it in her one heart. To conclude, she is a relic, that, without any superstition in the world, though she will not be kissed, yet may be reverenced.

An Ordinary Widow

Is like the herald's hearse-cloth; she serves to many funerals, with a very little altering the colour. The end of her husband begins in tears, and the end of her tears begins in a husband. She uses to cunning women to know how many husbands she shall have, and never marries without the consent of six midwives. Her chiefest pride is in the multitude of her suitors, and by them she gains; for one serves to draw on another, and with one at last she shoots out another, as boys do pellets in eldern guns. She commends to them a single life, as horse-coursers do their jades, to put them away. Her fancy is to one of the biggest of the Guard, but knighthood makes her draw in in a weaker bow. Her servants or kinsfolk are the trumpeters that summon any to his combat. By them she gains much credit, but loseth it again in the old proverb, *Fama est mendax.* If she live to be thrice married, she seldom fails to cozen her second husband's creditors A churchman she dare not venture upon, for she hath heard widows complain of dilapidations, nor a soldier, though he have candle-rents in the city, for his estate may be subject to fire; very seldom a lawyer, without he shows his exceeding great practice, and can make her case the better, but a knight with the old rent may do much, for a great coming in is all in all with a widow, ever provided that most part of her plate and jewels (before the wedding) be concealed with her scrivener. Thus,

like a too-ripe apple, she falls off herself; but he that hath her is lord but of a filthy purchase, for the title is cracked. Lastly, while she is a widow, observe her, she is no morning woman; the evening, a good fire and sack may make her listen to a husband, and if ever she be made sure, 'tis upon a full stomach to bedward.

A Quack-Salver

Is a mountebank of a larger bill than a tailor: if he can but come by names enough of diseases to stuff it with, 'tis all the skill he studies for. He took his first beginning from a cunning woman, and stole this black art from her, while he made her sea-coal fire. All the diseases ever sin brought upon man doth he pretend to be a curer of, when the truth is, his main cunning is corn-cutting A great plague makes him, what with railing against such as leave their cures for fear of infection, and in friendly breaking cake-bread with the fishwives at funerals. He utters a most abominable deal of carduus water, and the conduits cry out, All the learned doctors may cast their caps at him. He parts stakes with some apothecary in the suburbs, at whose house he lies; and though he be never so familiar with his wife, the apothecary dares not (for the richest horn in his shop) displease him. All the midwives in the town are his intelligencers; but nurses and young merchants' wives that would fain conceive with child, these are his idolaters. He is a more unjust bone-setter than a dice-maker. He hath put out more eyes than the small-pox, more deaf than the cataracts of Nilus; lamed more than the gout; shrunk more sinews than one that makes bowstrings, and killed more idly than tobacco A magistrate that had any-way so noble a spirit as but to love a good horse well, would not suffer him to be a farrier. His discourse is vomit, and his ignorance the strongest purgation in the world. To one that would be speedily cured, he hath more delays and doubles than a hare or a lawsuit. He seeks to set us at variance with nature, and rather than he shall want diseases, he'll beget them. His especial practice (as I said before) is upon women; labours to make their

minds sick, ere their bodies feel it, and then there's work for the dog-leech. He pretends the cure of madmen; and sure he gets most by them, for no man in his perfect wit would meddle with him. Lastly, he is such a juggler with urinals, so dangerously unskilful, that if ever the city will have recourse to him for diseases that need purgation, let them employ him in scouring Moorditch.

A Canting Rogue.

'Tis not unlikely but he was begot by some intelligencer under a hedge, for his mind is wholly given to travel. He is not troubled with making of jointures; he can divorce himself without the fee of a proctor, nor fears he the cruelty of overseers of his will. He leaves his children all the world to cant in, and all the people to their fathers. His language is a constant tongue; the northern speech differs from the south, Welsh from the Cornish; but canting is general, nor ever could be altered by conquest of the Saxon, Dane, or Norman. He will not beg out of his limit though he starve, nor break his oath, if he swear by his Solomon, though you hang him; and he pays his custom as truly to his grand rogue as tribute is paid to the great Turk. The March sun breeds agues in others, but he adores it like the Indians, for then begins his progress after a hard winter. Ostlers cannot endure him, for he is of the infantry, and serves best on foot. He offends not the statute against the excess of apparel, for he will go naked, and counts it a voluntary penance. Forty of them lie together in a barn, yet are never sued upon the Statute of Inmates. If he were learned no man could make a better description of England, for he hath travelled it over and over. Lastly, he brags that his great houses are repaired to his hands when churches go to ruin, and those are prisons.

A French Cook.

He learnt his trade in a town of garrison near famished, where he practised to make a little go far. Some derive it from more

antiquity, and say, Adam, when he picked salads, was of his occupation. He doth not feed the belly, but the palate; and though his command lie in the kitchen, which is but an inferior place, yet shall you find him a very saucy companion. Ever since the wars in Naples, he hath so minced the ancient and bountiful allowance as if his nation should keep a perpetual diet. The serving-men call him the last relic of popery, that makes men fast against their conscience. He can be truly said to be no man's fellow but his master's, for the rest of the servants are starved by him. He is the prime cause why noblemen build their houses so great, for the smallness of their kitchen makes the house the bigger, and the lord calls him his alchemist, that can extract gold out of herbs, mushrooms, or anything. That which he dresses we may rather call a drinking than a meal, yet he is so full of variety that he brags, and truly, that he gives you but a taste of what he can do. He dares not for his life come among the butchers, for sure they would quarter and bake him after the English fashion, he's such an enemy to beef and mutton. To conclude, he were only fit to make a funeral feast, where men should eat their victuals in mourning.

A Sexton

Is an ill-willer to human nature. Of all proverbs he cannot endure to hear that which says, We ought to live by the quick, not by the dead. He could willingly all his lifetime be confined to the churchyard; at least, within five foot on't, for at every church stile commonly there's an alehouse, where, let him be found never so idle-pated, he is still a grave drunkard He breaks his fast heartiest while he is making a grave, and says the opening of the ground makes him hungry. Though one would take him to be a sloven, yet he loves clean linen extremely, and for that reason takes an order that fine holland sheets be not made worms'-meat. Like a nation called the Cusani, he weeps when any are born and laughs when they die; the reason, he gets by burials not christenings He will hold an argument in a tavern over sack till the dial and himself be both at a stand; he never observes

any time but sermon-time, and there he sleeps by the hour-glass The ropemaker pays him a pension, and he pays tribute to the physician, for the physician makes work for the sexton, as the ropemaker for the hangman. Lastly, he wishes the dog-days would last all year long; and a great plague is his year of jubilee

A Jesuit

Is a larger spoon for a traitor to feed with the devil than any other order; unclasp him, and he's a grey wolf with a golden star in the forehead; so superstitiously he follows the pope that he forsakes Christ in not giving Cæsar his due. His vows seem heavenly, but in meddling with state business he seems to mix heaven and earth together His best elements are *confession* and penance by the first he finds out men's inclinations, and by the latter heaps wealth to his seminary. He sprang from Ignatius Loyola, a Spanish soldier, and though he were found out long since the invention of the cannon, 'tis thought he hath not done less mischief. He is a half-key to open princes' cabinets and pry in their councils; and where the pope's excommunication thunders, he holds it no more sin the decrowning of kings than our Puritans do the suppression of bishops. His order is full of irregularity and disobedience, ambitious above all measure; for of late days, in Portugal and the Indies, he rejected the name of Jesuit, and would be called disciple. In Rome and other countries that give him freedom, he wears a mask upon his heart, in England he shifts it, and puts it upon his face No place in our climate holds him so securely as a lady's chamber; the modesty of the pursuivant hath only forborne the bed, and so missed him. There is no disease in Christendom that may so properly be called the King's evil. To conclude, would you know him beyond sea? In his seminary he's a fox, but in the inquisition a lion rampant.

An Excellent Actor.

Whatsoever is commendable to the grave orator is most exquisitely perfect in him, for by a full and significant action of

body he charms our attention. Sit in a full theatre and you will think you see so many lines drawn from the circumference of so many ears, while the actor is the centre. He doth not strive to make nature monstrous, she is often seen in the same scene with him, but neither on stilts nor crutches; and for his voice, 'tis not lower than the prompter, nor louder than the foil or target. By his action he fortifies moral precepts with examples, for what we see him personate we think truly done before us: a man of a deep thought might apprehend the ghost of our ancient heroes walked again, and take him at several times for many of them. He is much affected to painting, and 'tis a question whether that make him an excellent player, or his playing an exquisite painter. He adds grace to the poet's labours, for what in the poet is but ditty, in him is both ditty and music. He entertains us in the best leisure of our life—that is, between meals; the most unfit time for study or bodily exercise The flight of hawks and chase of wild beasts, either of them are delights noble, but some think this sport of men the worthier, despite all calumny. All men have been of his occupation; and indeed, what he doth feignedly, that do others essentially. This day one plays a monarch, the next a private person; here one acts a tyrant, on the morrow an exile; a parasite this man to-night, to-morrow a precisian; and so of divers others. I observe, of all men living, a worthy actor in one kind is the strongest motive of affection that can be; for, when he dies, we cannot be persuaded any man can do his parts like him. But, to conclude, I value a worthy actor by the corruption of some few of the quality as I would do gold in the ore —I should not mind the dross, but the purity of the metal.

A Franklin.

His outside is an ancient yeoman of England, though his inside may give arms with the best gentleman and never see the herald. There is no truer servant in the house than himself. Though he be master, he says not to his servants, "Go to field," but "Let us go;" and with his own eye doth both fatten his flock and set

forward all manner of husbandry. He is taught by nature to be contented with a little; his own fold yields him both food and raiment, he is pleased with any nourishment God sends, whilst curious gluttony ransacks, as it were, Noah's ark for food only to feed the riot of one meal. He is never known to go to law; understanding, to be law-bound among men is to be hide-bound among his beasts; they thrive not under it, and that such men sleep as unquietly as if their pillows were stuffed with lawyers' penknives. When he builds no poor tenant's cottage hinders his prospect: they are indeed his almshouses, though there be painted on them no such superscription. He never sits up late but when he hunts the badger, the vowed foe of his lambs; nor uses he any cruelty but when he hunts the hare; nor subtilty but when he setteth snares for the snipe or pitfalls for the blackbird, nor oppression but when, in the month of July, he goes to the next river and shears his sheep. He allows of honest pastime, and thinks not the bones of the dead anything bruised or the worse for it though the country lasses dance in the churchyard after evensong. Rock Monday and the wake in summer, Shrovings, the wakeful catches on Christmas Eve, the hockey or seed-cake, these he yearly keeps, yet holds them no relics of popery. He is not so inquisitive after news derived from the privy closet, when the finding an eyry of hawks in his own ground, or the foaling of a colt come of a good strain, are tidings more pleasant, more profitable. He is lord paramount within himself, though he hold by never so mean a tenure, and dies the more contentedly, though he leave his heir young, in regard he leaves him not liable to a covetous garden. Lastly, to end him, he cares not when his end comes; he needs not fear his audit, for his quietus is in heaven.

A Rhymer

Is a fellow whose face is hatched all over with impudence, and should he be hanged or pilloried, 'tis armed for it. He is a juggler with words, yet practises the art of most uncleanly conveyance. He doth boggle very often, and because himself winks

at it, thinks 'tis not perceived. The main thing that ever he did was the tune he sang to. There is nothing in the earth so pitiful—no, not an ape-carrier; he is not worth thinking of, and, therefore, I must leave him as nature left him—a dunghill not well laid together.

A Covetous Man.

This man would love, honour, and adore God if there were an *l* more in his name. He hath coffined up his soul in his chests before his body, he could wish he were in Midas his taking for hunger, on condition he had his chemical quality. At the grant of a new subsidy he would gladly hang himself, were it not for the charge of buying a rope, and begins to take money upon use when he hears of a privy seal. His morning prayer is to overlook his bags, whose every parcel begets his adoration. Then to his studies, which are how to cozen this tenant, beggar that widow, or to undo some orphan. Then his bonds are viewed, the well-known days of payment conned by heart; and if he ever pray, it is some one may break his day that the beloved forfeiture may be obtained. His use is doubled, and no one sixpence begot or born but presently, by an untimely thrift, it is getting more. His chimney must not be acquainted with fire for fear of mischance; but if extremity of cold pinch him, he gets him heat with looking on, and sometime removing his aged wood-pile, which he means to leave to many descents, till it hath outlived all the woods of that country. He never spends candle but at Christmas (when he has them for New Year's gifts), in hope that his servants will break glasses for want of light, which they double pay for in their wages. His actions are guilty of more crimes than any other men's thoughts; and he conceives no sin which he dare not act save only lust, from which he abstains for fear he should be charged with keeping bastards. Once a year he feasts, the relics of which meal shall serve him the next quarter. In his talk he rails against eating of breakfasts, drinking betwixt meals, and swears he is impoverished with paying of tithes. He had rather have the frame of the fall than the price of corn. If he

chance to travel he curses his fortune that his place binds him to ride, and his faithful cloak-bag is sure to take care for his provision. His nights are as troublesome as his days; every rat awakes him out of his unquiet sleeps. If he have a daughter to marry, he wishes he were in Hungary, or might follow the custom of that country, that all her portion might be a wedding-gown. If he fall sick, he had rather die a thousand deaths than pay for any physic; and if he might have his choice, he would not go to heaven but on condition he may put money to use there. In fine, he lives a drudge, dies a wretch that leaves a heap of pelf, which so many careful hands had scraped together, to haste after him to hell, and by the way it lodges in a lawyer's purse.

The Proud Man

Is one in whom pride is a quality that condemns every one besides his master, who, when he wears new clothes, thinks himself wronged if they be not observed, imitated, and his discretion in the choice of his fashion and stuff applauded When he vouchsafes to bless the air with his presence, he goes as near the wall as his satin suit will give him leave, and every passenger he views under the eyebrows, to observe whether he vails his bonnet low enough, which he returns with an imperious nod. He never salutes first, but his farewell is perpetual In his attire he is effeminate; every hair knows his own station, which if it chance to lose it is checked in again with his pocket-comb. He had rather have the whole commonwealth out of order than the least member of his muchato, and chooses rather to lose his patrimony than to have his band ruffled. At a feast, if he be not placed in the highest seat, he eats nothing howsoever; he drinks to no man, talks with no man for fear of familiarity. He professeth to keep his stomach for the pheasant or the quail, and when they come he can eat little; he hath been so cloyed with them that year, although they be the first he saw. In his discourse he talks of none but privy councillors, and is as prone to belie their acquaintance as he is a lady's favours. If he have

but twelve pence in his purse, he will give it for the best room in a playhouse He goes to sermons only to show his gay clothes, and if on other inferior days he chance to meet his friend, he is sorry he sees him not in his best suit.

A Prison

It should be Christ's Hospital, for most of your wealthy citizens are good benefactors to it; and yet it can hardly be so, because so few in it are kept upon alms. Charity's house and this are built many miles asunder. One thing notwithstanding is here praiseworthy, for men in this persecution cannot choose but prove good Christians, in that they are a kind of martyrs, and suffer for the truth. And yet it is so cursed a piece of land that the son is ashamed to be his father's heir in it. It is an infected pest-house all the year long; the plague-sores of the law are the diseases here hotly reigning The surgeons are atomies and pettifoggers, who kill more than they cure Lord have mercy upon us, may well stand over these doors, for debt is a most dangerous and catching city pestilence. Some take this place for the walks in Moorfields (by reason the madmen are so near), but the crosses here and there are not alike No, it is not half so sweet an air. For it is the dunghill of the law, upon which are thrown the ruins of gentry, and the nasty heaps of voluntary decayed bankrupts, by which means it comes to be a perfect medal of the iron age, since nothing but jingling of keys, rattling of shackles, bolts, and grates are here to be heard. It is the horse of Troy, in whose womb are shut up all the mad Greeks that were men of action. The *nullum vacuum* (unless in prisoners' bellies) is here truly to be proved. One excellent effect is wrought by the place itself, for the arrantest coward breathing, being posted hither, comes in three days to an admirable stomach. Does any man desire to learn music; every man here sings "Lachrymæ" at first sight, and is hardly out He runs division upon every note, and yet (to their commendations be it spoken) none of them for all that division do trouble

the Church. They are no Anabaptists; if you ask under what horizon this climate lies, the Bermudas and it are both under one and the same height. And whereas some suppose that this island like that is haunted with devils, it is not so. For those devils so talked of and feared are none else but hoggish jailors. Hither you need not sail, for it is a ship of itself; the master's side is the upper deck. They in the common jail lie under hatches, and help to ballast it. Intricate cases are the tacklings, executions the anchors, capiases the cables, chancery bills the huge sails, a long term the mast, law the helm, a judge the pilot, a counsel the purser, an attorney the boatswain, his fletting clerk the swabber, bonds the waves, outlawries gust, the verdict of juries rough wind, extents the knocks that split all in pieces. Or if it be not a ship, yet this and a ship differ not much in the building; the one is moving misery, the other a standing. The first is seated on a spring, the second on piles. Either this place is an emblem of a bawdy house, or a bawdy house of it; for nothing is to be seen in any room but scurvy beds and bare walls. But (not so much to dishonour it) it is an university of poor scholars, in which three arts are chiefly studied: to pray, to curse, and to write letters.

A Prisoner

Is one that hath been a monied man, and is still a very close fellow; whosoever is of his acquaintance, let them make much of him, for they shall find him as fast a friend as any in England: he is a sure man, and you know where to find him. The corruption of a bankrupt is commonly the generation of this creature. He dwells on the back side of the world, or in the suburbs of society, and lives in a tenement which he is sure none will go about to take over his head. To a man that walks abroad, he is one of the antipodes, that goes on the top of the world, and this under it. At his first coming in, he is a piece of new coin, all sharking old prisoners lie sucking at his purse. An old man and he are much alike, neither of them both go far. They are still angry and peevish, and they sleep little. He was born at the fall

of Babel, the confusion of languages is only in his mouth. All the vacations he speaks as good English as any man in England, but in term times he breaks out of that hopping one-legged pace into a racking trot of issues, bills, replications, rejoinders, demures, querelles, subpœnas, &c., able to fright a simple country fellow, and make him believe he conjures. Whatsoever his complexion was before, it turns in this place to choler or deep melancholy, so that he needs every hour to take physic to loose his body; for that, like his estate, is very foul and corrupt, and extremely hard bound The taking of an execution off his stomach give him five or six stools, and leaves his body very soluble. The withdrawing of an action is a vomit. He is no sound man, and yet an utter barrister, nay, a sergeant of the case, will feed heartily upon him, he is very good picking meat for a lawyer. The barber-surgeons may, if they will, beg him for an anatomy after he hath suffered an execution. An excellent lecture may be made upon his body; for he is a kind of dead carcase—creditors, lawyers, and jailors devour it: creditors peck out his eyes with his own tears; lawyers flay off his own skin, and lap him in parchment; and jailors are the Promethean vultures that gnaw his very heart. He is a bond-slave to the law, and, albeit he were a shopkeeper in London, yet he cannot with safe conscience write himself a freeman. His religion is of five or six colours: this day he prays that God would turn the hearts of his creditors, and to-morrow he curseth the time that ever he saw them. His apparel is daubed commonly with statute lace, the suit itself of durance, and the hose full of long pains. He hath many other lasting suits which he himself is never able to wear out, for they wear out him. The zodiac of his life is like that of the sun, marry not half so glorious. It begins in Aries and ends in Pisces. Both head and feet are, all the year long, in troublesome and laborious motions, and Westminster Hall is his sphere. He lives between the two tropics Cancer and Capricorn, and by that means is in double danger of crabbed creditors for his purse, and horns for his head, if his wife's heels be light. If he be a gentleman, he alters his arms so soon as he comes in. Few here carry fields or

does he worship both in the temple and abroad, and hopes by him and good angels to prosper in all his actions. A scrivener is his farrier, and helps to recover all his diseased and maimed obligations. Every term he sets up a tenters in Westminster Hall, upon which he racks and stretches gentlemen like English broadcloth, beyond the staple of the wool, till the threads crack, and that causeth them with the least wet to shrink, and presently to wear bars. Marry, he handles a citizen (at least if himself be one) like a piece of Spanish cloth, gives him only a twitch, and strains him not too hard, knowing how apt he is to break of himself, and then he can cut nothing out of him but threads. To the one he comes like Tamburlain, with his black and bloody flag; but to the other his white one hangs out, and, upon the parley, rather than fail, he takes ten groats in the pound for his ransom, and so lets him march away with bag and baggage. From the beginning of Hilary to the end of Michaelmas his purse is full of quicksilver, and that sets him running from sunrise to sunset up Fleet Street, and so to the Chancery, from thence to Westminster, then back to one court, after that to another. Then to an attorney, then to a councillor, and in every of these places he melts some of his fat (his money) In the vacation he goes to grass, and gets up his flesh again, which he baits as you heard. If he were to be hanged unless he could be saved by his book, he cannot for his heart call for a psalm of mercy. He is a law-trap baited with parchment and wax. The fearful mice he catches are debtors, with whom scratching attorneys, like cats, play a good while, and then mouse them. The belly is an insatiable creditor, but man worse.

A Sergeant

Was once taken, when he bare office in his parish, for an honest man. The spawn of a decayed shopkeeper begets this fry; out of that dunghill is this serpent's egg hatched. It is a devil made sometime out of one of the twelve companies, and does but study the part and rehearse it on earth, to be perfect when he comes to

act it in hell; that is his stage. The hangman and he are twins; only the hangman is the elder brother, and he dying without issue, as commonly he does, for none but a ropemaker's widow will marry him, this then inherits. His habit is a long gown, made at first to cover his knavery, but that growing too monstrous, he now goes in buff; his conscience and that being both cut out of one hide, and are of one toughness. The Counter-gate is his kennel, the whole city his Paris gardens; the misery of a poor man, but especially a bad liver, is the offals on which he feeds The devil calls him his white son; he is so like him that he is the worse for it, and he takes after his father, for the one torments bodies as fast as the other tortures souls. Money is the crust he leaps at; cry, "a duck! a duck!" and he plunges not so eagerly as at this. The dog's chaps water to fetch nothing else; he hath his name for the same quality. For sergeant is *quasi See argent*, look you, rogue, here is money. He goes muffled like a thief, and carries still the marks of one; for he steals upon man cowardly, plucks him by the throat, makes him stand, and fleeces him. In this they differ, the thief is more valiant and more honest. His walks in term times are up Fleet Street, at the end of the term up Holborn, and so to Tyburn; the gallows are his purlieus, in which the hangman and he are quarter rangers—the one turns off, and the other cuts down. All the vacation he lies imbogued behind the lattice of some blind drunken, bawdy ale-house, and if he spy his prey, out he leaps like a freebooter, and rifles, or like a ban-dog worries. No officer to the city keeps his oath so uprightly; he never is forsworn, for he swears to be true varlet to the city, and he continues so to his dying day. Mace, which is so comfortable to the stomach in all kind of meats, turns in his hand to mortal poison. This raven pecks not out men's eyes as others do; all his spite is at their shoulders, and you were better to have the nightmare ride you than this incubus. When any of the furies of hell die, this Cacodæmon hath the reversion of his place. The city is (by the custom) to feed him with good meat, as they send dead horses to their hounds, only to keep them both in good heart, for not only those curs at the dog-

house, but these within the walls, are to serve in their paces in their several huntings. He is a citizen's birdlime, and where he holds he hangs.

His Yeoman

Is the hanger that a sergeant wears by his side, it is a false die of the same ball but not the same cut, for it runs somewhat higher and does more mischief. It is a tumbler to drive in the conies. He is yet but a bungler, and knows not how to cut up a man without tearing, but by a pattern One term fleshes him, or a Fleet Street breakfast. The devil is but his father-in-law, and yet for the love he bears him will leave him as much as if he were his own child. And for that cause (instead of prayers) he does every morning at the Counter-gate ask him blessing, and thrives the better in his actions all the day after. This is the hook that hangs under water to choke the fish, and his sergeant is the quill above water, which pops down so soon as ever the bait is swallowed. It is indeed an otter, and the more terrible destroyer of the two. This counter-rat hath a tail as long as his fellows, but his teeth are more sharp and he more hungry, because he does but snap, and hath not his full half-share of the booty. The eye of this wolf is as quick in his head as a cutpurse's in a throng, and as nimble is he at his business as an hangman at an execution. His office is as the dogs do worry the sheep first, or drive him to the shambles; the butcher that cuts his throat steps out afterwards, and that's his sergeant. His living lies within the city, but his conscience lies bed-rid in one of the holes of a counter. This eel is bred too out of the mud of a bankrupt, and dies commonly with his guts ripped up, or else a sudden stab sends him of his last errand. He will very greedily take a cut with a sword, and suck more silver out of the wound than his surgeon shall His beginning is detestable, his courses desperate, and his end damnable.

and I think he cares the less, because he knows heaven hath no need of such tenants—the doors there want no porters, for they stand ever open. If it were possible for all creatures in the world to sleep every night, he only and a tyrant cannot. That blessing is taken from them, and this curse comes in the stead, to be ever in fear and ever hated: what estate can be worse?

What a Character is

If I must speak the schoolmaster's language, I will confess that character comes of this infinitive mood, χαράσσειν, which signifies to engrave, or make a deep impression. And for that cause a letter (as A, B) is called a character: those elements which we learn first, leaving a strong seal in our memories.

Character is also taken for an Egyptian hieroglyphic, for an impress or short emblem; in little comprehending much.

To square out a character by our English level, it is a picture (real or personal) quaintly drawn in various colours, all of them heightened by one shadowing.

It is a quick and soft touch of many strings, all shutting up in one musical close, it is wit's descant on any plain song.

The Character of a Happy Life.

By Sir H. W.[1]

How happy is he born or taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And silly truth his highest skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death;
Untied unto the world with care
Of princely love or vulgar breath.

[1] Henry Wootton.

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make accusers great.

Who envieth none whom chance doth raise
Or vice, who never understood
How deepest wounds are given with praise;
Not rules of State, but rules of good.

Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than gifts to lend;
Who entertains the harmless day
With a well-chosen book or friend.

This man is free from servile bands,
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing he hath all.

An Essay of Valour.

I am of opinion that nothing is so potent either to procure or merit love as valour, and I am glad I am so, for thereby I shall do myself much ease, because valour never needs much wit to maintain it. To speak of it in itself, it is a quality which he that hath shall have least need of; so the best league between princes is a mutual fear of each other It teacheth a man to value his reputation as his life, and chiefly to hold the lie insufferable, though being alone he finds no hurt it doth him. It leaves itself to other's censures; for he that brags of his own, dissuades others from believing it. It feareth a sword no more than an ague It always makes good the owner, for though he be generally held a fool, he shall seldom hear so much by word of mouth, and that enlargeth him more than any spectacles, for it makes a little fellow to be called a tall man It yields the wall

to none but a woman, whose weakness is her prerogative; or a man seconded with a woman, as an usher which always goes before his betters. It makes a man become the witness of his own words, to stand to whatever he hath said, and thinketh it a reproach to commit his reviling unto the law. It furnisheth youth with action, and age with discourse, and both by futures; for a man must never boast himself in the present tense. And to come nearer home, nothing draws a woman like to it, for valour towards men is an emblem of an ability towards women, a good quality signifies a better. Nothing is more behoveful for that sex, for from it they receive protection, and we free from the danger of it; nothing makes a shorter cut to obtaining, for a man of arms is always void of ceremony, which is the wall that stands betwixt Pyramus and Thisbe, that is, man and woman, for there is no pride in women but that which rebounds from our own baseness, as cowards grow valiant upon those that are more cowards, so that only by our pale asking we teach them to deny. And by our shamefacedness we put them in mind to be modest, whereas indeed it is cunning rhetoric to persuade the hearers that they are that already which we would have them to be This kind of bashfulness is far from men of valour, and especially from soldiers, for such are ever men without doubt forward and confident, losing no time lest they should lose opportunity, which is the best factor for a lover. And because they know women are given to dissemble, they will never believe them when they deny Whilom before this age of wit and wearing black broke in upon us, there was no way known to win a lady but by tilting, tourneying, and riding through forests, in which time these slender striplings with little legs were held but of strength enough to marry their widows. And even in our days there can be given no reason of the inundation of serving-men upon their mistresses, but only that usually they carry their mistresses' weapons and his valour. To be counted handsome, just, learned, or well-favoured, all this carries no danger with it, but it is to be admitted to the title of valiant acts, at least the venturing of his mortality, and all women take delight to hold him safe in their arms who hath

escaped thither through many dangers. To speak at once, man hath a privilege in valour; in clothes and good faces we but imitate women, and many of that sex will not think much, as far as an answer goes, to dissemble wit too. So then these neat youths, these women in men's apparel, are too near a woman to be beloved of her, they be both of a trade; but he of grim aspect, and such a one a glass dares take, and she will desire him for newness and variety. A scar in a man's face is the same that a mole in a woman's, is a jewel set in white to make it seem more white, for a scar in a man is a mark of honour and no blemish, for 'tis a scar and a blemish in a soldier to be without one. Now, as for all things else which are to procure love, as a good face, wit clothes, or a good body, each of them, I confess, may work somewhat for want of a better, that is, if valour be not their rival. A good face avails nothing if it be in a coward that is bashful, the utmost of it is to be kissed, which rather increaseth than quencheth appetite. He that sends her gifts sends her word also that he is a man of small gifts otherwise, for wooing by signs and tokens employs the author dumb, and if Ovid, who writ the law of love, were alive (as he is extant), he would allow it as good a diversity that gifts should be sent as gratuities, not as bribes. Wit getteth rather promise than love. Wit is not to be seen, and no woman takes advice of any in her loving but of her own eyes and her waiting-woman's, nay, which is worse, wit is not to be felt, and so no good bedfellow. Wit applied to a woman makes her dissolve her simpering and discover her teeth with laughter, and this is surely a purge of love, for the beginning of love is a kind of foolish melancholy. As for the man that makes his tailor his means, and hopes to inveigle his love with such a coloured suit, surely the same deeply hazards the loss of her favour upon every change of his clothes. So likewise for the other that courts her silently with a good body, let me certify him, that his clothes depend upon the comeliness of his body, and so both upon opinion. She that hath been seduced by apparel let me give her to wit, that men always put off their clothes before they go to bed. And let her that hath been

enamoured of her servant's body understand, that if she saw him in a skin of cloth, that is, in a suit made of the pattern of his body, she would see slender cause to love him ever after. There is no clothes sit so well in a woman's eye as a suit of steel, though not of the fashion, and no man so soon surpriseth a woman's affections as he that is the subject of all whispering, and hath always twenty stories of his own deeds depending upon him. Mistake me not; I understand not by valour one that never fights but when he is backed with drink or anger, or hissed on with beholders, nor one that is desperate, nor one that takes away a serving-man's weapons when perchance it cost him his quarter's wages, nor yet one that wears a privy coat of defence and therein is confident, for then such as made bucklers would be counted the Catilines of the commonwealth I intend one of an even resolution grounded upon reason, which is always even, having his power restrained by the law of not doing wrong. But now I remember I am for valour, and therefore must be a man of few words

JOSEPH HALL'S

CHARACTERS OF VICES AND VIRTUES

were published four years earlier than Overbury's, but Overbury's were posthumous, and in actual time of writing there can have been no very material difference. Hall's age was thirty-four when he first published his Characters. He was born on the 1st July 1574, *at Ashby de la Zouch, in Leicestershire His father was governor of this town under the Earl of Huntingdon, when he was President of the North His mother, Winifred, was a devout Puritan, and he was from infancy intended for the Church. In* 1589, *at the age of fifteen, Joseph Hall was sent to Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where he was maintained at the cost of an uncle He passed all his degrees with applause, obtained a Fellowship of his college in* 1595, *and proceeded to M.A in* 1596, *and having already obtained credit at Cambridge as an English poet, he published in* 1597 *"Virgidemiarum, Sixe Bookes. First Three Books of Toothlesse Satyrs, Poetical, Academical, Moral, followed in the next year by Three last Bookes of Byting Satyres" Of these Satires he said in their Prologue—*

"I first adventure, with foolhardy might,
To tread the steps of perilous despite.
I first adventure, follow me who list,
And be the second English satirist."

He could only have meant by this to claim that he was the first in England to write Satires in the manner of the Latins. He would not bend, he said, to Lady or to Patron—

"Rather had I, albe in careless rhymes,
Check the misordered world and lawless times"

Some of these Satires were, of course, of the nature of Characters, and I quote two or three in passing.

A Domestic Chaplain.

A gentle squire would gladly entertain
Into his house some trencher-chaplain;
Some willing man that might instruct his sons,
And that would stand to good conditions.
First, that he lie upon the truckle-bed,
Whilst his young master lieth o'er his head.
Secondly, that he do, on no default,
Ever presume to sit above the salt.
Third, that he never change his trencher twice.
Fourth, that he use all common courtesies;
Sit bare at meals, and one half rise and wait.
Last, that he never his young master beat
But he must ask his mother to define
How many jerks she would his breech should line.
All these observed, he could contented be,
To give five marks and winter livery."

The Witless Gallant.

Seest thou how gaily my young master goes,
Vaunting himself upon his rising toes;
And pranks his hand upon his dagger's side;
And picks his glutted teeth since late noon-tide?
'Tis Ruffio: Trow'st thou where he dined to-day?
In sooth I saw him sit with Duke Humfray.
Many good welcomes, and much gratis cheer,
Keeps he for every straggling cavalier.
An open house, haunted with great resort;
Long service mixed with musical disport.
Many fair younker with a feathered crest,
Chooses much rather be his shot-free guest,
To fare so freely with so little cost,
Than stake his twelve-pence to a meaner host.

Yes (quoth he), I know her well, and have bespoken her for your wife. When I farther demanded an account of that answer, he told me she was the daughter of a gentleman whom he much respected, Mr. George Winniff, of Bretenham; that out of an opinion had of the fitness of that match for me, he had already treated with her father about it, whom he found very apt to entertain it, advising me not to neglect the opportunity, and not concealing the just praises of modesty, piety, good disposition, and other virtues that were lodged in that seemly presence. I listened to the motion as sent from God, and at last, upon due prosecution, happily prevailed, enjoying the comfortable society of that meet help for the space of forty-nine years."

In 1605 *Joseph Hall published at Frankfort in Latin a witty satire on the weak side of the world, which had been written several years earlier, entitled "Mundus Alter et Idem." Of this book I have given a description in the volume of "Ideal Commonwealths," which forms one of the series of the "Universal Library." Hall had obtained reputation as a divine, by publishing two centuries of religious "Meditations," which united wit with piety. Prince Henry, having sought an opportunity of hearing him preach, made Hall his chaplain, and the Earl of Norwich gave him the living of Waltham in Essex. At the same time,* 1608, *a translation of Hall's Latin Satire, printed twice abroad, was published in London as "The Discovery of a New World;" he himself published also two volumes of Epistles, and this book of "Characters." There was a long career before him as a leader among churchmen fallen upon troubled days. He became Bishop of Exeter and was translated to Norwich. He was committed to the Tower, released, and ejected from his see, and after ten years of retirement, living upon narrow means at the village of Higham near Norwich, he died in the Commonwealth time at the age of eighty-two, on the 8th of September* 1656 *He took a conspicuous part in the controversy of* 1641 *about the bishops, but twenty years before that date a collection of his earlier works had formed a substantial folio of more than eleven hundred pages His "Characters of Virtues and Vices," written in early manhood, follow next in our collection.*

CHARACTERS OF VIRTUES AND VICES.

IN TWO BOOKS.

BY JOSEPH HALL.

A PREMONITION OF THE TITLE AND USE OF CHARACTERS

READER,—The divines of the old heathens were their moral philosophers. These received the acts of an inbred law, in the Sinai of nature, and delivered them with many expositions to the multitude. These were the overseers of manners, correctors of vices, directors of lives, doctors of virtue, which yet taught their people the body of their natural divinity, not after one manner: while some spent themselves in deep discourses of human felicity and the way to it in common, others thought it best to apply the general precepts of goodness or decency to particular conditions and persons. A third sort in a mean course betwixt the two other, and compounded of them both, bestowed their time in drawing out the true lineaments of every virtue and vice, so lively, that who saw the medals might know the face; which art they significantly termed Charactery Their papers were so many tables, their writings so many speaking pictures, or living images, whereby the ruder multitude might even by their sense learn to know virtue and discern what to detest. I am deceived if any course could be more likely to prevail, for herein the gross conceit is led on with pleasure, and informed while it feels nothing but delight, and if pictures have been accounted the books of idiots, behold here the benefit of an image without the offence It is no shame for us to learn wit of heathens, neither is it

Character of the Wise Man.

There is nothing that he desires not to know, but most and first himself, and not so much his own strength as his weaknesses; neither is his knowledge reduced to discourse, but practice. He is a skilful logician, not by nature so much as use; his working mind doth nothing all his time but make syllogisms and draw out conclusions; everything that he sees and hears serves for one of the premisses; with these he cares first to inform himself, then to direct others. Both his eyes are never at once from home, but one keeps house while the other roves abroad for intelligence. In material and weighty points he abides not his mind suspended in uncertainties, but hates doubting where he may, where he should be resolute. and first he makes sure work for his soul, accounting it no safety to be unsettled in the foreknowledge of his small estate. The best is first regarded; and vain is that regard which endeth not in security. Every care hath his just order, neither is there any one either neglected or misplaced. He is seldom ever seen with credulity, for, knowing the falseness of the world, he hath learned to trust himself always, others so far as he may not be damaged by their disappointment He seeks his quietness in secrecy, and is wont both to hide himself in retiredness, and his tongue in himself He loves to be guessed at, not known; and to see the world unseen; and when he is forced into the light, shows by his actions that his obscurity was neither from affectation nor weakness. His purposes are neither so variable as may argue inconstancy, nor obstinately unchangeable, but framed according to his after-wits, or the strength of new occasions. He is both an apt scholar and an excellent master; for both everything he sees informs him, and his mind, enriched with plentiful observation, can give the best precepts His free discourse runs back to the ages past, and recovers events out of memory, and then preventeth time in flying forward to future things; and comparing one with the other, can give a verdict well near prophetical, wherein his conjectures are better than another's judgments. His passions

are so many good servants, which stand in a diligent attendance ready to be commanded by reason, by religion; and if at any time forgetting their duty, they be miscarried to rebel, he can first conceal their mutiny, then suppress it. In all his just and worthy designs he is never at a loss, but hath so projected all his courses that a second begins where the first failed, and fetcheth strength from that which succeeded not. There be wrongs which he will not see, neither doth he always look that way which he meaneth, nor take notice of his secret smarts, when they come from great ones. In good turns he loves not to owe more than he must; in evil, to owe and not pay. Just censures he deserves not, for he lives without the compass of an adversary, unjust he contemneth, and had rather suffer false infamy to die alone than lay hands upon it in an open violence. He confineth himself in the circle of his own affairs, and lists not to thrust his finger into a needless fire He stands like a centre unmoved, while the circumference of his estate is drawn above, beneath, about him. Finally, his wit hath cost him much, and he can both keep, and value, and employ it. He is his own lawyer, the treasury of knowledge, the oracle of counsel; blind in no man's cause, best sighted in his own.

OF AN HONEST MAN.

He looks not to what he might do, but what he should. Justice is his first guide, the second law of his actions is expedience. He had rather complain than offend, and hates sin more for the indignity of it than the danger. His simple uprightness works in him that confidence which ofttimes wrongs him, and gives advantage to the subtle, when he rather pities their faithlessness than repents of his credulity. He hath but one heart, and that lies open to sight; and were it not for discretion, he never thinks aught whereof he would avoid a witness. His word is his parchment, and his yea his oath, which he will not violate for fear or for loss. The mishaps of following events may cause him to blame his providence, can never cause him to eat his promise · neither saith

Him familiarly, and lives ever in heaven, and sees all earthly things beneath him. When he goes in to converse with God, he wears not his own clothes, but takes them still out of the rich wardrobe of his Redeemer, and then dares boldly press in and challenge a blessing. The celestial spirits do not scorn his company; yea, his service. He deals in these worldly affairs as a stranger, and hath his heart ever at home. Without a written warrant he dare do nothing, and with it anything His war is perpetual, without truce, without intermission, and his victory certain; he meets with the infernal powers, and tramples them under feet. The shield that he ever bears before him can neither be missed nor pierced; if his hand be wounded, yet his heart is safe. He is often tripped, seldom foiled, and, if sometimes foiled, never vanquished. He hath white hands, and a clean soul fit to lodge God in, all the rooms whereof are set apart for His holiness. Iniquity hath oft called at the door and craved entertainment, but with a repulse; or, if sin of force will be his tenant, his Lord he cannot. His faults are few, and those he hath God will not see. He is allied so high, that he dare call God father, his Saviour brother, heaven his patrimony, and thinks it no presumption to trust to the attendance of angels. His understanding is enlightened with the beams of divine truth. God hath acquainted him with His will, and what he knows he dare confess. there is not more love in his heart than liberty in his tongue. If torments stand betwixt him and Christ, if death, he contemns them, and if his own parents lie in his way to God, his holy carelessness makes them his footsteps. His experiments have drawn forth rules of confidence, which he dares oppose against all the fears of distrust; wherein he thinks it safe to charge God with what he hath done, with what he hath promised. Examples are his proofs, and instances his demonstrations. What hath God given which he cannot give? What have others suffered which he may not be enabled to endure? Is he threatened banishment? there he sees the dear Evangelist in Patmos. Cutting in pieces? he sees Esai under the saw. Drowning? he sees Jonah diving into the living gulf? Burning? he sees the three

children in the hot walk of the furnace Devouring? he sees Daniel in the sealed den amidst his terrible companions. Stoning? he sees the first martyr under his heap of many gravestones Heading? lo, there the Baptist's neck bleeding in Herodias' platter. He emulates their pain, their strength, their glory. He wearies not himself with cares; for he knows he lives not of his own cost, not idly omitting means, but not using them with diffidence. In the midst of ill rumours and amazements his countenance changeth not; for he knows both whom he hath trusted, and whither death can lead him. He is not so sure he shall die as that he shall be restored, and outfaceth his death with resurrection. Finally, he is rich in works, busy in obedience, cheerful and unmoved in expectation, better with evils, in common opinion miserable, but in true judgment more than a man.

Of the Humble Man.

He is a friendly enemy to himself; for, though he be not out of his own favour, no man sets so low a value of his worth as himself—not out of ignorance or carelessness, but of a voluntary and meek dejectedness. He admires everything in another, while the same or better in himself he thinks not unworthily contemned. His eyes are full of his own wants, and others' perfections. He loves rather to give than take honour; not in a fashion of complimental courtesy, but in simplicity of his judgment. Neither doth he fret at those on whom he forceth precedence, as one that hoped their modesty would have refused; but holds his mind unfeignedly below his place, and is ready to go lower (if need be) without discontent. When he hath his due, he magnifieth courtesy, and disclaims his deserts. He can be more ashamed of honour than grieved with contempt; because he thinks that causeless, this deserved. His face, his carriage, his habit, savour of lowliness without affectation, and yet he is much under that he seemeth. His words are few and soft, never either peremptory or censorious, because he thinks both each man more wise, and none more faulty than himself. And, when he approacheth to

the throne of God, he is so taken up with the Divine greatness that, in his own eyes, he is either vile or nothing. Places of public charge are fain to sue to him, and hail him out of his chosen obscurity; which he holds off, not cunningly, to cause importunity, but sincerely, in the conscience of his defects. He frequenteth not the stages of common resorts, and then alone thinks himself in his natural element when he is shrouded within his own walls. He is ever jealous over himself, and still suspecteth that which others applaud. There is no better object of beneficence; for what he receives he ascribes merely to the bounty of the giver, nothing to merit. He emulates no man in anything but goodness, and that with more desire than hope to overtake. No man is so contented with his little, and so patient under miseries; because he knows the greatest evils are below his sins, and the least favours above his deservings He walks ever in awe, and dare not but subject every word and action to an high and just censure He is a lowly valley, sweetly planted and well watered; the proud man's earth, whereon he trampleth; but secretly full of wealthy mines, more worth than he that walks over them; a rich stone set in lead; and, lastly, a true temple of God built with a low roof.

Of a Valiant Man.

He undertakes without rashness, and performs without fear; he seeks not for dangers, but, when they find him, he bears them over with courage, with success He hath ofttimes looked death in the face, and passed by it with a smile, and when he sees he must yield, doth at once welcome and contemn it. He forecasts the worst of all events, and encounters them before they come in a secret and mental war. And if the suddenness of an unexpected evil have surprised his thoughts, and infected his cheeks with paleness, he hath no sooner digested it in his conceit than he gathers up himself, and insults over mischief. He is the master of himself, and subdues his passions to reason, and by this inward victory works his own peace He is afraid of nothing but the

displeasure of the Highest, and runs away from nothing but sin: he looks not on his hands, but his cause; not how strong he is, but how innocent: and, where goodness is his warrant, he may be over-mastered; he cannot be foiled. The sword is to him the last of all trials, which he draws forth still as defendant, not as challenger, with a willing kind of unwillingness: no man can better manage it, with more safety, with more favour; he had rather have his blood seen than his back, and disdains life upon base conditions. No man is more mild to a relenting or vanquished adversary, or more hates to set his foot on a carcase. He had rather smother an injury than revenge himself of the impotent, and I know not whether he more detests cowardliness or cruelty. He talks little, and brags less; and loves rather the silent language of the hand, to be seen than heard. He lies ever close within himself, armed with wise resolution, and will not be discovered but by death or danger. He is neither prodigal of blood to misspend it idly, nor niggardly to grudge it, when either God calls for it, or his country; neither is he more liberal of his own life than of others His power is limited by his will, and he holds it the noblest revenge, that he might hurt and doth not. He commands without tyranny and imperiousness, obeys without servility, and changes not his mind with his estate. The height of his spirits overlooks all casualties, and his boldness proceeds neither from ignorance nor senselessness; but first he values evils, and then despises them. He is so balanced with wisdom that he floats steadily in the midst of all tempests. Deliberate in his purposes, firm in resolution, bold in enterprising, unwearied in achieving, and howsoever happy in success, and if ever he be overcome, his heart yields last.

Of a Patient Man.

The patient man is made of a metal, not so hard as flexible: his shoulders are large, fit for a load of injuries; which he bears not out of baseness and cowardliness, because he dare not revenge, but out of Christian fortitude, because he may not: he

has so conquered himself that wrongs cannot conquer him; and herein alone finds that victory consists in yielding. He is above nature, while he seems below himself. The vilest creature knows how to turn again; but to command himself not to resist being urged is more than heroical. His constructions are ever full of charity and favour; either this wrong was not done, or not with intent of wrong; or if that, upon mis-information; or if none of these, rashness (though a fault) shall serve for an excuse. Himself craves the offender's pardon before his confession; and a slight answer contents where the offended desires to forgive. He is God's best witness; and when he stands before the bar for truth his tongue is calmly free, his forehead firm, and he with erect and settled countenance hears his just sentence, and rejoices in it. The jailors that attend him are to him his pages of honour; his dungeon, the lower part of the vault of heaven; his rack or wheel, the stairs of his ascent to glory: he challenges his executioners, and encounters the fiercest pains with strength of resolution; and while he suffers the beholders pity him, the tormentors complain of weariness, and both of them wonder. No anguish can master him, whether by violence or by lingering. He accounts expectation no punishment, and can abide to have his hopes adjourned till a new day. Good laws serve for his protection, not for his revenge, and his own power, to avoid indignities, not to return them. His hopes are so strong that they can insult over the greatest discouragements; and his apprehensions so deep that, when he hath once fastened, he sooner leaveth his life than his hold. Neither time nor perverseness can make him cast off his charitable endeavours and despair of prevailing; but in spite of all crosses and all denials, he redoubleth his beneficial offers of love. He trieth the sea after many shipwrecks, and beats still at that door which he never saw opened. Contrariety of events doth but exercise, not dismay him; and when crosses afflict him, he sees a divine hand invisibly striking with these sensible scourges, against which he dares not rebel nor murmur. Hence all things befall him alike, and he goes with the same mind to the shambles and to the fold

His recreations are calm and gentle, and not more full of relaxation than void of fury. This man only can turn necessity into virtue, and put evil to good use. He is the surest friend, the latest and easiest enemy, the greatest conqueror, and so much more happy than others, by how much he could abide to be more miserable.

OF THE TRUE FRIEND.

His affections are both united and divided; united to him he loveth, divided betwixt another and himself; and his one heart is so parted, that whilst he has some his friend hath all. His choice is led by virtue, or by the best of virtues, religion; not by gain, not by pleasure; yet not without respect of equal condition, of disposition not unlike; which, once made, admits of no change, except he whom he loveth be changed quite from himself; nor that suddenly, but after long expectation. Extremity doth but fasten him, whilst he, like a well-wrought vault, lies the stronger, by how much more weight he bears. When necessity calls him to it, he can be a servant to his equal, with the same will wherewith he can command his inferior, and though he rise to honour, forgets not his familiarity, nor suffers inequality of estate to work strangeness of countenance; on the other side, he lifts up his friend to advancement with a willing hand, without envy, without dissimulation. When his mate is dead, he accounts himself but half alive; then his love, not dissolved by death, derives itself to those orphans which never knew the price of their father; they become the heirs of his affection, and the burden of his cares. He embraces a free community of all things, save those which either honesty reserves proper, or nature; and hates to enjoy that which would do his friend more good. His charity serves to cloak noted infirmities, not by untruth, not by flattery, but by discreet secrecy; neither is he more favourable in concealment, than round in his private reprehensions; and when another's simple fidelity shows itself in his reproof, he loves his monitor so much the more, by how much more he smarteth. His

bosom is his friend's closet, where he may safely lay up his complaints, his doubts, his cares; and look how he leaves, so he finds them; save for some addition of seasonable counsel for redress. If some unhappy suggestion shall either disjoint his affection or break it, it soon knits again, and grows the stronger by that stress. He is so sensible of another's injuries, that when his friend is stricken he cries out and equally smarteth untouched, as one affected not with sympathy, but with a real feeling of pain: and in what mischief may be prevented, he interposeth his aid, and offers to redeem his friend with himself. No hour can be unseasonable, no business difficult, nor pain grievous in condition of his ease: and what either he doth or suffers, he neither cares nor desires to have known, lest he should seem to look for thanks. If he can therefore steal the performance of a good office unseen, the conscience of his faithfulness herein is so much sweeter as it is more secret. In favours done, his memory is frail; in benefits received, eternal: he scorneth either to regard recompense or not to offer it. He is the comfort of miseries, the guide of difficulties, the joy of life, the treasure of earth, and no other than a good angel clothed in flesh.

Of the Truly Noble.

He stands not upon what he borrowed of his ancestors, but thinks he must work out his own honour: and if he cannot reach the virtue of them that gave him outward glory by inheritance, he is more abashed of his impotency than transported with a great name. Greatness doth not make him scornful and imperious, but rather like the fixed stars; the higher he is, the less he desires to seem. Neither cares he so much for pomp and frothy ostentation as for the solid truth of nobleness. Courtesy and sweet affability can be no more severed from him than life from his soul; not out of a base and servile popularity, and desire of ambitious insinuation, but of a native gentleness of disposition, and true value of himself. His hand is open and bounteous, yet not so as that he should rather respect his glory

than his estate; wherein his wisdom can distinguish betwixt parasites and friends, betwixt changing of favours and expending them. He scorneth to make his height a privilege of looseness, but accounts his titles vain if he be inferior to others in goodness: and thinks he should be more strict the more eminent he is, because he is more observed, and now his offences are become more exemplar. There is no virtue that he holds unfit for ornament, for use, nor any vice which he condemns not as sordid, and a fit companion of baseness; and whereof he doth not more hate the blemish, than affect the pleasure. He so studies as one that knows ignorance can neither purchase honour nor wield it, and that knowledge must both guide and grace him. His exercises are from his childhood ingenious, manly, decent, and such as tend still to wit, valour, activity: and if (as seldom) he descend to disports of chance, his games shall never make him either pale with fear or hot with desire of gain. He doth not so use his followers, as if he thought they were made for nothing but his servitude, whose felicity were only to be commanded and please: wearing them to the back, and then either finding or framing excuses to discard them empty; but upon all opportunities lets them feel the sweetness of their own serviceableness and his bounty. Silence in officious service is the best oratory to plead for his respect: all diligence is but lent to him, none lost. His wealth stands in receiving, his honour in giving. He cares not either how many hold of his goodness, or to how few he is beholden: and if he have cast away favours, he hates either to upbraid them to his enemy, or to challenge restitution. None can be more pitiful to the distressed, or more prone to succour; and then most where is least means to solicit, least possibility of requital. He is equally addressed to war and peace; and knows not more how to command others, than how to be his country's servant in both. He is more careful to give true honour to his Maker than to receive civil honour from men. He knows that this service is free and noble, and ever loaded with sincere glory; and how vain it is to hunt after applause from the world till he be sure of Him that mouldeth all hearts, and poureth contempt

on princes; and shortly, so demeans himself as one that accounts the body of nobility to consist in blood, the soul in the eminence of virtue.

OF THE GOOD MAGISTRATE.

He is the faithful deputy of his Maker, whose obedience is the rule whereby he ruleth. His breast is the ocean, whereinto all the cares of private men empty themselves; which, as he receives without complaint and overflowing, so he sends them forth again by a wise conveyance in the streams of justice. His doors, his ears, are ever open to suitors, and not who comes first speeds well, but whose cause is best. His nights, his meals, are short and interrupted; all which he bears well, because he knows himself made for a public servant of peace and justice. He sits quietly at the stern, and commands one to the topsail, another to the main, a third to the plummet, a fourth to the anchor, as he sees the needs of their course and weather requires; and doth no less by his tongue than all the mariners with their hands. On the bench he is another from himself at home, now all private respects of blood, alliance, amity are forgotten; and if his own son come under trial he knows him not. Pity, which in all others is wont to be the best praise of humanity and the fruit of Christian love, is by him thrown over the bar for corruption. As for Favour, the false advocate of the gracious, he allows him not to appear in the court; there only causes are heard speak, not persons. Eloquence is then only not discouraged when she serves for a client of truth. Mere narrations are allowed in this oratory, not proems, not excursions, not glosses. Truth must strip herself and come in naked to his bar, without false bodies or colours, without disguises. A bribe in his closet, or a letter on the bench, or the whispering and winks of a great neighbour, are answered with an angry and courageous repulse. Displeasure, Revenge, Recompense stand on both sides the bench, but he scorns to turn his eye towards them, looking only right forward at Equity, which stands full before him. His sentence is ever deliberate and guided with ripe wisdom, yet his

than his estate; wherein his wisdowhen he is urged by occasion parasites and friends, betwixt char[illegible] shows how much he hateth them. He scorneth to [illegible] can his resolution or act be reversed [illegible] but [illegible] partial importunity. His forehead is rugged and severe, able to discountenance villainy, yet his words are more awful than his brow, and his hand than his words. I know not whether he be more feared or loved, both affections are so sweetly contempered in all hearts. The good fear him lovingly, the middle sort love him fearfully, and only the wicked man fears him slavishly without love. He hates to pay private wrongs with the advantage of his office; and if ever he be partial, it is to his enemy. He is not more sage in his gown than valorous in arms, and increaseth in the rigour of discipline as the times in danger. His sword hath neither rusted for want of use, nor surfeiteth of blood; but after many threats is unsheathed, as the dreadful instrument of divine revenge. He is the guard of good laws, the refuge of innocence, the comet of the guilty, the paymaster of good deserts, the champion of justice, the patron of peace, the tutor of the Church, the father of his country, and as it were another God upon earth.

Of the Penitent.

He has a wounded heart and a sad face, yet not so much for fear as for unkindness. The wrong of his sin troubles him more than the danger. None but he is the better for his sorrow; neither is any passion more hurtful to others than this is gainful to him: the more he seeks to hide his grief, the less it will be hid; every man may read it not only in his eyes, but in his bones Whilst he is in charity with all others, he is so fallen out with himself that none but God can reconcile him. He hath sued himself in all courts, accuseth, arraigneth, sentenceth, punisheth himself impartially, and sooner may find mercy at any hand than at his own. He only hath pulled off the fair visor of sin, so as that which appears not but masked unto others, is seen of him barefaced, and bewrays that fearful ugliness, which none can conceive but he

that hath viewed it. He hath looked into the depth of the bottomless pit, and hath seen his own offence tormented in others, and the same brands shaken at him. He hath seen the change of faces in that cool one, as a tempter, as a tormentor; and hath heard the noise of a conscience, and is so frightened with all these, that he can never have rest till he have run out of himself to God, in whose face at first he find rigour, but afterwards sweetness in his bosom; he bleeds first from the hand that heals him. The law of God hath made work for mercy, which he hath no sooner apprehended than he forgets his wounds, and looks carelessly upon all these terrors of guiltiness. When he casts his eye back upon himself, he wonders where he was and how he came there; and grants that if there were not some witchcraft in sin, he could not have been so sottishly graceless. And now, in the issue, Satan finds (not without indignation and repentance) that he hath done him a good turn in tempting him: for he had never been so good if he had not sinned; he had never fought with such courage, if he had not seen his blood and been ashamed of his folly. Now he is seen and felt in the front of the spiritual battle; and can teach others how to fight, and encourage them in fighting. His heart was never more taken up with the pleasure of sin, than now with care of avoiding it: the very sight of that cup, wherein such a fulsome portion was brought him, turns his stomach: the first offers of sin make him tremble more now than he did before at the judgments of his sin; neither dares he so much as look towards Sodom. All the powers and craft of hell cannot fetch him in for a customer to evil; his infirmity may yield once, his resolution never. There is none of his senses or parts, which he hath not within covenants for their good behaviour, which they cannot ever break with impunity. The wrongs of his sin he repays to men with recompense, as hating it should be said he owes anything to his offence; to God (what in him lies) with sighs, tears, vows, and endeavours of amendment. No heart is more waxen to the impressions of forgiveness, neither are his hands more open to receive than to give pardon. All the injuries which are offered to him are swallowed

up in his wrongs to his Maker and Redeemer; neither can he call for the arrearages of his farthings, when he looks upon the millions forgiven him: he feels not what he suffers from men, when he thinks of what he hath done and should have suffered. He is a thankful herald of the mercies of his God; which if all the world hear not from his mouth it is no fault of his. Neither did he so burn with the evil fires or concupiscence as now with the holy flames of zeal to that glory which he hath blemished; and his eyes are as full of moisture as his heart of heat. The gates of heaven are not so knocked at by any suitor, whether for frequency or importunity. You shall find his cheeks furrowed, his knees hard, his lips sealed up, save when he must accuse himself or glorify God, his eyes humbly dejected, and sometimes you shall take him breaking of a sigh in the midst, as one that would steal an humiliation unknown, and would be offended with any part that should not keep his counsel. When he finds his soul oppressed with the heavy guilt of a sin, he gives it vent through his mouth into the ear of his spiritual physician, from whom he receives cordials answerable to his complaint. He is a severe exactor of discipline: first upon himself, on whom he imposes more than one Lent, then upon others, as one that vowed to be revenged on sin wheresoever he finds it, and though but one hath offended him, yet his detestation is universal. He is his own taskmaster for devotion; and if Christianity have any work more difficult or perilous than other, that he enjoins himself, and resolves contentment even in miscarriage. It is no marvel if the acquaintance of his wilder times know him not, for he is quite another from himself; and if his mind could have had any intermission of dwelling within his breast, it could not have known this was the lodging Nothing but an outside is the same it was, and that altered more with regeneration than with age. None but he can relish the promises of the gospel, which he finds so sweet that he complains not, his thirst after them is unsatiable; and now that he hath found his Saviour, he hugs Him so fast and holds Him so dear that he feels not when his life is fetched away from him for his martyrdom. The latter part of his life is so led

as if he desired to unlive his youth, and his last testament is full of restitutions and legacies of piety. In sum, he hath so lived and died as that Satan hath no such match, sin hath no such enemy, God hath no such servant as he

He is a Happy Man

That hath learned to read himself more than all books, and hath so taken out this lesson that he can never forget it, that knows the world, and cares not for it, that, after many traverses of thoughts, is grown to know what he may trust to, and stands now equally armed for all events; that hath got the mastery at home, so as he can cross his will without a mutiny, and so please it that he makes it not a wanton; that in earthly things wishes no more than nature, in spiritual is ever graciously ambitious; that for his condition stands on his own feet, not needing to lean upon the great, and can so frame his thoughts to his estate that when he hath least he cannot want, because he is as free from desire as superfluity, that hath seasonably broken the headstrong restiness of prosperity, and can now manage it at pleasure; upon whom all smaller crosses light as hailstones upon a roof; and for the greater calamities, he can take them as tributes of life and tokens of love; and if his ship be tossed, yet he is sure his anchor is fast. If all the world were his, he could be no other than he is, no whit gladder of himself, no whit higher in his carriage, because he knows contentment lies not in the things he hath, but in the mind that values them. The powers of his resolution can either multiply or subtract at pleasure. He can make his cottage a manor or a palace when he lists, and his home-close a large dominion, his stained cloth arras, his earth plate, and can see state in the attendance of one servant, as one that hath learned a man's greatness or baseness is in himself, and in this he may even contest with the proud, that he thinks his own the best. Or if he must be outwardly great, he can but turn the other end of the glass, and make his stately manor a low and straight cottage, and in all his costly furniture he can see not

richness but use; he can see dross in the best metal and earth through the best clothes, and in all his troupe he can see himself his own servant. He lives quietly at home out of the noise of the world, and loves to enjoy himself always, and sometimes his friend, and hath as full scope to his thought as to his eyes. He walks ever even in the midway betwixt hopes and fears, resolved to fear nothing but God, to hope for nothing but what which he must have. He hath a wise and virtuous mind in a serviceable body, which that better part affects as a present servant and a future companion, so cherishing his flesh as one that would scorn to be all flesh. He hath no enemies, not for that all love him, but because he knows to make a gain of malice. He is not so engaged to any earthly thing that they two cannot part on even terms; there is neither laughter in their meeting, nor in their shaking of hands tears. He keeps ever the best company, the God of Spirits and the spirits of that God, whom he entertains continually in an awful familiarity, not being hindered either with too much light or with none at all. His conscience and his hand are friends, and (what devil soever tempt him) will not fall out. That divine part goes ever uprightly and freely, not stooping under the burden of a willing sin, not fettered with the gyves of unjust scruples. He would not, if he could, run away from himself or from God; not caring from whom he lies hid, so he may look these two in the face. Censures and applauses are passengers to him, not guests, his ear is their thoroughfare, not their harbour; he hath learned to fetch both his counsel and his sentence from his own breast. He doth not lay weight upon his own shoulders, as one that loves to torment himself with the honour of much employment, but as he makes work his game, so doth he not list to make himself work. His strife is ever to redeem and not to spend time. It is his trade to do good, and to think of it his recreation. He hath hands enough for himself and others, which are ever stretched forth for beneficence, not for need. He walks cheerfully in the way that God hath chalked, and never wishes it more wide or more smooth Those very temptations whereby he is foiled strengthen him, he comes forth

crowned and triumphing out of the spiritual battles, and those scars that he hath make him beautiful. His soul is every day dilated to receive that God, in whom he is; and hath attained to love himself for God, and God for His own sake His eyes stick so fast in heaven that no earthly object can remove them; yea, his whole self is there before his time, and sees with Stephen, and hears with Paul, and enjoys with Lazarus, the glory that he shall have, and takes possession beforehand of his room amongst the saints; and these heavenly contentments have so taken him up that now he looks down displeasedly upon the earth as the region of his sorrow and banishment, yet joying more in hope than troubled with the sense of evils. He holds it no great matter to live, and his greatest business to die; and is so well acquainted with his last guest that he fears no unkindness from him. neither makes he any other of dying than of walking home when he is abroad, or of going to bed when he is weary of the day. He is well provided for both worlds, and is sure of peace here, of glory hereafter; and therefore hath a light heart and a cheerful face. All his fellow-creatures rejoice to serve him; his betters, the angels, love to observe him; God Himself takes pleasure to converse with him, and hath sainted him before his death, and in his death crowned him.

cozened the beholder. In whose silent face are written the characters of religion, which his tongue and gestures pronounce but his hands recant. That hath a clean face and garment with a foul soul, whose mouth belies his heart, and his fingers belie his mouth Walking early up into the city, he turns into the great church, and salutes one of the pillars on one knee, worshipping that God which at home he cares not for, while his eye is fixed on some window, on some passenger, and his heart knows not whither his lips go. He rises, and looking about with admiration, complains on our frozen charity, commends the ancient. At church he will ever sit where he may be seen best, and in the midst of the sermon pulls out his tables in haste, as if he feared to lose that note; when he writes either his forgotten errand or nothing. Then he turns his Bible with a noise to seek an omitted quotation, and folds the leaf as if he had found it, and asks aloud the name of the preacher, and repeats it, whom he publicly salutes, thanks, praises, invites, entertains with tedious good counsel, with good discourse, if it had come from an honester mouth. He can command tears when he speaks of his youth, indeed because it is past, not because it was sinful; himself is now better, but the times are worse. All other sins he reckons up with detestation, while he loves and hides his darling in his bosom. All his speech returns to himself, and every occurrence draws in a story to his own praise. When he should give, he looks about him and says, "Who sees me?" No alms, no prayers, fall from him without a witness, belike lest God should deny that He hath received them; and when he hath done (lest the world should not know it) his own mouth is his trumpet to proclaim it. With the superfluity of his usury he builds an hospital, and harbours them whom his extortion hath spoiled; so while he makes many beggars he keeps some. He turneth all gnats into camels, and cares not to undo the world for a circumstance. Flesh on a Friday is more abomination to him than his neighbour's bed: he more abhors not to uncover at the name of Jesus than to swear by the name of God. When a rhymer reads his poem to him he begs a copy, and persuades the press

there is nothing that he dislikes in presence that in absence he censures not. He comes to the sick-bed of his stepmother, and weeps when he secretly fears her recovery. He greets his friend in the street with so clear a countenance, so fast a closure, that the other thinks he reads his heart in his face, and shakes hands with an indefinite invitation of "When will you come?" and when his back is turned, joys that he is so well rid of a guest; yet if that guest visit him unfeared, he counterfeits a smiling welcome, and excuses his cheer, when closely he frowns on his wife for too much. He shows well, and says well, and himself is the worst thing he hath. In brief, he is the stranger's saint, the neighbour's disease, the blot of goodness, a rotten stick in a dark night, a poppy in a corn-field, an ill-tempered candle with a great snuff that in going out smells ill; and an angel abroad, a devil at home, and worse when an angel than when a devil.

Of the Busybody

His estate is too narrow for his mind, and therefore he is fain to make himself room in others' affairs, yet ever in pretence of love No news can stir but by his door, neither can he know that which he must not tell What every man ventures in Guiana voyage, and what they gained, he knows to a hair. Whether Holland will have peace he knows, and on what conditions, and with what success, is familiar to him ere it be concluded. No post can pass him without a question, and rather than he will lose the news, he rides back with him to apprise him of tidings; and then to the next man he meets he supplies the wants of his hasty intelligence and makes up a perfect tale, wherewith he so haunteth the patient auditor, that after many excuses he is fain to endure rather the censure of his manners in running away than the tediousness of an impertinent discourse. His speech is oft broken off with a succession of long parentheses, which he ever vows to fill up ere the conclusion, and perhaps would effect it if the other's ear were as unweariable as his tongue. If he see but two men talk and read a letter in the street, he runs to them

and asks if he may not be partner of that secret relation; and if they deny it, he offers to tell, since he may not hear, wonders, and then falls upon the report of the Scottish mine, or of the great fish taken up at Lynne, or of the freezing of the Thames, and after many thanks and admissions is hardly entreated silence. He undertakes as much as he performs little; this man will thrust himself forward to be the guide of the way he knows not, and calls at his neighbour's window and asks why his servants are not at work The market hath no commodity which he prizeth not, and which the next table shall not hear recited. His tongue, like the tail of Samson's foxes, carries firebrands, and is enough to set the whole field of the world on a flame. Himself begins table-talk of his neighbour at another's board, to whom he bears the first news, and adjures him to conceal the reporter, whose choleric answer he returns to his first host enlarged with a second edition, so as it uses to be done in the sight of unwilling mastiffs, he claps each on the side apart, and provokes them to an eager conflict. There can no act pass without his comment, which is ever far-fetched, rash, suspicious, dilatory. His ears are long and his eyes quick, but most of all to imperfections, which as he easily sees, so he increases with intermeddling. He harbours another man's servant, and amidst his entertainment asks what fare is usual at home, what hours are kept, what talk passeth their meals, what his master's disposition is, what his government, what his guests? and when he hath by curious inquiries extracted all the juice and spirit of hoped intelligence, turns him off whence he came, and works on anew. He hates constancy as an earthen dulness, unfit for men of spirit, and loves to change his work and his place: neither yet can he be so soon weary of any place as every place is weary of him, for as he sets himself on work, so others pay him with hatred; and look how many masters he hath, so many enemies: neither is it possible that any should not hate him but who know him not. So then he labours without thanks, talks without credit, lives without love, dies without tears, without pity, save that some say it was pity he died no sooner.

OF THE SUPERSTITIOUS.

Superstition is godless religion, devout impiety. The superstitious is fond in observation, servile in fear; he worships God but as he lists; he gives God what He asks not more than He asks, and all but what he should give; and makes more sins than the Ten Commandments. This man dares not stir forth till his breast be crossed and his face sprinkled: if but an hare cross him the way, he returns; or if his journey began unawares on the dismal day, or if he stumble at the threshold. If he see a snake unkilled, he fears a mischief; if the salt fall towards him, he looks pale and red, and is not quiet till one of the waiters have poured wine on his lap; and when he sneezeth, thinks them not his friends that uncover not. In the morning he listens whether the crow crieth even or odd, and by that token presages of the weather. If he hear but a raven croak from the next roof he makes his will, or if a bittern fly over his head by night; but if his troubled fancy shall second his thoughts with the dream of a fair garden, or green rushes, or the salutation of a dead friend, he takes leave of the world and says he cannot live. He will never set to sea but on a Sunday, neither ever goes without an *Erra Pater* in his pocket. Saint Paul's Day and Saint Swithin's with the Twelve are his oracles, which he dares believe against the almanack. When he lies sick on his deathbed no sin troubles him so much as that he did once eat flesh on a Friday; no repentance can expiate that, the rest need none. There is no dream of his without an interpretation, without a prediction; and if the event answer not his exposition, he expounds it according to the event Every dark grove and pictured wall strikes him with an awful but carnal devotion. Old wives and stars are his counsellors, his night-spell is his guard, and charms his physicians He wears Paracelsian characters for the toothache, and a little hallowed wax is his antidote for all evils. This man is strangely credulous, and calls impossible things miraculous. If he hear that some sacred block speaks, moves, weeps, smiles, his bare feet carry him thither with an offering; and if a danger

miss him in the way, his saint hath the thanks. Some ways he will not go, and some he dares not; either there are bugs, or he feigneth them; every lantern is a ghost, and every noise is of chains. He knows not why, but his custom is to go a little about, and to leave the cross still on the right hand. One event is enough to make a rule; out of these he concludes fashions proper to himself, and nothing can turn him out of his own course. If he have done his task he is safe, it matters not with what affection. Finally, if God would let him be the carver of his own obedience, He could not have a better subject; as he is, He cannot have a worse.

Of the Profane.

The superstitious hath too many gods; the profane man hath none at all, unless perhaps himself be his own deity, and the world his heaven. To matter of religion his heart is a piece of dead flesh, without feeling of love, of fear, of care, or of pain from the deaf strokes of a revenging conscience. Custom of sin hath wrought this senselessness, which now hath so long entertained that it pleads prescription and knows not to be altered. This is no sudden evil; we are born sinful, but have made ourselves profane; through many degrees we climb to this height of impiety. At first he sinned and cared not, now he sinneth and knoweth not. Appetite is his lord, and reason his servant, and religion his drudge. Sense is the rule of his belief; and if piety may be an advantage, he can at once counterfeit and deride it. When aught succeedeth to him he sacrifices to his net, and thanks either his fortune or his wit; and will rather make a false God than acknowledge the truth; if contrary, he cried out of destiny, and blames him to whom he will not be beholden. His conscience would fain speak with him, but he will not hear it; sets the day, but he disappoints it; and when it cries loud for audience, he drowns the noise with good fellowship. He never names God but in his oaths; never thinks of Him but in extremity, and then he knows not how to think of Him, because he begins but then. He quarrels for the hard conditions of his

pleasure for his future damnation, and from himself lays all the fault upon his Maker; and from His decree fetcheth excuses of his wickedness. The inevitable necessity of God's counsel makes him desperately careless; so with good food he poisons himself. Goodness is his minstrel; neither is any mirth so cordial to him, as his sport with God's fools. Every virtue hath his slander, and his jest to laugh it out of fashion; every vice his colour. His usualest theme is the boast of his young sins, which he can still joy in, though he cannot commit; and (if it may be) his speech makes him worse than he is. He cannot think of death with patience, without terror, which he therefore fears worse than hell, because this he is sure of, the other he but doubts of. He comes to church as to the theatre, saving that not so willingly, for company, for custom, for recreation, perhaps for sleep, or to feed his eyes or his ears; as for his soul, he cares no more than if he had none. He loves none but himself, and that not enough to seek his true good; neither cares he on whom he treads that he may rise. His life is full of license, and his practice of outrage. He is hated of God as much as he hateth goodness, and differs little from a devil, but that he hath a body.

Of the Malcontent.

He is neither well full nor fasting; and though he abound with complaints, yet nothing dislikes him but the present, for what he condemned while it was, once past he magnifies, and strives to recall it out of the jaws of time. What he hath he seeth not, his eyes are so taken up with what he wants; and what he sees he cares not for, because he cares so much for that which is not. When his friend carves him the best morsel, he murmurs that it is an happy feast wherein each one may cut for himself. When a present is sent him he asks, Is this all? and, What, no better? and so accepts it, as if he would have his friend know how much he is bound to him for vouchsafing to receive it. It is hard to entertain him with a proportionable gift. If nothing, he cries out of unthankfulness, [illegible]ock s[illegible], that he is basely regarded; [illegible]r with an

if much, he exclaims of flattery, and expectation of a large requital. Every blessing hath somewhat to disparage and distaste it; children bring cares, single life is wild and solitary, eminency is envious, retiredness obscure, fasting painful, satiety unwieldy, religion nicely severe, liberty is lawless, wealth burdensome, mediocrity contemptible. Everything faulteth, either in too much or too little. This man is ever headstrong and self-willed, neither is he always tied to esteem or pronounce according to reason; some things he must dislike he knows not wherefore, but he likes them not, and otherwhere, rather than not censure, he will accuse a man of virtue. Everything he meddleth with he either findeth imperfect or maketh so; neither is there anything that soundeth so harsh in his ear as the commendation of another, whereto yet perhaps he fashionably and coldly assenteth, but with such an after-clause of exception as doth more than mar his former allowance; and if he list not to give a verbal disgrace, yet he shakes his head and smiles, as if his silence should say, I could and will not. And when himself is praised without excess, he complains that such imperfect kindness hath not done him right. If but an unseasonable shower cross his recreation, he is ready to fall out with heaven, and thinks he is wronged if God will not take his times when to rain, when to shine. He is a slave to envy, and loseth flesh with fretting—not so much at his own infelicity as at others' good; neither hath he leisure to joy in his own blessings whilst another prospereth. Fain would he see some mutinies, but dares not raise them; and suffers his lawless tongue to walk through the dangerous paths of conceited alterations; but so, as in good manners he had rather thrust every man before him when it comes to acting. Nothing but fear keeps him from conspiracies, and no man is more cruel when he is not manacled with danger He speaks nothing but satires and libels, and lodgeth no guests in his heart but rebels. The inconstant and he agree well in their felicity, which both place in change; but herein they differ—the inconstant man affects that which will be, the malcontent commonly that which was Finally, he is a querulous cur, whom no horse can pass by without barking at; yea, in the

deep silence of night the very moonshine openeth his clamorous mouth. He is the wheel of a well-couched firework, that flies out on all sides, not without scorching itself. Every ear is long ago weary of him, and he is now almost weary of himself. Give him but a little respite, and he will die alone, of no other death than other's welfare.

Of the Inconstant.

The inconstant man treads upon a moving earth and keeps no pace. His proceedings are ever heady and peremptory, for he hath not the patience to consult with reason, but determines merely upon fancy. No man is so hot in the pursuit of what he liketh, no man sooner wearies. He is fiery in his passions, which yet are not more violent than momentary; it is a wonder if his love or hatred last so many days as a wonder. His heart is the inn of all good motions, wherein, if they lodge for a night, it is well; by morning they are gone, and take no leave, and if they come that way again they are entertained as guests, not as friends. At first, like another Ecebolius, he loved simple truth; thence, diverting his eyes, he fell in love with idolatry. Those heathenish shrines had never any more doting and besotted client, and now of late he is leapt from Rome to Munster, and is grown to giddy Anabaptism. What he will be next as yet he knoweth not; but ere he hath wintered his opinion it will be manifest. He is good to make an enemy of, ill for a friend; because, as there is no trust in his affection, so no rancour in his displeasure. The multitude of his changed purposes brings with it forgetfulness, and not of others more than of himself. He says, swears, renounces, because what he promised he meant not long enough to make an impression. Herein alone he is good for a commonwealth, that he sets many on work with building, ruining, altering, and makes more business than time itself; neither is he a greater enemy to thrift than to idleness. Propriety is to him enough cause of dislike; each thing pleases him better that is not his own. Even in the best things long continuance is a just quarrel; manna itself grows tedious with age, and novelty is the highest style of commendation to the

meanest offers; neither doth he in books and fashions ask, How good? but, How new? Variety carries him away with delight, and no uniform pleasure can be without an irksome fulness. He is so transformable into all opinions, manners, qualities, that he seems rather made immediately of the first matter than of well-tempered elements; and therefore is in possibility anything or everything, nothing in present substance Finally, he is servile in imitation, waxy to persuasions, witty to wrong himself, a guest in his own house, an ape of others, and, in a word, anything rather than himself.

Of the Flatterer.

Flattery is nothing but false friendship, fawning hypocrisy, dishonest civility, base merchandise of words, a plausible discord of the heart and lips. The flatterer is blear-eyed to ill, and cannot see vices; and his tongue walks ever in one track of unjust praises, and can no more tell how to discommend than to speak true. His speeches are full of wondering interjections, and all his titles are superlative, and both of them seldom ever but in presence His base mind is well matched with a mercenary tongue, which is a willing slave to another man's ear; neither regardeth he how true, but how pleasing. His art is nothing but delightful cozenage, whose rules are smoothing and guarded with perjury; whose scope is to make men fools in teaching them to overvalue themselves, and to tickle his friends to death. This man is a porter of all good tales, and mends them in the carriage; one of Fame's best friends and his own, that helps to furnish her with those rumours that may advantage himself. Conscience hath no greater adversary, for when she is about to play her just part of accusation, he stops mouth with good terms, and well-near strangleth her with shifts. Like that subtle fish, he turns himself into the colour of every stone for a booty. In himself he is nothing but what pleaseth his great one, whose virtues he cannot more extol than imitate his imperfections, that he may think his worst graceful. Let him say it is hot, he wipes his forehead and unbraceth himself, if cold, shivers and calls for a warmer garment

When he walks with his friend he swears to him that no man else is looked at, no man talked of, and that whomsoever he vouchsafes to look on and nod to is graced enough; that he knows not his own worth, lest he should be too happy; and when he tells what others say in his praise, he interrupts himself modestly and dares not speak the rest; so his concealment is more insinuating than his speech. He hangs upon the lips which he admireth, as if they could let fall nothing but oracles, and finds occasion to cite some approved sentence under the name he honoureth; and when aught is nobly spoken, both his hands are little enough to bless him. Sometimes even in absence he extolleth his patron, where he may presume of safe conveyance to his ears; and in presence so whispereth his commendation to a common friend, that it may not be unheard where he meant it. He hath salves for every sore, to hide them, not to heal them; complexion for every face; sin hath not any more artificial broker or more impudent bawd. There is no vice that hath not from him his colour, his allurement; and his best service is either to further guiltiness or smother it. If he grant evil things inexpedient or crimes errors, he hath yielded much; either thy estate gives privilege of liberty or thy youth; or if neither, what if it be ill? yet it is pleasant Honesty to him is nice singularity, repentance superstitious melancholy, gravity dulness, and all virtue an innocent conceit of the base-minded. In short, he is the moth of liberal men's coats, the earwig of the mighty, the bane of courts, a friend and a slave to the trencher, and good for nothing but to be a factor for the devil.

Of the Slothful.

He is a religious man, and wears the time in his cloister, and, as the cloak of his doing nothing, pleads contemplation, yet is he no whit the leaner for his thoughts, no whit learneder. He takes no less care how to spend time than others how to gain by the expense; and when business importunes him, is more troubled to forethink what he must do, than another to effect it. Summer is out of his favour for nothing but long days that make no haste to

their even. He loves still to have the sun witness of his rising, and lies long, more for lothness to dress him than will to sleep; and after some streaking and yawning, calls for dinner unwashed, which having digested with a sleep in his chair, he walks forth to the bench in the market-place, and looks for companions. Whomsoever he meets he stays with idle questions, and lingering discourse; how the days are lengthened, how kindly the weather is, how false the clock, how forward the spring, and ends ever with, What shall we do? It pleases him no less to hinder others than not to work himself. When all the people are gone from church, he is left sleeping in his seat alone. He enters bonds, and forfeits them by forgetting the day; and asks his neighbour when his own field was fallowed, whether the next piece of ground belong not to himself. His care is either none or too late. When winter is come, after some sharp visitations, he looks on his pile of wood, and asks how much was cropped the last spring. Necessity drives him to every action, and what he cannot avoid he will yet defer. Every change troubles him, although to the better, and his dulness counterfeits a kind of contentment. When he is warned on a jury, he had rather pay the mulct than appear. All but that which Nature will not permit he doth by a deputy, and counts it troublesome to do nothing, but to do anything yet more. He is witty in nothing but framing excuses to sit still, which if the occasion yield not he coineth with ease. There is no work that is not either dangerous or thankless, and whereof he foresees not the inconvenience and gainlessness before he enters; which if it be verified in event, his next idleness hath found a reason to patronize it. He had rather freeze than fetch wood, and chooses rather to steal than work, to beg than take pains to steal, and in many things to want than beg. He is so loth to leave his neighbour's fire, that he is fain to walk home in the dark; and if he be not looked to, wears out the night in the chimney-corner, or if not that, lies down in his clothes, to save two labours. He eats and prays himself asleep, and dreams of no other torment but work. This man is a standing pool, and cannot choose but gather corruption. He is des-

staler. He lets money, and sells time for a price, and will not be importuned either to prevent or defer his day; and in the mean-time looks for secret gratuities, besides the main interest, which he sells and returns into the stock He breeds of money to the third generation, neither hath it sooner any being, than he sets it to beget more. In all things he affects secrecy and propriety; he grudgeth his neighbour the water of his well, and next to stealing he hates borrowing. In his short and unquiet sleeps he dreams of thieves, and runs to the door and names more men than he hath. The least sheaf he ever culls out for tithe, and to rob God holds it the best pastime, the clearest gain. This man cries out above others of the prodigality of our times, and tells of the thrift of our forefathers: how that great prince thought himself royally attired, when he bestowed thirteen shillings and fourpence on half a suit How one wedding gown served our grandmothers till they exchanged it for a winding-sheet, and praises plainness, not for less sin, but for less cost. For himself, he is still known by his forefather's coat, which he means with his blessing to bequeath to the many descents of his heirs. He neither would be poor, nor be accounted rich. No man complains so much of want, to avoid a subsidy; no man is so importunate in begging, so cruel in exaction; and when he most complains of want, he fears that which he complains to have. No way is indirect to wealth, whether of fraud or violence. Gain is his godliness, which if conscience go about to prejudice, and grow troublesome by exclaiming against, he is condemned for a common barretor Like another Ahab, he is sick of the next field, and thinks he is ill-seated, while he dwells by neighbours. Shortly, his neighbours do not much more hate him, than he himself. He cares not (for no great advantage) to lose his friend, pine his body, damn his soul; and would despatch himself when corn falls, but that he is loth to cast away money on a cord.

on weak ice, and never thinks, What if I fall? but, What if I run over and fall not? He is a confident alchemist, and braggeth that the womb of his furnace hath conceived a burden that will do all the world good; which yet he desires secretly borne, for fear of his own bondage. In the meantime his glass breaks, yet he upon better luting lays wagers of the success, and promiseth wedges beforehand to his friend. He saith, I will sin, and be sorry, and escape; either God will not see, or not be angry, or not punish it, or remit the measure. If I do well, He is just to reward; if ill, He is merciful to forgive. Thus his praises wrong God no less than his offence, and hurt himself no less than they wrong God. Any pattern is enough to encourage him. Show him the way where any foot hath trod, he dare follow, although he see no steps returning; what if a thousand have attempted, and miscarried, if but one hath prevailed it sufficeth He suggests to himself false hopes of never too late, as if he could command either time or repentance, and dare defer the expectation of mercy, till betwixt the bridge and the water. Give him but where to set his foot, and he will remove the earth. He foreknows the mutations of states, the events of war, the temper of the seasons; either his old prophecy tells it him, or his stars Yea, he is no stranger to the records of God's secret counsel, but he turns them over, and copies them out at pleasure. I know not whether in all his enterprises he show less fear or wisdom; no man promises himself more, no man more believes himself. I will go and sell, and return and purchase and spend and leave my sons such estates: all which, if it succeed, he thanks himself: if not, he blames not himself His purposes are measured, not by his ability, but his will; and his actions by his purposes Lastly, he is ever credulous in assent, rash in undertaking, peremptory in resolving, witless in proceeding and in his ending miserable, which is never other than either the laughter of the wise or the pity of fools

Of the Distrustful.

The distrustful man hath his heart in his eyes or in his hand; nothing is sure to him but what he sees, what he handles. He is either very simple or very false, and therefore believes not others, because he knows how little himself is worthy of belief In spiritual things, either God must leave a pawn with him or seek some other creditor. All absent things and unusual have no other but a conditional entertainment; they are strange, if true. If he see two neighbours whisper in his presence, he bids them speak out, and charges them to say no more than they can justify. When he hath committed a message to his servant, he sends a second after him to listen how it is delivered. He is his own secretary, and of his own counsel for what he hath, for what he purposeth. And when he tells over his bags, looks through the keyhole to see if he have any hidden witness, and asks aloud, Who is there? when no man hears him He borrows money when he needs not, for fear lest others should borrow of him. He is ever timorous and cowardly, and asks every man's errand at the door ere he opens After his first sleep he starts up and asks if the furthest gate were barred, and out of a fearful sweat calls up his servant and bolts the door after him, and then studies whether it were better to lie still and believe, or rise and see. Neither is his heart fuller of fears than his head of strange projects and far-fetched constructions. What means the state, think you, in such an action, and whither tends this course? Learn of me (if you know not) the ways of deep policies are secret, and full of unknown windings; that is their act, this will be their issue: so casting beyond the moon, he makes wise and just proceedings suspected In all his predictions and imaginations he ever lights upon the worst, not what is most likely will fall out, but what is most ill There is nothing that he takes not with the left hand; no text which his gloss corrupts not Words, oaths, parchments, seals, are but broken reeds; these shall never deceive him, he loves no payments but real If but one in an age have miscarried by a rare casualty, he misdoubts the same event. If but

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a tile fallen from an high roof have brained a passenger, or the breaking of a coach-wheel have endangered the burden, he swears he will keep home, or take him to his horse. He dares not come to church for fear of the crowd, nor spare the Sabbath's labour for fear of the want, nor come near the Parliament house, because it should have been blown up. What might have been affects him as much as [illegible] what will be. Argue, vow, [illegible] swear, he [illegible] hears thee, and believes himself. He is a sceptic, and [illegible] hardly give credit to his senses, which he hath often arraigned of false intelligence. He so lives, as if he thought all the world were thieves, and were not sure whether himself were one. He is uncharitable in his censures, unquiet in his fears, bad enough always, but in his own opinion much worse than he is.

Of the Ambitious

Ambition is a proud covetousness, a dry thirst of honour, the longing disease of reason, an aspiring and gallant madness. The ambitious climbs up high and perilous stairs, and never cares how to come down; the desire of rising hath swallowed up his fear of a fall. Having once cleaved like a burr to some great man's coat, he resolves not to be shaken off with any small indignities, and, finding his hold thoroughly fast, casts how to insinuate yet nearer And therefore he is busy and servile in his endeavours to please, and all his officious respects turn home to himself. He can be at once a slave to command, an intelligencer to inform, a parasite to soothe and flatter, a champion to defend, an executioner to revenge anything for an advantage of favour He hath projected a plot to rise, and woe be to the friend that stands in his way He still haunteth the court, and his unquiet spirit haunteth him, which, having fetched him from the secure peace of his country rest, sets him new and impossible tasks, and, after many disappointments, encourages him to try the same sea in spite of his shipwrecks, and promise better success. A small hope gives him heart against great difficulties, and draws on new expense, new servility, persuading him like foolish boys to shoot

away a second shaft, that he may find the first. He yieldeth, and now secure of the issue, applauds himself in that honour, which he still affecteth, still misseth; and, for the last of all trials, will rather bribe for a troublesome preferment than return void of a title But now, when he finds himself desperately crossed, and at once spoiled both of advancement and hope, both of fruition and possibility, all his desire is turned into rage, his thirst is now only of revenge, his tongue sounds of nothing but detraction and slander Now the place he fought for is base, his rival unworthy, his adversary injurious, officers corrupt, court infectious, and how well is he that may be his own man, his own master, that may live safely in a mean distance, at pleasure, free from starving, free from burning? But if his designs speed well, ere he be warm in that feat, his mind is possessed of an higher What he hath is but a degree to what he would have. Now he scorneth what he formerly aspired to. His success doth not give him so much contentment as provocation; neither can he be at rest so long as he hath one, either to overlook, or to match, or to emulate him. When his country friend comes to visit him, he carries him up to the awful presence, and now in his sight, crowding nearer to the chair of state, desires to be looked on, desires to be spoken to by the greatest, and studies how to offer an occasion, lest he should seem unknown, unregarded; and if any gesture of the least grace fall happily upon him, he looks back upon his friend, lest he should carelessly let it pass, without a note; and what he wanteth in sense he supplies in history. His disposition is never but shamefully unthankful, for unless he have all he hath nothing. It must be a large draught, whereof he will not say that those few drops do not slake but inflame him. So still he thinks himself the worse for small favours. His wit so contrives the likely plots of his promotion, as if he would steal it away without God's knowledge, besides His will. Neither doth he ever look up, and consult in his forecasts with the supreme Moderator of all things, as one that thinks honour is ruled by fortune, and that heaven meddleth not with the disposing of these earthly lots, and therefore it is just with that wise God to defeat

his fairest hopes, and to bring him to a loss in the hottest of his chase, and to cause honour to fly away so much the faster, by how much it is more eagerly pursued. Finally, he is an importunate suitor, a corrupt client, a violent undertaker, a smooth factor, but untrusty, a restless master of his own, a bladder puffed up with the wind of hope and self-love. He is in the common body as a mole in the earth, ever unquietly casting; and, in one word, is nothing but a confused heap of envy, pride, covetousness.

Of the Unthrift.

He ranges beyond his pale, and lives without compass. His expense is measured, not by ability, but will. His pleasures are immoderate, and not honest. A wanton eye, a liquorish tongue, a gamesome hand, have impoverished him The vulgar sort call him bountiful, and applaud him when he spends, and recompense him with wishes when he gives, with pity when he wants. Neither can it be denied that he raught true liberality, but overwent it. No man could have lived more laudably, if, when he was at the best, he had stayed there While he is present, none of the wealthier guests may pay aught to the shot without much vehemence, without danger of unkindness. Use hath made it unpleasant to him not to spend He is in all things more ambitious of the title of good fellowship than of wisdom. When he looks into the wealthy chest of his father, his conceit suggests that it cannot be emptied, and while he takes out some deal every day, he perceives not any diminution; and when the heap is sensibly abated, yet still flatters himself with enough. One hand cozens the other, and the belly deceives both. He doth not so much bestow benefits as scatter them True merit doth not carry them, but smoothness of adulation His senses are too much his guides and his purveyors, and appetite is his steward He is an impotent servant to his lusts, and knows not to govern either his mind or his purse' Improvidence is ever the companion of unthriftiness This man cannot look beyond the present, and neither thinks nor cares what shall be, much less suspects what

may be; and while he lavishes out his substance in superfluities, thinks he only knows what the world is worth, and that others overprize it. He feels poverty before he sees it, never complains till he be pinched with wants; never spares till the bottom, when it is too late either to spend or recover. He is every man's friend save his own, and then wrongs himself most when he courteth himself with most kindness He vies time with the slothful, and it is a hard match whether chases away good hours to worse purpose, the one by doing nothing, or the other by idle pastime. He hath so dilated himself with the beams of prosperity that he lies open to all dangers, and cannot gather up himself, on just warning, to avoid a mischief. He were good for an almoner, ill for a steward. Finally, he is the living tomb of his forefathers, of his posterity; and when he hath swallowed both, is more empty than before he devoured them.

Of the Envious,

He feeds on others' evils, and hath no disease but his neighbour's welfare. Whatsoever God do for him, he cannot be happy with company, and if he were put to choose whether he would rather have equals in a common felicity, or superiors in misery, he would demur upon the election. His eye casts out too much, and never returns home, but to make comparisons with another's good. He is an ill prizer of foreign commodity; worse of his own, for that he rates too high, this under value You shall have him ever inquiring into the estates of his equals and betters, wherein he is not more desirous to hear all than loth to hear anything over good; and if just report relate aught better than he would, he redoubles the question, as being hard to believe what he likes not, and hopes yet, if that be averred again to his grief, that there is somewhat concealed in the relation, which, if it were known, would argue the commended party miserable, and blemish him with secret shame He is ready to quarrel with God, because the next field is fairer grown, and angrily calculates his cost, and time, and tillage. Whom he dares not openly backbite,

nor wound with a direct censure, he strikes smoothly with an over cold praise; and when he sees that he must either maliciously impugn the just praise of another (which were unsafe), or approve it by assent, he yieldeth, but shows withal that his means were such, both by nature and education, that he could not, without much neglect, be less commendable So his happiness shall be made the colour of detraction. When an wholesome law is propounded, he crosseth it either by open or close opposition, not for any incommodity or inexpedience, but because it proceeded from any mouth besides his own. And it must be a cause rarely plausible that will not admit some probable contradiction. When his equal should rise to honour, he strives against it unseen, and rather with much cost suborneth great adversaries; and when he sees his resistance vain, he can give an hollow gratulation in presence, but in secret disparages that advancement. Either the man is unfit for the place, or the place for the man; or if fit, yet less gainful, or more common than opinion; whereto he adds that himself might have had the same dignity upon better terms, and refused it. He is witty in devising suggestions to bring his rival out of love into suspicion. If he be courteous, he is seditiously popular; if bountiful, he binds over his clients to a faction; if successful in war, he is dangerous in peace; if wealthy, he lays up for a day; if powerful, nothing wants but opportunity of rebellion. His submission is ambitious hypocrisy; his religion, politic insinuation, no action is safe from a jealous construction. When he receives a good report of him whom he emulates, he saith, "Fame is partial, and is wont to blanche mischiefs;" and pleaseth himself with hope to find it worse; and if ill-will have dispersed any more spiteful narration, he lays hold on that, against all witnesses, and broacheth that rumour for truest because worst, and when he sees him perfectly miserable, he can at once pity him, and rejoice. What himself cannot do, others shall not, he hath gained well if he have hindered the success of what he would have done, and could not. He conceals his best skill, not so as it may not be known that he knows it, but so as it may not be learned, because he would have the world miss

him. He attained to a foreign medicine by the secret legacy of a dying empiric, whereof he will leave no heir lest the praise shall be divided. Finally, he is an enemy to God's favours, if they fall beside himself; the best nurse of ill-fame, a man of the worst diet, for he consumes himself, and delights in pining; a thorn-hedge covered with nettles, a peevish interpreter of good things, and no other than a lean and pale carcase quickened with a fiend

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JOHN STEPHENS,

The younger, a lawyer of Lincoln's Inn, published in 1615 "Satyrical Essayes, Characters, and others, or accurate and quick Descriptions fitted to the life of their Subjects." He had published two years before a play called "Cinthia's Revenge, or Mænander's Extasie," which Langbaine described as one of the longest he had ever read, and the most tedious. Somebody seems to have attacked him and his Characters. A second edition, in 1631, was entitled "New Essays and Characters, with a new Satyre in defence of the Common Law, and Lawyers: mixt with Reproofe against their enemy Ignoramus"

of his early verses, his correspondence with Baxter, and a Chronological List of Books of Characters from 1567 *to* 1700, *which was the first contribution to a study of this feature in our Seventeenth Century Literature. Bliss took his text of Earle from the edition of* 1732, *collated with the first impression in* 1628. *As the Characters which now follow are given with Bliss's text and notes, I add what the editor himself says of his method The variations of the* 1732 *text from the first impressions in* 1628 *are thus distinguished:* "*Those words or passages which have been added since the first edition are contained between brackets* [and printed in the common type], *those which have received some alteration are printed in italic; and the passages, as they stand in the first edition, are always given in a note.*"

MICROCOSMOGRAPHY;

OR,

A PIECE OF THE WORLD CHARACTERIZED.

A Child

Is a man in a small letter, yet the best copy of Adam before he tasted of Eve or the apple; and he is happy whose small practice in the world can only write this character. He is nature's fresh picture newly drawn in oil, which time, and much handling, dims and defaces His soul is yet a white paper[1] unscribbled with observations of the world, wherewith, at length, it becomes a blurred note-book. He is purely happy, because he knows no evil, nor hath made means by sin to be acquainted with misery. He arrives not at the mischief of being wise, nor endures evils to come, by foreseeing them He kisses and loves all, and, when the smart of the rod is past, smiles on his beater. Nature and his parents alike dandle him, and tice him on with a bait of sugar to a draught of wormwood He plays yet, like a young prentice the first day, and is not come to his task of melancholy. [[2] All the language he speaks yet is tears, and they serve him well enough to express his necessity] *le first Conventicle Act* is his tongue, as if he were loath- nd he

[1] So Washi- *Bliss, who died in 1857, after a life marked b-* *services to English Literature, chose Bishop Earle's "Char-* *for one of his earlier studies, published in 1811, when his a-* *was twenty four. His book*[1] *included an account of Bishop E-* *himself, a list of his writings, publication for the first time of som-*

[1] "Microcosmography, or, a Piece of the World discovered, in Essays and Characters By John Earle, D D of Christchurch and Merton College, Oxford, and Bishop of Salisbury A new edition, to which are added Notes and Appendix, by Philip Bliss, Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford "

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[1] So Washbourne, in his *Divine Poems*, 12mo, 1654 —

"—— ere 'tis accustom'd unto sin,
The mind white paper is, and will admit
Of any lesson you will write in it"—P 26

Shakspeare, of a child, says—

"—— the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume"—*K John*, *II* 1.

[2] This, and every other passage throughout the volume, [included between brackets,] does not appear in the first edition of 1628

y with it when he can but prattle. We laugh at *of his early ve*rts, but his game is our earnest, and his drums, *logical List* hobby horses, but the emblems and mocking of man's *the first* ..ss His father hath writ him as his own little story, wherein he reads those days of his life that he cannot remember, and sighs to see what innocence he hath out-lived. The elder he grows, he is a stair lower from God; and, like his first father, much worse in his breeches[1] He is the Christian's example, and the old man's relapse; the one imitates his pureness, and the other falls into his simplicity Could he put off his body with his little coat, he had got eternity without a burden, and exchanged but one heaven for another

A Young Raw Preacher

Is a bird not yet fledged, that hath hopped out of his nest to be chirping on a hedge, and will be straggling abroad at what peril soever. His backwardness in the university hath set him thus forward, for had he not truanted there, he had not been so hasty a divine His small standing, and time, hath made him a proficient only in boldness, out of which, and his table-book, he is furnished for a preacher. His collections of study are the notes of sermons, which, taken up at St Mary's,[2] he utters in the country: and if he write brachigraphy,[3] his stock is so much the better.

[1] Adam did not, to use the words of the old Geneva Bible, "make himself breeches," till he knew sin the meaning of the passage in the text is merely that, as a child advances in age, he commonly proceeds in the knowledge and commission of vice and immorality

[2] St Mary's church was originally built by king Alfred, and annexed to the University of Oxford, for the use of the scholars, when St Giles's and St Peter's (which were till then appropriated to them,) had been ruined by the violence of the Danes It was totally rebuilt during the reign of Henry VII, who gave forty oaks towards the materials, and is, in this day, the place of worship in which the public sermons are preached before the members of the university

[3] *Brachigraphy*, or short-hand-writing, appears to have been much studied in our author's time, and was probably esteemed a fashionable accomplishment It was first introduced into this country by Peter Bales, who, in 1590, published *The Writing Schoolmaster*, a treatise consisting of three parts, the first "of Brachygraphie, that is, to write as fast as a man speaketh treatably, writing but one letter for a word," the second, of Orthography, and the third of Calligraphy. Im-

His writing is more than his reading, for he reads only what he
gets without book. Thus accomplished he comes down to his
friends, and his first salutation is grace and peace out of the
pulpit. His prayer is conceited, and no man remembers his col-
lege more at large.[1] The pace of his sermon is a full career, and
he runs wildly over hill and dale, till the clock stop him. The
labour of it is chiefly in his lungs; and the only thing he has
made *in*[2] it himself, is the faces. He takes on against the pope
without mercy, and has a jest still in lavender for Bellarmine:
yet he preaches heresy, if it comes in his way, though with a
mind, I must needs say, very orthodox. His action is all passion,
and his speech interjections. He has an excellent faculty in
bemoaning the people, and spits with a very good grace. [His
stile is compounded of twenty several men's, only his body imi-
tates some one extraordinary.] He will not draw his handkercher
out of his place, nor blow his nose without discretion. His
commendation is, that he never looks upon book; and indeed he
was never used to it. He preaches but once a year, though twice
on Sunday; for the stuff is still the same, only the dressing a little
altered: he has more tricks with a sermon, than a tailor with an

printed at London, by T. Orwin, &c., 1590, 4to. A second edition, "with sundry new additions," appeared in 1597, 12mo, Imprinted at London, by George Shawe, &c. Holinshed gives the following description of one of Bales' performances:—"The tenth of August (1575,) a rare peece of worke, and almost incredible, was brought to passe by an Englishman borne in the citie of London, named Peter Bales, who by his industrie and practise of his pen, contriued and writ within the compasse of a penie, in Latine, the Lords praier, the creed, the ten commandements, a praier to God, a praier for the queene, his posie, his name, the daie of the moneth, the yeare of our Lord, and the reigne of the queene. And on the seuenteenth of August next following, at Hampton court, he presented the same to the queen's maiestie, in the head of a ring of gold, couered with a christall; and presented therewith an excellent spectacle by him deuised, for the easier reading thereof: wherewith hir maiestie read all that was written therein with great admiration, and commended the same to the lords of the councell, and the ambassadors, and did weare the same manie times vpon hir finger."—*Holinshed's Chronicle*, page 1262, b. edit. folio, Lond. 1587.

[1] It is customary in all sermons delivered before the University, to use an introductory prayer for the founder of, and principal benefactors to, the preacher's individual college, as well as for the officers and members of the University in general. This, however, would appear very ridiculous when "*he comes down to his friends*," or, in other words, preaches before a country congregation.

[2] *of*, first edit. 1628.

to turn it, and piece it, and at last quite disguise it with a new-preface. If he have waded farther in his profession, and would show reading of his own, his authors are postils, and his school-divinity a catechism. His fashion and demure habit gets him in with some town-precisian, and makes him a guest on Friday nights. You shall know him by his narrow velvet cape, and serge facing; and his ruff, next his hair the shortest thing about him. The companion of his walk is some zealous tradesman, whom he astonishes with strange points, which they both understand alike. His friends and much painfulness may prefer him to thirty pounds a year, and this means to a chambermaid; with whom we leave him now in the bonds of wedlock:—next Sunday you shall have him again.

A Grave Divine

Is one that knows the burthen of his calling, and hath studied to make his shoulders sufficient; for which he hath not been hasty to launch forth of his port, the university, but expected the ballast of learning, and the wind of opportunity. Divinity is not the beginning but the end of his studies, to which he takes the ordinary stair, and makes the arts his way. He counts it not profaneness to be polished with human reading, or to smooth his way by Aristotle to school-divinity. He has sounded both religions, and anchored in the best, and is a protestant out of judgment, not faction; not because his country, but his reason is on this side. The ministry is his choice, not refuge, and yet the pulpit not his itch, but fear. His discourse is substance, not all rhetoric, and he utters more things than words. His speech is not helped with inforced action, but the matter acts itself. He shoots all his meditations at one butt; and beats upon his text, not the cushion; making his hearers, not the pulpit, groan In citing of popish errors, he cuts them with arguments, not cudgels them with barren invectives, and labours more to shew the truth of his cause than the spleen His sermon is limited by the method, not the hour-glass, and his devotion goes along with him out of the pulpit.

He comes not up thrice a week, because he would not be idle; nor talks three hours together, because he would not talk nothing: but his tongue preaches at fit times, and his conversation is the every day's exercise. In matters of ceremony, he is not ceremonious, but thinks he owes that reverence to the Church to bow his judgment to it, and make more conscience of schism, than a surplice. He esteems the Church hierarchy as the Church's glory, and however we jar with Rome, would not have our confusion distinguish us. In simoniacal purchases he thinks his soul goes in the bargain, and is loath to come by promotion so dear: yet his worth at length advances him, and the price of his own merit buys him a living. He is no base grater of his tithes, and will not wrangle for the odd egg. The lawyer is the only man he hinders, by whom he is spited for taking up quarrels. He is a main pillar of our church, though not yet dean or canon, and his life our religion's best apology. His death is the last sermon, where, in the pulpit of his bed, he instructs men to die by his example.[1]

[1] I cannot forbear to close this admirable character with the beautiful description of a "*poure Persone,*" *riche of holy thought and werk*, given by the father of English poetry:—

"Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adversité ful patient.
And swiche he was ypreved often sithes
Ful loth were him to cursen for his tithes,
But rather wolde he yeven out of doute,
Unto his pouré parishens aboute,
Of his offring, and eke of his substance
He coude in litel thing have suffisance.
Wide was his parish, and houses fer asonder,
But he ne left nought for no rain ne thonder,
In sikenesse and in mischief to visite
The ferrest in his parish, moche and lite,
Upon his fete, and in his hand a staf.
. . . .
And though he holy were, and vertuous,
He was to sinful men not dispitous,
Ne of his speché dangerous ne digne,
But in his teching discrete and benigne.
To drawen folk to heven, with fairenesse,
By good ensample, was his besinesse
. . . . .
He waited after no pompe ne reverence,
Ne maked him no spiced conscience,

A Mere Dull Physician.

His practice is some business at bedsides, and his speculation an urinal: he is distinguished from an empiric, by a round velvet cap and doctor's gown, yet no man takes degrees more superfluously, for he is doctor howsoever He is sworn to Galen and Hippocrates, as university men to their statutes, though they never saw them; and his discourse is all aphorisms, though his reading be only Alexis of Piedmont,[1] or the Regiment of Health[2] The best cure he has done is upon his own purse, which from a lean sickliness he hath made lusty, and in flesh. His learning consists much in reckoning up the hard names of diseases, and the superscriptions of gallipots in his apothecary's shop, which are ranked in his shelves and the doctor's memory. He is, indeed, only languaged in diseases, and speaks Greek many times when he knows not. If he have been but a bystander at some desperate recovery, he is slandered with it though he be guiltless; and this breeds his reputation, and that his practice, for his skill is merely opinion. Of all odours he likes best the smell of urine, and holds Vespasian's[3] rule, that no gain is unsavory. If you

But Cristés lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taught, but first he folwed it himselve "
Chaucer, Prol. to Cant. Tales, v. 485.

We may surely conclude with a line from the same poem,

" A better preest I trowe that nowher non is "

[1] *The secretes of the reverende maister Alexis of Piemovnt, containyng excellente remedies against diuers diseases, &c.*, appear to have been a very favourite study either with the physicians, or their patients, about this period

They were originally written in Italian, and were translated into English by William Warde, of which editions were printed at London, in 1558, 1562, 1595, and 1615 In 1603, a *fourth* edition of a Latin version appeared at Basil, and from Ward's dedication to " the lòrde Russell, erle of Bedford," it seems that the French and Dutch were not without so great a treasure in their own languages A specimen of the importance of this publication may be given in the title of the first secret "The maner and secrete to conserue a man's youth, and to holde back olde age, to maintaine a man always in helth and strength, as in the fayrest floure of his yeres "

[2] *The Regiment of Helthe*, by Thomas Pavnell, is another volume of the same description, and was printed by Thomas Berthelette, in 1541 4to

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send this once to him you must resolve to be sick howsoever, for he will never leave examining your water, till he has shaked it into disease:[1] then follows a writ to his drugger in a strange tongue, which he understands, though he cannot construe. If he see you himself, his presence is the worst visitation: for if he cannot heal your sickness, he will be sure to help it. He translates his apothecary's shop into your chamber, and the very windows and benches must take physic. He tells you your malady in Greek, though it be but a cold, or head-ache; which by good endeavour and diligence he may bring to some moment indeed. His most unfaithful act is, that he leaves a man gasping, and his pretence is, death and he have a quarrel and must not meet; but his fear is, lest the carcase should bleed[2] Anatomies, and other spectacles of mortality, have hardened him, and he is no more struck with a funeral than a grave-maker. Noblemen use him for a director of their stomach, and the ladies for wantonness,[3] especially if he be a proper man If he be single, he is in league with his she-apothecary, and because it is the physician, the husband is patient If he have leisure to be idle (that is to study), he has a smatch at alchemy, and is sick of the philosopher's stone; a disease uncurable, but by an abundant phlebotomy of the purse. His two main opposites are a mountebank and a good woman, and he never shews his learning so much as in an in-

Suetonius, "ex prima pensione admovit ad nares, suscitans *num odore offenderetur?* et illo negante, atqui, inquit, e lotio est"

[1] "Vpon the market-day he is much haunted with vrinals, where, if he finde any thing, (though he knowe nothing,) yet hee will say some-what, which if it hit to some purpose, with a fewe fustian words, hee will seeme a piece of strange stuffe" Character of an unworthy physician. "*The Good and the Badde*," by Nicholas Breton. 4to 1618.

[2] That the murdered body bleeds at the approach of the murderer, was, in our author's time, a commonly received opinion. Holinshed affirms that the corpse of Henry the Sixth bled as it was carrying for interment, and Sir Kenelm Digby so firmly believed in the truth of the report, that he has endeavoured to explain the reason. It is remarked by Mr. Steevens, in a note to *Shakspeare*, that the opinion seems to be derived from the ancient Swedes, or Northern nations, from whom we descend, as they practised this method of trial in all dubious cases.

[3] "Faith, doctor, it is well, thy study is to please
The female sex, and how their corp'ral griefes to ease."
Goddard's "*Mastif Whelp*" *Satires* 4to. Without date. Sat 17.

vective against them and their boxes. In conclusion, he is a sucking consumption, and a very brother to the worms, for they are both ingendered out of man's corruption.

AN ALDERMAN.

He is venerable in his gown, more in his beard, wherewith he sets not forth so much his own, as the face of a city. You must look on him as one of the town gates, and consider him not as a body, but a corporation. His eminency above others hath made him a man of worship, for he had never been preferred, but that he was worth thousands. He over-sees the commonwealth, as his shop, and it is an argument of his policy, that he has thriven by his craft. He is a rigorous magistrate in his ward; yet his scale of justice is suspected, lest it be like the balances in his warehouse. A ponderous man he is, and substantial, for his weight is commonly extraordinary, and in his preferment nothing rises so much as his belly. His head is of no great depth, yet well furnished; and when it is in conjunction with his brethren, may bring forth a city apophthegm, or some such sage matter. He is one that will not hastily run into error, for he treads with great deliberation, and his judgment consists much as his pace. His discourse is commonly the annals of his mayoralty, and what good government there was in the days of his gold chain, though the door posts were the only things that suffered reformation. He seems most sincerely religious, especially on solemn days; for he comes often to church to make a shew, [and is a part of the quire hangings] He is the highest star of his profession, and an example to his trade, what in time they may come to. He makes very much of his authority, but more of his satin doublet, which, though of good years, bears its age very well, and looks fresh every Sunday · but his scarlet gown is a monument, and lasts from generation to generation.

A Discontented Man

Is one that is fallen out with the world, and will be revenged on himself. Fortune has denied him in something, and he now takes pet, and will be miserable in spite. The root of his disease is a self-humouring pride, and an accustomed tenderness not to be crossed in his fancy; and the occasion commonly of one of these three, a hard father, a peevish wench, or his ambition thwarted. He considered not the nature of the world till he felt it, and all blows fall on him heavier, because they light not first on his expectation. He has now foregone all but his pride, and is yet vain-glorious in the ostentation of his melancholy. His composure of himself is a studied carelessness, with his arms across, and a neglected hanging of his head and cloak, and he is as great an enemy to a hat-band, as fortune. He quarrels at the time and up-starts, and sighs at the neglect of men of parts, that is, such as himself. His life is a perpetual satire, and he is still girding the age's vanity, when this very anger shews he too much esteems it. He is much displeased to see men merry, and wonders what they can find to laugh at. He never draws his own lips higher than a smile, and frowns wrinkle him before forty. He at last falls into that deadly melancholy to be a bitter hater of men, and is the most apt companion for any mischief. He is the spark that kindles the commonwealth, and the bellows himself to blow it: and if he turn any thing, it is commonly one of these, either friar, traitor, or mad-man.

An Antiquary

He is a man strangely thrifty of time past, and an enemy indeed to his maw, whence he fetches out many things when they are now all rotten and stinking He is one that hath that unnatural disease to be enamoured of old age and wrinkles, and loves all things (as Dutchmen do cheese), the better for being mouldy and worm-eaten He is of our religion, because we say it is most antient, and yet a broken statue would almost make him an

his beggary that knighthood. His birth and bringing up will not suffer him to descend to the means to get wealth; but he stands at the mercy of the world, and which is worse, of his brother. He is something better than the serving-men; yet they more saucy with him than he bold with the master, who beholds him with a countenance of stern awe, and checks him oftener than his liveries. His brother's old suits and he are much alike in request, and cast off now and then one to the other Nature hath furnished him with a little more wit upon compassion, for it is like to be his best revenue. If his annuity stretch so far, he is sent to the university, and with great heart-burning takes upon him the ministry, as a profession he is condemned to by his ill fortune. Others take a more crooked path yet, the king's high-way, where at length their vizard is plucked off, and they strike fair for Tyburn: but their brother's pride, not love, gets them a pardon. His last refuge is the Low-countries,[1] where rags and lice are no scandal, where he lives a poor gentleman of a company, and dies without a shirt The only thing that may better his fortunes is an art he has to make a gentlewoman, wherewith he baits now and then some rich widow that is hungry after his blood. He is commonly discontented and desperate, and the form of his exclamation is, *that churl my brother*. He loves not his country for this unnatural custom, and would have long since revolted to the Spaniard, but for Kent[2] only, which he holds in admiration.

[1] The Low-countries appear to have afforded ample room for ridicule at all times In "*A brief Character of the Low countries under the States, being Three Weeks Observation of the Vices and Virtues of the Inhabitants,*" written by Owen Feltham, and printed Lond 1659, 12mo, we find them epitomized as a general sea land—the great bog of Europe—an universal quagmire—in short, a green cheese in pickle. The sailors (in which denomination the author appears to include all the natives) he describes as being able to "drink, rail, swear, niggle, steal, and be *lowsie* alike" P. 40

[2] *Gavelkind*, or the practice of dividing lands equally among all the male children of the deceased, was (according to Spelman) adopted by the Saxons, from Germany, and is noticed by Tacitus in his description of that nation. *Gloss. Archaiol*, folio, Lond. 1664. Harrison, in *The Description of England*, prefixed to Holinshed's *Chronicle* (vol. 1 page 180), says, "Gavell kind is all the male children equallie to inherit, and is continued to this date in *Kent*, where it is onelie to my knowledge reteined, and no where else in England" And Lambarde, in his *Customes of Kent* (*Perambulation*, 4to, 1596, page 538), thus notices it.—

Popery well, but is loth to lose by it; and though he be something scared with the bulls of Rome, yet they are far off, and he is struck with more terror at the apparitor. Once a month he presents himself at the church, to keep off the church-warden, and brings in his body to save his bail. He kneels with the congregation, but prays by himself, and asks God forgiveness for coming thither. If he be forced to stay out a sermon, he pulls his hat over his eyes, and frowns out the hour; and when he comes home, thinks to make amends for this fault by abusing the preacher. His main policy is to shift off the communion, for which he is never unfurnished of a quarrel, and will be sure to be out of charity at Easter; and indeed he lies not, for he has a quarrel to the sacrament. He would make a bad martyr and good traveller, for his conscience is so large he could never wander out of it; and in Constantinople would be circumcised with a reservation. His wife is more zealous and therefore more costly, and he bates her in tires what she stands him in religion. But we leave him hatching plots against the state, and expecting Spinola.[1]

A Self-Conceited Man

Is one that knows himself so well, that he does not know himself. Two excellent well-dones have undone him, and he is guilty of it that first commended him to madness. He is now become his own book, which he pores on continually, yet like a truant reader skips over the harsh places, and surveys only that which is pleasant In the speculation of his own good parts, his

[1] *Ambrose Spinola* was one of the most celebrated and excellent commanders that Spain ever possessed. he was born, in 1569, of a noble family, and distinguished himself through life in being opposed to Prince Maurice of Nassau, the greatest general of his age, by whom he was ever regarded with admiration and respect. He died in 1630, owing to a disadvantage sustained by his troops at the siege of Cassel, which was to be entirely attributed to the imprudent orders he received from Spain, and which that government compelled him to obey. This disaster broke his heart; and he died with the exclamation of "*they have robbed me of my honour*," an idea he was unable to survive. It is probable that, at the time this character was composed, many of the disaffected in England were in expectation of an attack to be made on this country by the Spaniards, under the command of Spinola.

eyes, like a drunkard's, see all double, and his fancy, like an old man's spectacles, make a great letter in a small print. He imagines every place where he comes his theatre, and not a look stirring but his spectator, and conceives men's thoughts to be very idle, that is, [only] busy about him. His walk is still in the fashion of a march, and like his opinion unaccompanied, with his eyes most fixed upon his own person, or on others with reflection to himself. If he have done any thing that has passed with applause, he is always re-acting it alone, and conceits the extasy his hearers were in at every period. His discourse is all positions and definitive decrees, with *thus it must be* and *thus it is*, and he will not humble his authority to prove it. His tenet is always singular and aloof from the vulgar as he can, from which you must not hope to wrest him. He has an excellent humour for an heretic, and in these days made the first Arminian. He prefers Ramus before Aristotle, and Paracelsus before Galen,[1] [*and whosoever with most paradox is commended.*] He much pities the world that has no more insight in his parts, when he is too well discovered even to this very thought A flatterer is a dunce to him, for he can tell him nothing but what he knows before: and yet he loves him too, because he is like himself Men are merciful to him, and let him alone, for if he be once driven from his humour, he is like two inward friends fallen out: his own bitter enemy and discontent presently makes a murder. In sum, he is a bladder blown up with wind, which the least flaw crushes to nothing.

A Too Idly Reserved Man

Is one that is a fool with discretion, or a strange piece of politician, that manages the state of himself. His actions are his privy council, wherein no man must partake beside. He speaks under rule and prescription, and dare not show his teeth without Machiavel. He converses with his neighbours as he would in Spain, and fears an inquisitive man as much as the inquisition. He suspects all questions for examinations, and

[1] *and Lipsius his hopping stile before either Tully or Quintilian.* First edit.

thinks you would pick something out of him, and avoids you His breast is like a gentlewoman's closet, which locks up every toy or trifle, or some bragging mountebank that makes every stinking thing a secret. He delivers you common matters with great conjuration of silence, and whispers you in the ear acts of parliament. You may as soon wrest a tooth from him as a paper, and whatsoever he reads is letters. He dares not talk of great men for fear of bad comments, and *he knows not how his words may be misapplied.* Ask his opinion, and he tells you his doubt; and he never hears any thing more astonishedly than what he knows before. His words are like the cards at primivist,[1] where 6 is 18, and 7, 21, for they never signify what they sound, but if he tell you he will do a thing, it is as much as if he swore he would not He is one, indeed, that takes all men to be craftier than they are, and puts himself to a great deal of affliction to hinder their plots and designs, where they mean freely. He has been long a riddle himself, but at last finds Œdipuses; for his over-acted dissimulation discovers him, and men do with him as they would with Hebrew letters, spell him backwards and read him.

[1] *Primivist* and primero were, in all probability, the same game, although Minshew, in his Dictionary, calls them "*two* games at cardes" The latter he explains, "primum et primum visum, that is, first and first seene, because hee that can shew such an order of cardes, first winnes the game." The coincidence between Mr Strutt's description of the former and the passage in the text, shows that there could be little or no difference between the value of the cards in these games, or in the manner of playing them. "Each player had four cards dealt to him, one by one, the *seven* was the highest card, in point of number, that he could avail himself of, *which counted for twenty-one*, the *six counted for sixteen*, the five for fifteen, and the ace for the same," &c (*Sports and Pastimes*, 247) The honourable Daines Barrington conceived that Primero was introduced by Philip the Second, or some of his suite, whilst in England. Shakspeare proves that it was played in the royal circle

———"I left him (Henry VIII.) at *Primero*
With the duke of Suffolk"—*Henry VIII*

So Decker: "Talke of none but lords and such ladies with whom you have plaid at *Primero*."—*Gul's Horne booke*, 1609 37

Among the Marquis of Worcester's celebrated "*Century of Inventions*," 12mo, 1663, is one "so contrived without suspicion, that playing at Primero at cards, one may, without clogging his memory, keep reckoning of all sixes, sevens, and aces, which he hath discarded."—No. 87.

A Tavern

Is a degree, or (if you will,) a pair of stairs above an ale-house, where men are drunk with more credit and apology. If the vintner's nose[1] be at door, it is a sign sufficient, but the absence of this is supplied by the ivy-bush: the rooms are ill breathed like the drinkers that have been washed well over night, and are smelt-to fasting next morning; not furnished with beds apt to be defiled, but more necessary implements, stools, table, and a chamber-pot. It is a broacher of more news than hogsheads, and more jests than news, which are sucked up here by some spungy brain, and from thence squeezed into a comedy. Men come here to make merry, but indeed make a noise, and this musick above is answered with the clinking below. The drawers are the civilest people in it, men of good bringing up, and howsoever we esteem of them, none can boast more justly of their high calling. 'Tis the best theatre of natures, where they are truly acted, not played, and the business as in the rest of the world up and down, to wit, from the bottom of the cellar to the great chamber. A melancholy man would find here matter to work upon, to see heads as brittle as glasses, and often broken, men come hither to quarrel, and come hither to be made friends: and if Plutarch will lend me his simile, it is even Telephus's sword that makes wounds and cures them. It is the common consumption of the afternoon, and the murderer or maker-away of a rainy day. It is the torrid zone that scorches *the*[2] face, and tobacco the gun-powder that blows it up. Much harm would be done, if the charitable vintner had not water ready for these flames A house of sin you may call it, but not a house of darkness, for the candles are never out, and it is like those countries far in the North, where it is as clear at mid-night as at mid-day. After a long sitting, it becomes like a street in a dashing shower,

1 "Enquire out those tauernes which are best customd, whose maisters are oftenest drunk, for that confirmes their taste, and that they choose wholesome wines"—Decker's *Gul's Horne-booke*, 1609

2 *his*, 1st edit.

where the spouts are flushing above, and the conduits running below, while the Jordans like swelling rivers overflow their banks. To give you the total reckoning of it, it is the busy man's recreation, the idle man's business, the melancholy man's sanctuary, the stranger's welcome, the inns-of-court man's entertainment, the scholar's kindness, and the citizen's courtesy. It is the study of sparkling wits, and a cup of canary[1] their book, whence we leave them.

A Shark

Is one whom all other means have failed, and he now lives of himself. He is some needy cashiered fellow, whom the world hath oft flung off, yet still clasps again, and is like one a drowning, fastens upon any thing that is next at hand. Amongst other of his shipwrecks he has happily lost shame, and this want supplies him. No man puts his brain to more use than he, for his life is a daily invention, and each meal a new stratagem He has an excellent memory for his acquaintance, though there passed but *how do you* betwixt them seven years ago, it shall suffice for an embrace, and that for money. He offers you a pottle of sack out of joy to see you, and in requital of his courtesy you can do no less than pay for it. He is fumbling with his purse-strings, as a school-boy with his points, when he is going to

[1] The editor of the edition in 1732, has altered *canary* to "*sherry*," for what reason I am at a loss to discover, and have consequently restored the reading of the first edition. Venner gives the following description of this favourite liquor. "Canarie wine, which beareth the name of the islands from whence it is brought, is of some termed a sacke, with this adjunct, sweete, but yet very improperly, for it differeth not only from sacke in sweetness and pleasantness of taste, but also in colour and consistence, for it is not so white in colour as sack, nor so thin in substance, wherefore it is more nutritive than sack, and less penetrative"—*Via recta ad Vitam longam*, 4to, 1622. In Howell's time, Canary wine was much adulterated "I think," says he, in one of his *Letters*, "there is more Canary brought into England than to all the world besides, I think also, there is a hundred times more drunk under the name of Canary wine, than there is brought in, for Sherries and Malagas, well mingled, pass for Canaries in most taverns. When Sacks and Canaries," he continues, "were brought in first amongst us, they were used to be drunk in aqua vitæ measures, and 'twas held fit only for those to drink who were used to carry their *legs in their hands, their eyes upon their noses*, and an *almanack in their bones*, but now they go down every one's throat, both young and old, like milk."—Howell, *Letter to the lord Cliff*, dated Oct 7, 1634.

be whipped, 'till the master, weary with long stay, forgives him. When the reckoning is paid, he says, It must not be so, yet is straight pacified, and cries, What remedy? His borrowings are like subsidies, each man a shilling or two, as he can well dispend; which they lend him, not with a hope to be repaid, but that he will come no more. He holds a strange tyranny over men, for he is their debtor, and they fear him as a creditor. He is proud of any employment, though it be but to carry commendations, which he will be sure to deliver at eleven of the clock.[1] They in courtesy bid him stay, and he in manners cannot deny them. If he find but a good look to assure his welcome, he becomes their half-boarder, and haunts the threshold so long 'till he forces good nature to the necessity of a quarrel. Publick invitations he will not wrong with his absence, and is the best witness of the sheriff's hospitality.[2] Men shun him at length as they would do an infection, and he is never crossed in his way if there be but a lane to escape him He has done with the age as his clothes to him, hung on as long as he could, and at last drops off.

A Carrier

Is his own hackney-man, for he lets himself out to travel as well as his horses. He is the ordinary embassador between friend and friend, the father and the son, and brings rich presents to the one, but never returns any back again. He is no unlettered man, though in show simple, for questionless, he has

[1] We learn from Harrison's *Description of England*, prefixed to Holinshed, that *eleven o'clock* was the usual time for dinner during the reign of Elizabeth "With vs the nobilitie, gentrie, and students, doo ordinarilie go to dinner at *eleuen before noone*, and to supper at fiue, or between fiue and six at afternoone" (vol. 1 page 171, edit 1587) The alteration in manners at this time is rather singularly evinced, from a passage immediately following the above quotation, where we find that *merchants* and *husbandmen* dined and supped at a *later hour than the nobility*

[2] Alluding to the public dinners given by the sheriff at particular seasons of the year So in *The Widow*, a comedy, 4to, 1652.

"And as at a *sheriff's table*, O blest custome!
A poor indebted gentleman may dine,
Feed well, and without fear, and depart so."

much in his budget, which he can utter too in fit time and place He is [like] the vault in[1] Gloster church, that conveys whispers at a distance, for he takes the sound out of your mouth at York, and makes it be heard as far as London. He is the young student's joy and expectation, and the most accepted guest, to whom they lend a willing hand to discharge him of his burden. His first greeting is commonly, *Your friends are well; [and to prove it]*[2] in a piece of gold delivers their blessing You would think him a churlish blunt fellow, but they find in him many tokens of humanity. He is a great afflicter of the high-ways, and beats them out of measure; which injury is sometimes revenged by the purse-taker, and then the voyage miscarries No man domineers more in his inn, nor calls his host unreverently with more presumption, and this arrogance proceeds out of the strength of his horses. He forgets not his load where he takes his ease, for he is drunk commonly before he goes to bed He is like the prodigal child, still packing away and still returning again. But let him pass

A Young Man.

He is now out of nature's protection, though not yet able to guide himself; but left loose to the world and fortune, from which the weakness of his childhood preserved him; and now his strength exposes him He is, indeed, just of age to be miserable, yet in his own conceit first begins to be happy; and

[1] The chapel of the Virgin Mary, in the cathedral church of Gloucester, was founded by Richard Stanley, abbot, in 1457, and finished by William Farley, a monk of the monastery, in 1472 Sir Robert Atkyns gives the following description of the vault here alluded to "The *whispering place* is very remarkable, it is a long alley, from one side of the choir to the other, built circular, that it might not darken the great east window of the choir When a person whispers at one end of the alley, his voice is heard distinctly at the other end, though the passage be open in the middle, having large spaces for doors and windows on the east side. It may be imputed to the close cement of the wall, which makes it as one entire stone, and so conveys the voice, as a long piece of timber does convey the least stroak to the other end. Others assign it to the repercussion of the voice from accidental angles."—*Atkyns' Ancient and Present State of Glostershire*, Lond 1712, folio, page 128 See also *Fuller's Worthies, in Gloucestershire*, page 351

[2] *Then in a piece of gold, &c.*, 1st edit.

he is happier in this imagination, and his misery not felt is less. He sees yet but the outside of the world and men, and conceives them, according to their appearing, glister, and out of this ignorance believes them. He pursues all vanities for happiness, and[1] [*enjoys them best in this fancy*] His reason serves, not to curb but understand his appetite, and prosecute the motions thereof with a more eager earnestness. Himself is his own temptation, and needs not Satan, and the world will come hereafter. He leaves repentance for grey hairs, and performs it in being covetous. He is mingled with the vices of the age as the fashion and custom, with which he longs to be acquainted, and sins to better his understanding. He conceives his youth as the season of his lust, and the hour wherein he ought to be bad; and because he would not lose his time, spends it. He distastes religion as a sad thing, and is six years elder for a thought of heaven. He scorns and fears, and yet hopes for old age, but dare not imagine it with wrinkles. He loves and hates with the same inflammation, and when the heat is over is cool alike to friends and enemies. His friendship is seldom so steadfast, but that lust, drink, or anger may overturn it. He offers you his blood to-day in kindness, and is ready to take yours to-morrow. He does seldom any thing which he wishes not to do again, and is only wise after a misfortune. He suffers much for his knowledge, and a great deal of folly it is makes him a wise man He is free from many vices, by being not grown to the performance, and is only more virtuous out of weakness. Every action is his danger, and every man his ambush He is a ship without pilot or tackling, and only good fortune may steer him. If he scape this age, he has scaped a tempest, and may live to be a man.

An Old College Butler

Is none of the worst students in the house, for he keeps the set hours at his book more duly than any. His authority is great over men's good names, which he charges many times with shrewd aspersions, which they hardly wipe off without payment

[1] *Whilst he has not yet got them, enjoys them*, 1st edit.

[His box and counters prove him to be a man of reckoning, yet] he is stricter in his accounts than a usurer, and delivers not a farthing without writing. He doubles the pains of Gallobelgicus, for his books go out once a quarter, and they are much in the same nature, brief notes and sums of affairs, and are out of request as soon. His comings in are like a taylor's, from the shreds of bread, [the] chippings and remnants of a broken crust, excepting his vails from the barrel, which poor folks buy for their hogs but drink themselves. He divides an halfpenny loaf with more subtlety than Keckerman,[2] and sub-divides the *à prima ortum* so nicely, that a stomach of great capacity can hardly apprehend it. He is a very sober man, considering his manifold temptations of drink and strangers, and if he be overseen, 'tis within his own liberties, and no man ought to take exception. He is never so well pleased with his place as when a gentleman is beholden to him for showing him the buttery, whom he greets with a cup of single beer and sliced manchet,[3] and tells him it is

[1] *Gallo-Belgicus* was erroneously supposed, by the ingenious Mr. Reed, to be the "first newspaper published in England," we are, however, assured by the author of the *Life of Ruddiman*, that it has no title to so honourable a distinction. *Gallo-Belgicus* appears to have been rather an *Annual Register*, or *History of its own Times*, than a newspaper It was written in Latin, and entituled, "MEPCURIJ GALLO-BELGICI: *sive, rerum in Gallia, et Belgio potissimum · Hispania quoque, Italia, Anglia, Germania, Polonia, Vicinisque locis ab anno* 1588, *ad Martium anni* 1594, *gestarum*, NUNCIJ" The first volume was printed in 8vo, at Cologne, 1598; from which year, to about 1605, it was published annually, and from thence to the time of its conclusion, which is uncertain, it appeared in *half-yearly* volumes. Chalmers' *Life of Ruddiman*, 1794. The great request in which newspapers were held at the publication of the present work may be gathered from Burton, who, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, complains that "if any read now-a-days, it is a play-book, or a pamphlet of newes"

[2] Bartholomew Keckerman was born at Dantzick, in Prussia, 1571, and educated under Fabricius Being eminently distinguished for his abilities and application, he was, in 1597, requested, by the senate of Dantzick, to take upon him the management of their academy, an honour he then declined, but accepted, on a second application, in 1601 Here he proposed to instruct his pupils in the complete science of philosophy in the short space of three years, and, for that purpose, drew up a great number of books upon logic, rhetoric, ethics, politics, physics, metaphysics, geography, astronomy, &c &c, till, as it is said, literally worn out with scholastic drudgery, he died at the early age of 38.

[3] "Of bread made of wheat we have sundrie sorts dailie brought to the table, whereof the first and most excellent is the *mainchet*, which we commonlie call white bread"—Harrison, *Description of England* prefixed to Holinshed, chap 6

the fashion of the college. He domineers over freshmen when they first come to the hatch, and puzzles them with strange language of cues and cees, and some broken Latin which he has learned at his bin. His faculties extraordinary are the warming of a pair of cards, and telling out a dozen of counters for post and pair, and no man is more methodical in these businesses. Thus he spends his age till the tap of it is run out, and then a fresh one is set abroach.

An Upstart Country Knight

[*Is a holiday clown, and differs only in the stuff of his clothes, not the stuff of himself,*[1]] for he bare the king's sword before he had arms to wield it, yet being once laid o'er the shoulder with a knighthood, he finds the herald his friend. His father was a man of good stock, though but a tanner or usurer; he purchased the land, and his son the title. He has doffed off the name of a [*country fellow,*[2]] but the look not so easy, and his face still bears a relish of churn-milk. He is guarded with more gold lace than all the gentlemen of the country, yet his body makes his clothes still out of fashion. His house-keeping is seen much in the distinct families of dogs, and serving-men attendant on their kennels, and the deepness of their throats is the depth of his discourse. A hawk he esteems the true burden of nobility,[3]

[1] *His honour was somewhat preposterous, for he bare,* &c , first edit.

[2] *Clown,* first edit.

[3] The art of hawking has been so frequently and so fully explained, that it would be superfluous, if not arrogant, to trace its progress, or delineate its history, in this place. In the earliest periods it appears to have been exclusively practised by the nobility, and, indeed, the great expense at which the amusement was supported, seems to have been a sufficient reason for deterring persons of more moderate income, and of inferior rank, from indulging in the pursuit. In the *Sports and Pastimes* of Mr Strutt, a variety of instances are given of the importance attached to the office of falconer, and of the immense value of, and high estimation the birds themselves were held in from the commencement of the Norman government, down to the reign of James I., in which Sir Thomas Monson gave £1000 for a cast of hawks, which consisted of only *two.*

The great increase of wealth, and the consequent equalization of property in this country, about the reign of Elizabeth, induced many of inferior birth to practise the amusements of their superiors, which they did without regard to expense, or indeed propriety Sir Thomas Elyot, in his *Governour* (1580), complains that the

and is exceeding ambitious to seem delighted in the sport, and have his fist gloved with his jesses.[1] A justice of peace he is to domineer in his parish, and do his neighbour wrong with more right.[2] He will be drunk with his hunters for company, and stain his gentility with droppings of ale. He is fearful of being sheriff of the shire by instinct, and dreads the assize-week as much as the prisoner. In sum, he's but a clod of his own earth, or his land is the dunghill and he the cock that crows over it: and commonly his race is quickly run, and his children's children, though they scape hanging, return to the place from whence they came.

An Idle Gallant

Is one that was born and shaped for his cloaths, and, if Adam had not fallen, had lived to no purpose. He gratulates therefore the first sin, and fig-leaves that were an occasion of [his] bravery His first care is his dress, the next his body, and in the uniting of these two lies his soul and its faculties He observes London trulier then the terms, and his business is the street, the stage, the court, and those places where a proper man is best shown. If he be qualified in gaming extraordinary, he is so much the more genteel and compleat, and he learns the best oaths for the purpose These are a great part of his discourse, and he is as curious in their newness as the fashion. His other talk is ladies and such pretty things, or some jest at a play His pick-tooth bears a great part in his discourse, so does his body, the upper

falcons of his day consumed so much poultry, that, in a few years, he feared there would be a great scarcity of it "I speake not this," says he, "in disprayse of the faukons, but of them which keepeth them lyke cockneyes." A reproof, there can be no doubt, applicable to the character in the text.

[1] A term in hawking, signifying the short straps of leather which are fastened to the hawk's legs, by which she is held on the fist, or joined to the leash. They were sometimes made of silk, as appears from ¶ *The Boke of hawkynge, huntynge, and fysshynge, with all the propertyes and medecynes that are necessarye to be kepte* "Hawkes haue aboute theyr legges *gesses* made of lether most comonly, some of sylke, which shuld be no lenger but that the knottes of them shulde appere in the myddes of the lefte hande," &c. *Juliana Barnes*, edit. 4to, "*Imprynted at London in Pouls chyrchyarde by me Hery Tab*" Sig. C. ii

[2] *This authority of his is that club which keeps them under as his dogs hereafter*, first edit.

parts whereof are as starched as his linen, and perchance use the same laundress. He has learned to ruffle his face from his boot, and takes great delight in his walk to hear his spurs gingle Though his life pass somewhat slidingly, yet he seems very careful of the time, for he is still drawing his watch out of his pocket, and spends part of his hours in numbering them. He is one never serious but with his tailor, when he is in conspiracy for the next device. He is furnished with his jests, as some wanderer with sermons, some three for all congregations, one especially against the scholar, a man to him much ridiculous, whom he knows by no other definition but a silly fellow in black. He is a kind of walking mercer's shop, and shews you one stuff to-day and another to-morrow; an ornament to the room he comes in as the fair bed and hangings be; and is merely ratable accordingly, fifty or an hundred pounds as his suit is. His main ambition is to get a knighthood, and then an old lady, which if he be happy in, he fills the stage and a coach so much longer: Otherwise, himself and his clothes grow stale together, and he is buried commonly ere he dies, in the gaol or the country.

A Constable

Is a viceroy in the street, and no man stands more upon't that he is the king's officer. His jurisdiction extends to the next stocks, where he has commission for the heels only, and sets the rest of the body at liberty. He is a scarecrow to that ale-house, where he drinks not his morning draught, and apprehends a drunkard for not standing in the king's name Beggars fear him more than the justice, and as much as the whip-stock, whom he delivers over to his subordinate magistrates, the bridewell-man and the beadle. He is a great stickler in the tumults of double jugs, and ventures his head by his place, which is broke many times to keep whole the peace He is never so much in his majesty as in his night-watch, where he sits in his chair of state, a shop-stall, and environed with a guard of halberts, examines all passengers. He is a very careful man in his office, but if he stay up after midnight you shall take him napping

A Down-right Scholar

Is one that has much learning in the ore, unwrought and untried, which time and experience fashions and refines. He is good metal in the inside, though rough and unscoured without, and therefore hated of the courtier, that is quite contrary. The time has got a vein of making him ridiculous, and men laugh at him by tradition, and no unlucky absurdity but is put upon his profession, and done like a scholar. But his fault is only this, that his mind is [somewhat] too much taken up with his mind, and his thoughts not loaden with any carriage besides. He has not put on the quaint garb of the age, which is now a man's [*Imprimis and all the Item.*[1]] He has not humbled his meditations to the industry of compliment, nor afflicted his brain in an elaborate leg. His body is not set upon nice pins, to be turning and flexible for every motion, but his scrape is homely and his nod worse. He cannot kiss his hand and cry, madam, nor talk idle enough to bear her company. His smacking of a gentlewoman is somewhat too savoury, and he mistakes her nose for her lips. A very woodcock would puzzle him in carving, and he wants the logick of a capon. He has not the glib faculty of sliding over a tale, but his words come squeamishly out of his mouth, and the laughter commonly before the jest. He names this word college too often, and his discourse beats too much on the university The perplexity of mannerliness will not let him feed, and he is sharp set at an argument when he should cut his meat. He is discarded for a gamester at all games but one and thirty,[2] and at tables he reaches not beyond doublets His fingers are not long and drawn out to handle a fiddle, but his fist clunched with the habit of disputing. He ascends a horse somewhat sinisterly, though not on the left side, and they both go jogging in grief together He is exceedingly censured by the inns-of-court men,

[1] *Now become a man's total,* first edit.

[2] Of the game called *one and thirty,* I am unable to find any mention in Mr. Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes,* nor is it alluded to in any of the old plays or tracts I have yet met with. A very satisfactory account of *tables* may be read in the interesting and valuable publication just noticed

for that heinous vice, being out of fashion. He cannot speak to a dog in his own dialect, and understands Greek better than the language of a falconer. He has been used to a dark room, and dark clothes, and his eyes dazzle at a sattin suit. The hermitage of his study has made him somewhat uncouth in the world, and men make him worse by staring on him. Thus is he [silly and] ridiculous, and it continues with him for some quarter of a year out of the university. But practise him a little in men, and brush him over with good company, and he shall out-balance those glisterers, as far as a solid substance does a feather, or gold, gold-lace.

A Plain Country Fellow

Is one that manures his ground well, but lets himself lie fallow and untilled He has reason enough to do his business, and not enough to be idle or melancholy. He seems to have the punishment of Nebuchadnezzar, for his conversation is among beasts, and his talons none of the shortest, only he eats not grass, because he loves not salads. His hand guides the plough, and the plough his thoughts, and his ditch and land-mark is the very mound of his meditations He expostulates with his oxen very understandingly, and speaks gee, and ree, better than English. His mind is not much distracted with objects, but if a good fat cow come in his way, he stands dumb and astonished, and though his haste be never so great, will fix here half an hour's contemplation. His habitation is some poor thatched roof, distinguished from his barn by the loop-holes that let out smoke, which the rain had long since washed through, but for the double ceiling of bacon on the inside, which has hung there from his grandsire's time, and is yet to make rashers for posterity. His dinner is his other work, for he sweats at it as much as at his labour; he is a terrible fastener on a piece of beef, and you may hope to stave the guard off sooner. His religion is a part of his copyhold, which he takes from his landlord, and refers it wholly to his discretion · Yet if he give him leave he is a good Christian to his power, (that is,) comes to church in his best clothes, and

sits there with his neighbours, where he is capable only of two prayers, for rain, and fair weather. He apprehends God's blessings only in a good year, or a fat pasture, and never praises him but on *good ground.* Sunday he esteems a day to make merry in, and thinks a bag-pipe as essential to it as evening-prayer, where he walks very solemnly after service with his hands coupled behind him, and censures the dancing of his parish. [His compliment with his neighbour is a good thump on the back, and his salutation commonly some blunt curse.] He thinks nothing to be vices, but pride and ill-husbandry, from which he will gravely dissuade the youth, and has some thrifty hob-nail proverbs to clout his discourse. He is a niggard all the week, except only market-day, where, if his corn sell well, he thinks he may be drunk with a good conscience. His feet never stink so unbecomingly as when he trots after a lawyer in Westminster-hall, and even cleaves the ground with hard scraping in beseeching his worship to take his money. He is sensible of no calamity but the burning a stack of corn or the overflowing of a meadow, and thinks Noah's flood the greatest plague that ever was, not because it drowned the world, but spoiled the grass For death he is never troubled, and if he get in but his harvest before, let it come when it will, he cares not

A PLAYER.

He knows the right use of the world, wherein he comes to play a part and so away His life is not idle, for it is all action, and no man need be more wary in his doings, for the eyes of all men are upon him. His profession has in it a kind of contradiction, for none is more disliked, and yet none more applauded, and he has the misfortune of some scholar, too much wit makes him a fool He is like our painting gentlewomen, seldom in his own face, seldomer in his clothes; and he pleases, the better he counterfeits, except only when he is disguised with straw for gold lace. He does not only personate on the stage, but sometimes in the street, for he is masked still in the habit of a gentleman.

His parts find him oaths and good words, which he keeps for his use and discourse, and makes shew with them of a fashionable companion He is tragical on the stage, but rampant in the tiring-house,[1] and swears oaths there which he never conned. The waiting women spectators are over-ears in love with him, and ladies send for him to act in their chambers. Your inns-of-court men were undone but for him, he is their chief guest and employment, and the sole business that makes them afternoon's-men. The poet only is his tyrant, and he is bound to make his friend's friend drunk at his charge. Shrove-Tuesday he fears as much as the banns, and Lent[2] is more damage to him than the butcher. He was never so much discredited as in one act, and that was of parliament, which gives hostlers privilege before him, for which he abhors it more than a corrupt judge. But to give him his due, one well-furnished actor has enough in him for five common gentlemen, and, if he have a good body, [for six, and] for resolution he shall challenge any Cato, for it has been his practice to die bravely.

A Detractor

Is one of a more cunning and active envy, wherewith he gnaws not foolishly himself, but throws it abroad and would have it blister others. He is commonly some weak parted fellow, and worse minded, yet is strangely ambitious to match others, not by mounting their worth, but bringing them down with his tongue to his own poorness. He is indeed like the red dragon that pursued the woman, for when he cannot over-reach another, he opens his mouth and throws a flood after to drown him. You cannot anger him worse than to do well, and he hates you more bitterly for this, than if you had cheated him of his patrimony with

[1] The room where the performers dress, previous to coming on the stage.

[2] This passage affords a proof of what has been doubted, namely, that the theatres were not permitted to be open during Lent, in the reign of James I. The restriction was waived in the next reign, as we find from the puritanical Prynne —"There are none so much addicted to stage-playes, but when they goe unto places where they cannot have them, or when, as they are suppressed by publike authority, (as in times of pestilence, and in *Lent, till now of late*) can well subsist without them," &c. *Histrio Mastix*, 4to, Lond 1633, page 384.

your own discredit. He is always slighting the general opinion, and wondering why such and such men should be applauded Commend a good divine, he cries postilling; a philologer, pedantry; a poet, rhiming; a school-man, dull wrangling; a sharp conceit, boyishness; an honest man, plausibility. He comes to publick things not to learn, but to catch, and if there be but one solecism, that is all he carries away. He looks on all things with a prepared sourness, and is still furnished with a pish beforehand, or some musty proverb that disrelishes all things whatsoever. If fear of the company make him second a commendation, it is like a law-writ, always with a clause of exception, or to smooth his way to some greater scandal. He will grant you something, and bate more; and this bating shall in conclusion take away all he granted. His speech concludes still with an Oh! but,—and I could wish one thing amended; and this one thing shall be enough to deface all his former commendations. He will be very inward with a man to fish some bad out of him, and make his slanders hereafter more authentic, when it is said a friend reported it. He will inveigle you to naughtiness to get your good name into his clutches, he will be your pandar to have you on the hip for a whore-master, and make you drunk to shew you reeling. He passes the more plausibly because all men have a smatch of his humour, and it is thought freeness which is malice. If he can say nothing of a man, he will seem to speak riddles, as if he could tell strange stories if he would; and when he has racked his invention to the utmost, he ends;—but I wish him well, and therefore must hold my peace. He is always listening and enquiring after men, and suffers not a cloak to pass by him unexamined. In brief, he is one that has lost all good himself, and is loth to find it in another.

A Young Gentleman of the University

Is one that comes there to wear a gown, and to say hereafter, he has been at the university. His father sent him thither because he heard there were the best fencing and dancing-schools; from

these he has his education, from his tutor the over-sight. The first element of his knowledge is to be shewn the colleges, and initiated in a tavern by the way, which hereafter he will learn of himself The two marks of his seniority, is the bare velvet of his gown, and his proficiency at tennis, where when he can once play a set, he is a freshman no more. His study has commonly handsome shelves, his books neat silk strings, which he shews to his father's man, and is loth to untie[1] or take down for fear of misplacing. Upon foul days for recreation he retires thither, and looks over the pretty book his tutor reads to him, which is commonly some short history, or a piece of Euphormio; for which his tutor gives him money to spend next day. His main loytering is at the library, where he studies arms and books of honour, and turns a gentleman critic in pedigrees. Of all things he endures not to be mistaken for a scholar, and hates a black suit though it be made of sattin. His companion is ordinarily some stale fellow, that has been notorious for an ingle to gold hatbands,[2] whom he admires at first, afterwards scorns If he have spirit or wit he may light of better company, and may learn some flashes of wit, which may do him knight's service in the country hereafter. But he is now gone to the inns-of-court, where he studies to forget what he learned before, his acquaintance and the fashion.

A Weak Man

Is a child at man's estate, one whom nature huddled up in haste, and left his best part unfinished. The rest of him is grown to be a man, only his brain stays behind. He is one that has not improved his first rudiments, nor attained any proficiency by his stay in the world: but we may speak of him yet as when he was

[1] It may not be known to those who are not accustomed to meet with old books in their original bindings, or of seeing public libraries of antiquity, that the volumes were formerly placed on the shelves with the *leaves*, not the *back*, in front, and that the two sides of the binding were joined together with *neat silk* or other strings, and, in some instances, where the books were of greater value and curiosity than common, even fastened with gold or silver chains.

[2] A hanger-on to noblemen, who are distinguished at the university by gold tassels to their caps, or in the language of the present day, a *tuft-hunter*

in the bud, a good harmless nature, a well meaning mind[1] [*and no more.*] It is his misery that he now wants a tutor, and is too old to have one. He is two steps above a fool, and a great many more below a wise man: yet the fool is oft given him, and by those whom he esteems most. Some tokens of him are,—he loves men better upon relation than experience, for he is exceedingly enamoured of strangers, and none quicklier aweary of his friend. He charges you at first meeting with all his secrets, and on better acquaintance grows more reserved. Indeed he is one that mistakes much his abusers for friends, and his friends for enemies, and he apprehends your hate in nothing so much as in good counsel One that is flexible with any thing but reason, and then only perverse. [A servant to every tale and flatterer, and whom the last man still works over.] A great affecter of wits and such prettinesses; and his company is costly to him, for he seldom has it but invited. His friendship commonly is begun in a supper, and lost in lending money. The tavern is a dangerous place to him, for to drink and be drunk is with him all one, and his brain is sooner quenched than his thirst. He is drawn into naughtiness with company, but suffers alone, and the bastard commonly laid to his charge. One that will be patiently abused, and take exception a month after when he understands it, and then be abused again into a reconcilement; and you cannot endear him more than by cozening him, and it is a temptation to those that would not. One discoverable in all silliness to all men but himself, and you may take any man's knowledge of him better than his own. He will promise the same thing to twenty, and rather than deny one break with all. One that has no power over himself, over his business, over his friends, but a prey and pity to all; and if his fortunes once sink, men quickly cry, Alas!—and forget him.

A Tobacco-Seller

Is the only man that finds good in it which others brag of but do not; for it is meat, drink, and clothes to him No man

[1] *If he could order his intentions*, first edit

opens his ware with greater seriousness, or challenges your judgment more in the approbation. His shop is the rendezvous of spitting, where men dialogue with their noses, and their communication is smoke.[1] It is the place only where Spain is commended and preferred before England itself. He should be well experienced in the world, for he has daily trial of men's nostrils, and none is better acquainted with humours. He is the piecing commonly of some other trade, which is bawd to his tobacco, and that to his wife, which is the flame that follows this smoke.

A Pot-Poet

Is the dregs of wit, yet mingled with good drink may have some relish. His inspirations are more real than others, for they do but feign a God, but he has his by him. His verse runs like the tap, and his invention as the barrel, ebbs and flows at the mercy of the spigot. In thin drink he aspires not above a ballad, but a cup of sack inflames him, and sets his muse and nose a-fire together. The press is his mint, and stamps him now and then a sixpence or two in reward of the baser coin his pamphlet. His works would scarce sell for three half-pence, though they are given oft for three shillings, but for the pretty title that allures the country gentleman; for which the printer maintains him in ale a fortnight His verses are like his clothes miserable centoes[2] and patches, yet their pace is not altogether so hobbling as an almanack's. The death of a great man or the *burning*[3] of a house furnish him with an argument, and the nine Muses are out strait in mourning gowns, and Melpomene cries fire! fire! [His other poems are but briefs in rhyme, and like the poor Greeks collections to redeem from captivity] He is a man now much employed in commendations of our navy, and a bitter inveigher against the Spaniard His frequentest works go out in single

[1] Minshew calls a tobacconist *fumi-vendulus*, a *smoak-seller*

[2] *Cento*, a composition formed by joining scraps from other authors —*Johnson*. Camden, in his *Remains*, uses it in the same sense. "It is quilted, as it were, out of shreds of divers poets, such as scholars call a *cento*."

[3] *Firing*, first edit

sheets, and are chanted from market to market to a vile tune and a worse throat; whilst the poor country wench melts like her butter to hear them: and these are the stories of some men of Tyburn, or a strange monster out of Germany;[1] or, sitting in a bawdy-house, he writes God's judgments. He drops away at last in some obscure painted cloth, to which himself made the verses,[2] and his life, like a can too full, spills upon the bench. He leaves twenty shillings on the score, which my hostess loses.

A Plausible Man

Is one that would fain run an even path in the world, and jut against no man. His endeavour is not to offend, and his aim the general opinion. His conversation is a kind of continued compliment, and his life a practice of manners. The relation he bears to others, a kind of fashionable respect, not friendship but friendliness, which is equal to all and general, and his kindnesses seldom exceed courtesies. He loves not deeper mutualities, because he would not take sides, nor hazard himself on displeasures, which he principally avoids At your first acquaintance with him

[1] In the hope of discovering some account of the *strange monster* alluded to, I have looked through one of the largest and most curious collections of tracts, relating to the marvellous, perhaps in existence. That bequeathed to the Bodleian, by Robert Burton, the author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy.* Hitherto my researches have been unattended with success, as I have found only two tracts of this description relating to Germany, both of which are in prose, and neither giving any account of a monster.

1 *A most true Relation of a very dreadfull Earthquake, with the lamentable Effectes thereof, which began vpon the* 8 *of December* 1612, *and yet continueth most fearefull in Munster in Germanie Reade and Tremble Translated out of Dutch, by Charles Demetrius, Publike Notarie in London, and printed at Rotterdame, in Holland, at the Signe of the White Gray-hound* (Date cut off. Twenty-six pages, 4to, with a woodcut.)

2. *Miraculous Newes from the Cittie of Holt, in the Lordship of Munster, in Germany, the twentieth of September last past,* 1616, *where there were plainly beheld three dead bodyes rise out of their Graues admonishing the people of Iudgements to come Faithfully translated* (&c &c) *London, Printed for Iohn Barnes, dwelling in Hosie Lane neere Smithfield,* 1616 (4to, twenty pages, woodcut)

[2] It was customary to work or paint proverbs, moral sentences, or scraps of verse, on old tapestry hangings, which were called *painted cloths* Several allusions to this practice may be found in the works of our early English dramatists See Reed's *Shakspeare*, viii. 103

he is exceedingly kind and friendly, and at your twentieth meeting after but friendly still. He has an excellent command over his patience and tongue, especially the last, which he accommodates always to the times and persons, and speaks seldom what is sincere, but what is civil. He is one that uses all companies, drinks all healths, and is reasonable cool in all religions. [He considers who are friends to the company, and speaks well where he is sure to hear of it again.] He can listen to a foolish discourse with an applausive attention, and conceal his laughter at nonsense. Silly men much honour and esteem him, because by his fair reasoning with them as with men of understanding, he puts them into an erroneous opinion of themselves, and makes them forwarder hereafter to their own discovery. He is one *rather well*[1] thought on than beloved, and that love he has is more of whole companies together than any one in particular. Men gratify him notwithstanding with a good report, and whatever vices he has besides, yet having no enemies, he is sure to be an honest fellow.

A Bowl-Alley

Is the place where there are three things thrown away beside bowls, to wit, time, money, and curses, and the last ten for one. The best sport in it is the gamesters, and he enjoys it that looks on and bets not. It is the school of wrangling, and worse than the schools, for men will cavil here for a hair's breadth, and make a stir where a straw would end the controversy. No antick screws men's bodies into such strange flexures, and you would think them here senseless, to speak sense to their bowl, and put their trust in entreaties for a good cast. The betters are the factious noise of the alley, or the gamesters bedesmen that pray for them. They are somewhat like those that are cheated by great men, for they lose their money and must say nothing. It is the best discovery of humours, especially in the losers, where you have fine variety of impatience, whilst some fret, some rail, some swear, and others more ridiculously comfort themselves with philosophy.

[1] *Better*, first edit.

To give you the moral of it; it is the emblem of the world, or the world's ambition: where most are short, or over, or wide or wrong-biassed, and some few justle in to the mistress Fortune And it is here as in the court, where the nearest are most spited, and all blows aimed at the toucher

THE WORLD'S WISE MAN

Is an able and sufficient wicked man: It is a proof of his sufficiency that he is not called wicked, but wise. A man wholly determined in himself and his own ends, and his instruments herein any thing that will do it. His friends are a part of his engines, and as they serve to his works, used or laid by: Indeed he knows not this thing of friend, but if he give you the name, it is a sign he has a plot on you. Never more active in his businesses, than when they are mixed with some harm to others, and it is his best play in this game to strike off and lie in the place. Successful commonly in these undertakings, because he passes smoothly those rubs which others stumble at, as conscience and the like, and gratulates himself much in this advantage. Oaths and falsehood he counts the nearest way, and loves not by any means to go about. He has many fine quips at this folly of plain dealing, but his "tush!" is greatest at religion; yet he uses this too, and virtue and good words, but is less dangerously a devil than a saint. He ascribes all honesty to an unpractisedness in the world, and conscience a thing merely for children. He scorns all that are so silly to *trust*[1] him, and only not scorns his enemy, especially if as bad as himself: he fears him as a man well armed and provided, but sets boldly on good natures, as the most vanquishable One that seriously admires those worst princes, as Sforza, Borgia, and Richard the Third; and calls matters of deep villany things of difficulty. To whom murders are but resolute acts, and treason a business of great consequence. One whom two or three countries make up to this completeness, and he has travelled for the purpose. His deepest endearment

[1] *Hate*, first edit.

is a communication of mischief, and then only you have him fast. His conclusion is commonly one of these two, either a great man, or hanged.

A Surgeon

Is one that has some business about this building or little house of man, whereof nature is as it were the tiler, and he the plaisterer. It is ofter out of reparations than an old parsonage, and then he is set on work to patch it again. He deals most with broken commodities, as a broken head or a mangled face, and his gains are very ill got, for he lives by the hurts of the commonwealth. He differs from a physician as a sore does from a disease, or the sick from those that are not whole, the one distempers you within, the other blisters you without. He complains of the decay of valour in these days, and sighs for that slashing age of sword and buckler, and thinks the law against duels was made merely to wound his vocation. He had been long since undone if the charity of the stews had not relieved him, from whom he has his tribute as duly as the pope; or a wind-fall sometimes from a tavern, if a quart pot hit right The rareness of his custom makes him pitiless when it comes, and he holds a patient longer than our [spiritual] courts a cause He tells you what danger you had been in if he had staid but a minute longer, and though it be but a pricked finger, he makes of it much matter. He is a reasonable cleanly man, considering the scabs he has to deal with, and your finest ladies are now and then beholden to him for their best dressings He curses old gentlewomen and their charity that makes his trade their alms; but his envy is never stirred so much as when gentlemen go over to fight upon Calais sands,[1]

[1] *Calais sands* were chosen by English duellists to decide their quarrels on, as being out of the jurisdiction of the law This custom is noticed in an Epigram written about the period in which this book first appeared.

"When boasting Bembus challeng'd is to fight,
He seemes at first a very Diuell in sight.
Till more aduizde, will not defile [his] hands,
Vnlesse you meete him vpon *Callice sands*"

The Mastive or Young Whelpe of the olde Dog Epigrams and Satyrs 4to, Lond (Printed, as Warton supposes, about 1600)

A passage in *The Beau's Duel or a Soldier for the Ladies*, a comedy, by Mrs.

whom he wishes drowned ere they come there, rather than the French shall get his custom.

A Contemplative Man

Is a scholar in this great university the world; and the same his book and study. He cloisters not his meditations in the narrow darkness of a room, but sends them abroad with his eyes, and his brain travels with his feet. He looks upon man from a high tower, and sees him trulier at this distance in his infirmities and poorness. He scorns to mix himself in men's actions, as he would to act upon a stage; but sits aloft on the scaffold a censuring spectator. [He will not lose his time by being busy, or make so poor a use of the world as to hug and embrace it.] Nature admits him as a partaker of her sports, and asks his approbation, as it were, of her own works and variety. He comes not in company, because he would not be solitary; but finds discourse enough with himself, and his own thoughts are his excellent play-fellows He looks not upon a thing as a yawning stranger at novelties, but his search is more mysterious and inward, and he spells heaven out of earth He knits his observations together, and makes a ladder of them all to climb to God He is free from vice, because he has no occasion to employ it, and is above those ends that make man wicked. He has learnt all that can here be taught him, and comes now to heaven to see more.

A She Precise Hypocrite

Is one in whom good women suffer, and have their truth misinterpreted by her folly. She is one, she knows not what herself if you ask her, but she is indeed one that has taken a toy at the fashion of religion, and is enamoured of the new fangle She is

Centlivre, 4to, 1707, proves that it existed so late as at that day "Your only way is to send him word you'll meet him on *Calais sands*, duelling is unsafe in England for men of estates," &c See also other instances in Dodsley's *Old Plays*, edit 1780, vii. 218, xii. 412.

a nonconformist in a close stomacher and ruff of Geneva print,[1] and her purity consists much in her linen. She has heard of the rag of Rome, and thinks it a very sluttish religion, and rails at the whore of Babylon for a very naughty woman She has left her virginity as a relick of popery, and marries in her tribe without a ring. Her devotion at the church is much in the turning up of her eye, and turning down the leaf in her book, when she hears named chapter and verse. When she comes home, she commends the sermon for the Scripture, and two hours. She loves preaching better than praying, and of preachers, lecturers; and thinks the week day's exercise far more edifying than the Sunday's. Her oftest gossipings are sabbath-day's journeys, where (though an enemy to superstition), she will go in pilgrimage five mile to a silenced minister, when there is a better sermon in her own parish. She doubts of the virgin Mary's salvation, and dares not saint her, but knows her own place in heaven as perfectly as the pew she has a key to She is so taken up with faith she has no room for charity, and understands no good works but what are wrought on the sampler She accounts nothing vices but superstition and an oath, and thinks adultery a less sin than to swear *by my truly*. She rails at other women by the names of Jezebel and Delilah; and calls her own daughters Rebecca and Abigail, and not Ann but Hannah She suffers them not to learn on the virginals,[2] because of their affinity with

[1] Strict devotees were, I believe, noted for the smallness and precision of their *ruffs*, which were termed *in print* from the exactness of the folds So in Mynshul's *Essays*, 4to, 1618. "I vndertooke a warre when I aduentured to speake in *print*, (not in *print as Puritan's ruffes* are set.)" The term of *Geneva print* probably arose from the minuteness of the type used at Geneva. In the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*, a comedy, 4to, 1608, is an expression which goes some way to prove the correctness of this supposition —"I see by thy eyes thou hast bin reading *little Geneua print*,"—and, that *small ruffs* were worn by the puritanical set, an instance appears in Mayne's *City Match*, a comedy, 4to, 1658.

"O miracle!
Out of your *little ruffe*, Dorcas, and in the fashion!
Dost thou hope to be saved?"

From these three extracts it is, I think, clear that a *ruff of Geneva print* means a *small, closely-folded ruff*, which was the distinction of a nonconformist.

[2] A virginal, says Mr. Malone, was strung like a spinnet, and shaped like a

organs, but is reconciled to the bells for the chimes' sake, since they were reformed to the tune of a psalm. She overflows so with the Bible, that she spills it upon every occasion, and will not cudgel her maids without Scripture It is a question whether she is more troubled with the Devil, or the Devil with her · she is always challenging and daring him, and her weapon [[1] is *The Practice of Piety*.] · Nothing angers her so much as that women cannot preach, and in this point only thinks the Brownist erroneous; but what she cannot at the church she does at the table, where she prattles more than any against sense and Antichrist, 'till a capon's wing silence her. She expounds the priests of Baal, reading ministers, and thinks the salvation of that parish as desperate as the Turk's She is a main derider to her capacity of those that are not her preachers, and censures all sermons but bad ones If her husband be a tradesman, she helps him to customers, howsoever to good cheer, and they are a most faithful couple at these meetings, for they never fail. Her conscience is like others' lust, never satisfied, and you might better answer Scotus than her scruples. She is one that thinks she performs all her duties to God in hearing, and shows the fruits of it in talking. She is more fiery against the maypole than her husband, and thinks she might do a Phineas' act to break the pate of the fiddler. She is an everlasting argument, but I am weary of her.

A SCEPTIC IN RELIGION

Is one that hangs in the balance with all sorts of opinions, whereof not one but stirs him and none sways him. A man guiltier of credulity than he is taken to be, for it is out of his belief of everything, that he fully believes nothing. Each religion scares him from its contrary. none persuades him to itself He would be wholly a Christian, but that he is something of an atheist, and wholly an atheist, but that he is partly a Christian, and a perfect

pianoforte the mode of playing on this instrument was therefore similar to that of the organ.

[1] *Weapons are spells no less potent than different, as being the sage sentences of some of her own sectaries* First edit.

heretic, but that there are so many to distract him. He finds reason in all opinions, truth in none: indeed the least reason perplexes him, and the best will not satisfy him. He is at most a confused and wild Christian, not specialized by any form, but capable of all. He uses the land's religion, because it is next him, yet he sees not why he may not take the other, but he chuses this, not as better, but because there is not a pin to choose. He finds doubts and scruples better than resolves them, and is always too hard for himself. His learning is too much for his brain, and his judgment too little for his learning, and his over-opinion of both, spoils all. Pity it was his mischance of being a scholar; for it does only distract and irregulate him, and the world by him. He hammers much in general upon our opinion's uncertainty, and the possibility of erring makes him not venture on what is true He is troubled at this naturalness of religion to countries, that protestantism should be born so in England and popery abroad, and that fortune and the stars should so much share in it. He likes not this connection with the commonweal and divinity, and fears it may be an arch-practice of state. In our differences with Rome he is strangely unfixed, and a new man every new day, as his last discourse-book's meditations transport him. He could like the gray hairs of popery, did not some dotages there stagger him · he would come to us sooner, but our new name affrights him. He is taken with their miracles, but doubts an imposture; he conceives of our doctrine better, but it seems too empty and naked. He cannot drive into his fancy the circumscription of truth to our corner, and is as hardly persuaded to think their old legends true. He approves well of our faith, and more of their works, and is sometimes much affected at the zeal of Amsterdam. His conscience interposes itself betwixt duellers, and whilst it would part both, is by both wounded. He will sometimes propend much to us upon the reading a good writer, and at Bellarmine[1] recalls as far back again, and the fathers justle him from

1 Robert Bellarmine, an Italian jesuit, was born at Monte Pulciano, a town in Tuscany, in the year 1542, and in 1560 entered himself among the jesuits. In 1599 he was honoured with a cardinal's hat, and in 1602 was presented with the archbishopric of Capua this, however, he resigned in 1605, when Pope Paul V. desired

one side to another. Now Socinus[1] and Vorstius[2] afresh torture him, and he agrees with none worse than himself. He puts his foot into heresies tenderly, as a cat in the water, and pulls it out again, and still something unanswered delays him; yet he bears away some parcel of each, and you may sooner pick all religions out of him than one. He cannot think so many wise men should be in error, nor so many honest men out of the way, and his wonder is double when he sees these oppose one another. He hates authority as the tyrant of reason, and you cannot anger him worse than with a father's *dixit*, and yet that many are not persuaded with reason, shall authorise his doubt. In sum, his whole life is a question, and his salvation a greater, which death only concludes, and then he is resolved.

An Attorney.

His antient beginning was a blue coat, since a livery, and his hatching under a lawyer, whence, though but pen-feathered, he

to have him near himself He was employed in the affairs of the court of Rome till 1621, when, leaving the Vatican, he retired to a house belonging to his order, and died September 17, in the same year.

Bellarmine was one of the best controversial writers of his time, few authors have done greater honour to their profession or opinions, and certain it is that none have ever more ably defended the cause of the Romish Church, or contended in favour of the pope with greater advantage. As a proof of Bellarmine's abilities, there was scarcely a divine of any eminence among the Protestants who did not attack him Bayle aptly says, "they made his name resound every where, ut littus Styla, Styla, omne sonaret."

[1] Faustus Socinus is so well known as the founder of the sect which goes under his name, that a few words will be sufficient. He was born in 1539, at Sienna, and imbibed his opinions from the instruction of his uncle, who always had a high opinion of, and confidence in, the abilities of his nephew, to whom he bequeathed all his papers. After living several years in the world, principally at the court of Francis de Medicis, Socinus, in 1577, went into Germany, and began to propagate the principles of his uncle, to which, it is said, he made great additions and alterations of his own. In the support of his opinions, he suffered considerable hardships, and received the greatest insults and persecutions, to avoid which, he retired to a place near Cracow, in Poland, where he died in 1504, at the age of sixty-five.

[2] Conrade Vorstius, a learned divine, who was peculiarly detested by the Calvinists, and who had even the honour to be attacked by King James the First, of England, was born in 1569 Being compelled, through the interposition of James's ambassador, to quit Leyden, where he had attained the divinity-chair, and several other preferments, he retired to Toningen, where he died in 1622, with the strongest tokens of piety and resignation

hath now nested for himself, and with his hoarded pence purchased an office. Two desks and a quire of paper set him up, where he now sits in state for all comers. We can call him no great author, yet he writes very much and with the infamy of the court is maintained in his libels[1] He has some smatch of a scholar, and yet uses Latin very hardly, and lest it should accuse him, cuts it off in the midst, and will not let it speak out He is, contrary to great men, maintained by his followers, that is, his poor country clients, that worship him more than their landlord, and be they never such churls, he looks for their courtesy. He first racks them soundly himself, and then delivers them to the lawyer for execution His looks are very solicitous, importing much haste and dispatch: he is never without his hands full of business, that is—of paper. His skin becomes at last as dry as his parchment, and his face as intricate as the most winding cause. He talks statutes as fiercely as if he had mooted[2] seven years in the inns of court, when all his skill is stuck in his girdle, or in his office-window Strife and wrangling have made him rich, and he is thankful to his benefactor, and nourishes it If he live in a country village, he makes all his neighbours good subjects; for there shall be nothing done but what there is law for. His business gives him not leave to think of his conscience, and when the time, or term, of his life is going out, for doomsday he is secure; for he hopes he has a trick to reverse judgment.

A Partial Man

Is the opposite extreme to a defamer, for the one speaks ill falsely, and the other well, and both slander the truth. He is one that is still weighing men in the scale of comparisons, and puts his

[1] *His style is very constant, for it keeps still the former aforesaid, and yet it seems he is much troubled in it, for he is always humbly complaining—your poor orator* First edit

[2] "To *moote*, a term vsed in the innes of the court, it is the handling of a case, as in the Vniuersitie their disputations," &c So *Minshew*, who supposes it to be derived from the French, *mot, verbum, quasi verba facere, aut sermonem de aliqua re habere. Mootmen* are those who, having studied seven or eight years, are qualified to practise, and appear to answer to our term of barristers.

affections in the one balance, and that sways. His friend always shall do best, and you shall rarely hear good of his enemy. He considers first the man and then the thing, and restrains all merit to what they deserve of him. Commendations he esteems not the debt of worth, but the requital of kindness; and if you ask his reason, shows his interest, and tells you how much he is beholden to that man. He is one that ties his judgment to the wheel of fortune, and they determine giddily both alike. He prefers England before other countries because he was born there, and Oxford before other universities, because he was brought up there, and the best scholar there is one of his own college, and the best scholar there is one of his friends. He is a great favourer of great persons, and his argument is still that which should be antecedent; as,—he is in high place, therefore virtuous,—he is preferred, therefore worthy Never ask his opinion, for you shall hear but his faction, and he is indifferent in nothing but conscience. Men esteem him for this a zealous affectionate, but they mistake him many times, for he does it but to be esteemed so. Of all men he is worst to write an history, for he will praise a Sejanus or Tiberius, and for some petty respect of his all posterity shall be cozened.

A Trumpeter

Is the elephant with the great trunk, for he eats nothing but what comes through this way. His profession is not so worthy as to occasion insolence, and yet no man so much puffed up His face is as brazen as his trumpet, and (which is worse) as a fiddler's, from whom he differeth only in this, that his impudence is dearer. The sea of drink and much wind make a storm perpetually in his cheeks, and his look is like his noise, blustering and tempestuous. He was whilom the sound of war, but now of peace; yet as terrible as ever, for wheresoever he comes they are sure to pay for it He is the common attendant of glittering folks, whether in the court or stage, where he is always the prologue's prologue.[1]

[1] The prologue to our ancient dramas was ushered in by trumpets "Present not yourselfe on the stage (especially at a new play) untill the quaking prologue

He is somewhat in the nature of a hogshead, shrillest when he is empty; when his belly is full he is quiet enough. No man proves life more to be a blast, or himself a bubble, and he is like a counterfeit bankrupt, thrives best when he is blown up.

A Vulgar-spirited Man

Is one of the herd of the world. One that follows merely the common cry, and makes it louder by one. A man that loves none but who are publickly affected, and he will not be wiser than the rest of the town. That never owns a friend after an ill name, or some general imputation, though he knows it most unworthy. That opposes to reason, "thus men say;" and "thus most do;" and "thus the world goes," and thinks this enough to poise the other. That worships men in place, and those only; and thinks all a great man speaks oracles. Much taken with my lord's jest, and repeats you it all to a syllable. One that justifies nothing out of fashion, nor any opinion out of the applauded way That thinks certainly all Spaniards and Jesuits very villains, and is still cursing the pope and Spinola. One that thinks the gravest cassock the best scholar; and the best clothes the finest man. That is taken only with broad and obscene wit, and hisses any thing too deep for him That cries, Chaucer for his money above all our English poets, because the voice has gone so, and he has read none. That is much ravished with such a nobleman's courtesy, and would venture his life for him, because he put off his hat. One that is foremost still to kiss the king's hand, and cries, "God bless his majesty!" loudest. That rails on all men condemned and out of favour, and the first that says "away with the traitors!"—yet struck with much ruth at executions, and for pity to see a man die, could kill the hangman. That comes to London to see it, and the pretty things in it, and, the chief cause of his

hath (by rubbing) got cullor into his cheekes, and is ready to giue the trumpets their cue that hee's vpon point to enter"—Decker's *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609, p 30

"Doe you not know that I am the Prologue? Do you not see this long blacke veluet cloke vpon my backe? *Haue you not sounded thrice?*"—Heywood's *Foure Prentises of London*, 4to, 1615

journey, the bears. That measures the happiness of the kingdom by the cheapness of corn, and conceives no harm of state, but ill trading. Within this compass too, come those that are too much wedged into the world, and have no lifting thoughts above those things, that call to thrive, to do well, and preferment only the grace of God. That aim all studies at this mark, and show you poor scholars as an example to take heed by. That think the prison and want a judgment for some sin, and never like well hereafter of a jail-bird. That know no other content but wealth, bravery, and the town-pleasures; that think all else but idle speculation, and the philosophers madmen. In short, men that are carried away with all outwardnesses, shows, appearances, the stream, the people, for there is no man of worth but has a piece of singularity, and scorns something.

A Plodding Student

Is a kind of alchymist or persecutor of nature, that would change the dull lead of his brain into finer metal, with success many times as unprosperous, or at least not quitting the cost, to wit, of his own oil and candles. He has a strange forced appetite to learning, and to achieve it brings nothing but patience and a body. His study is not great but continual, and consists much in the sitting up till after midnight in a rug-gown and a night-cap, to the vanquishing perhaps of some six lines; yet what he has, he has perfect, for he reads it so long to understand it, till he gets it without book. He may with much industry make a breach into logic, and arrive at some ability in an argument, but for politer studies he dare not skirmish with them, and for poetry accounts it impregnable His invention is no more than the finding out of his papers, and his few gleanings there, and his disposition of them is as just as the book-binder's, a setting or gluing of them together. He is a great discomforter of young students, by telling them what travel it has cost him, and how often his brain turned at philosophy, and makes others fear studying as a cause of duncery. He is a man much given to

apophthegms, which serve him for wit, and seldom breaks any jest but which belonged to some Lacedemonian or Roman in Lycosthenes. He is like a dull carrier's horse, that will go a whole week together, but never out of a foot pace; and he that sets forth on the Saturday shall overtake him.

PAUL'S WALK[1]

Is the land's epitome, or you may call it the lesser isle of Great Britain. It is more than this, the whole world's map, which you may here discern in its perfectest motion, justling and turning It is a heap of stones and men, with a vast confusion of languages, and were the steeple not sanctified, nothing liker Babel. The noise in it is like that of bees, a strange humming or buzz mixed of walking tongues and feet. it is a kind of still roar or loud whisper. It is the great exchange of all discourse, and no business whatsoever but is here stirring and a-foot. It is the synod of all pates politick, jointed and laid together in most serious posture, and they are not half so busy at the parliament It is the antic of tails to tails, and backs to backs, and for vizards you need go no farther than faces. It is the market of young lecturers, whom you may cheapen here at all rates and sizes. It is the general mint of all famous lies, which are here like the legends of popery, first coined and stamped in the church. All inventions are emptied here, and not few pockets. The best sign of a temple in it is, that it is the thieves' sanctuary,

[1] St Paul's Cathedral was, during the reigns of Elizabeth and James, a sort of exchange and public parade, where business was transacted between merchants, and where the fashionables of the day exhibited themselves The reader will find several allusions to this custom in the *variorum* edition of Shakspeare, *K Henry IV.*, part 2 Osborne, in his *Traditional Memoires on the Reigns of Elizabeth and James*, 12mo, 1658, says, "It was the fashion of those times (James I) and did so continue till these, (the interregnum,) for the principal gentry, lords, courtiers, and men of all professions, not merely mechanicks, to meet in *St Paul's* church by eleven, and walk in the middle isle till twelve, and after dinner from three to six, during which time some discoursed of business, others of news" Weever complains of the practice, and says, "it could be wished that walking in the middle isle of *Paules* might be forborne in the time of diuine seruice" *Ancient Funeral Monuments*, 1631, page 373.

which rob more safely in the crowd than a wilderness, whilst every searcher is a bush to hide them. It is the other expence of the day, after plays and tavern; and men have still some oaths left to swear here. The visitants are all men without exceptions, but the principal inhabitants and possessors are stale knights and captains[1] out of service, men of long rapiers and breeches, which after all turn merchants here and traffic for news. Some make it a preface to their dinner, and travel for a stomach; but thriftier men make it their ordinary, and board here very cheap[2] Of all such places it is least haunted with hobgoblins, for if a ghost would walk more, he could not.

A Cook.

The kitchen is his hell, and he the devil in it, where his meat and he fry together. His revenues are showered down from the fat of the land, and he interlards his own grease among, to help the drippings. Choleric he is not by nature so much as his art, and it is a shrewd temptation that the chopping-knife is so near. His weapons ofter offensive are a mess of hot broth and scalding water, and woe be to him that comes in his way. In the kitchen he will domineer and rule the roast in spite of his master, and curses in the very dialect of his calling. His labour is mere blustering and fury, and his speech like that of sailors in a storm, a thousand businesses at once, yet, in all this tumult, he does not love combustion, but will be the first man that shall go and quench it. He is never a good Christian till a hissing pot of ale has slacked him, like water cast on a firebrand, and for that time he is tame and dispossessed. His cunning is not small in architecture, for he builds strange fabrics in paste, towers and

[1] In the *Dramatis Personæ* to Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, Bobadil is styled a *Paul's man*, and Falstaff tells us that he bought Bardolph in *Paul's. King Henry IV*, part 2

[2] —— "You'd not doe
Like your penurious father, who was wont
To walk his dinner out in Paules"
—Mayne's *City Match*, 1658

castles, which are offered to the assault of valiant teeth, and like Darius' palace in one banquet demolished. He is a pitiless murderer of innocents, and he mangles poor fowls with unheard-of tortures; and it is thought the martyrs' persecutions were devised from hence: sure we are, St. Lawrence's gridiron came out of his kitchen. His best faculty is at the dresser, where he seems to have great skill in the tactics, ranging his dishes in order military, and placing with great discretion in the fore-front meats more strong and hardy, and the more cold and cowardly in the rear; as quaking tarts and quivering custards, and such milk-sop dishes, which scape many times the fury of the encounter. But now the second course is gone up and he down in the cellar, where he drinks and sleeps till four o'clock[1] in the afternoon, and then returns again to his regiment.

A Bold Forward Man

Is a lusty fellow in a crowd, that is beholden more to his elbow than his legs, for he does not go, but thrusts well. He is a good shuffler in the world, wherein he is so oft putting forth, that at length he puts on. He can do some things, but dare do much more, and is like a desperate soldier, who will assault any thing where he is sure not to enter. He is not so well opinioned of himself, as industrious to make others, and thinks no vice so prejudicial as blushing. He is still citing for himself, that a candle should not be hid under a bushel; and for his part he will be sure not to hide his, though his candle be but a snuff or rush-candle. Those few good parts he has, he is no niggard in displaying, and is like some needy flaunting goldsmith, nothing in the inner room, but all on the cupboard. If he be a scholar, he has commonly stepped into the pulpit before a degree, yet into that too before he deserved it He never defers St Mary's beyond his regency, and his next sermon is at Paul's cross,[2] [and

[1] The time of supper was about five o'clock

[2] Paul's cross stood in the churchyard of that cathedral, on the north side, towards the east end. It was used for the preaching of sermons to the populace,

that printed.] He loves publick things alive; and for any solemn entertainment he will find a mouth, find a speech who will. He is greedy of great acquaintance and many, and thinks it no small advancement to rise to be known. [He is one that has all the great names at court at his fingers' ends, and their lodgings; and with a saucy, "my lord," will salute the best of them.] His talk at the table is like Benjamin's mess, five times to his part, and no argument shuts him out for a quarreller. Of all disgraces he endures not to be nonplussed, and had rather fly for sanctuary to nonsense which few descry, than to nothing, which all His boldness is beholden to other men's modesty, which rescues him many times from a baffle; yet his face is good armour, and he is dashed out of anything sooner than countenance. Grosser conceits are puzzled in him for a rare man; and wiser men, though they know him, [yet] take him [in] for their pleasure, or as they would do a sculler for being next at hand. Thus preferment at last stumbles on him, because he is still in the way. His companions that flouted him before, now envy him, when they see him come ready for scarlet, whilst themselves lie musty in their old clothes and colleges.

A BAKER.

No man verifies the proverb more, that it is an alms-deed to punish him; for his penalty is a dole,[1] and does the beggars as much good as their dinner. He abhors, therefore, works of charity, and thinks his bread cast away when it is given to the poor. He loves not justice neither, for the weigh-scale's sake, and hates the clerk of the market as his executioner, yet he finds mercy in his offences, and his basket only is sent to prison [2]

and Holinshed mentions two instances of public penance being performed here, in 1534 by some of the adherents of Elizabeth Barton, well known as *the holy maid of Kent*, and in 1536 by Sir Thomas Newman, a priest, who "*bare a faggot at Paules crosse for singing masse with good ale.*"

[1] *Dole* originally signified the portion of alms that was given away at the door of a nobleman. Steevens, note to *Shakspeare.* Sir John Hawkins affirms that the benefaction distributed at Lambeth Palace gate, is to this day called the *dole*

[2] That is, the contents of his basket, if discovered to be of light weight, are distributed to the needy prisoners.

Marry, a pillory is his deadly enemy, and he never hears well after.

A Pretender to Learning

Is one that would make all others more fools than himself, for though he knew nothing, he would not have the world know so much. He conceits nothing in learning but the opinion, which he seeks to purchase without it, though he might with less labour cure his ignorance than hide it. He is indeed a kind of scholar-mountebank, and his art our delusion He is tricked out in all the accoutrements of learning, and at the first encounter none passes better. He is oftener in his study than at his book, and you cannot pleasure him better than to deprehend him: yet he hears you not till the third knock, and then comes out very angry as interrupted. You find him in his *slippers*[1] and a pen in his ear, in which formality he was asleep. His table is spread wide with some classick folio, which is as constant to it as the carpet, and hath laid open in the same page this half year. His candle is always a longer sitter up than himself, and the *boast*[2] of his window at midnight He walks much alone in the posture of meditation, and has a book still before his face in the fields. His pocket is seldom without a Greek testament or Hebrew Bible, which he opens only in the church, and that when some stander-by looks over He has sentences for company, some scatterings of Seneca and Tacitus, which are good upon all occasions. If he reads any thing in the morning, it comes up all at dinner; and as long as that lasts, the discourse is his. He is a great plagiary of tavern wit, and comes to sermons only that he may talk of Austin. His parcels are the mere scrapings from company, yet he complains at parting what time he has lost. He is wondrously capricious to seem a judgment, and listens with a sour attention to what he understands not. He talks much of Scaliger, and Casaubon, and the Jesuits, and prefers some unheard of Dutch name before them all. He has verses to bring in upon these and

1 *Study*, first edit.
2 The first edition reads *post*, and, I think, preferably.

these hints, and it shall go hard but he will wind in his opportunity. He is critical in a language he cannot construe, and speaks seldom under Arminius in divinity. His business and retirement and caller away is his study, and he protests no delight to it comparable. He is a great nomenclator of authors, which he has read in general in the catalogue, and in particular in the title, and goes seldom so far as the dedication. He never talks of anything but learning, and learns all from talking Three encounters with the same men pump him, and then he only puts in or gravely says nothing He has taken pains to be an ass, though not to be a scholar, and is at length discovered and laughed at.

A Herald

Is the spawn or indeed but the resultancy of nobility, and to the making of him went not a generation but a genealogy. His trade is honour, and he sells it and gives arms himself, though he be no gentleman. His bribes are like those of a corrupt judge, for they are the prices of blood. He seems very rich in discourse, for he tells you of whole fields of gold and silver, or, and argent, worth much in French but in English nothing He is a great diver in the streams or issues of gentry, and not a by-channel or bastard escapes him, yea he does with them like some shameless quean, fathers more children on them than ever they begot. His traffick is a kind of pedlary-ware, scutchions, and pennons, and little daggers and lions, such as children esteem and gentlemen, but his pennyworths are rampant, for you may buy three whole brawns cheaper than three boar's heads of him painted. He was sometimes the terrible coat of Mars, but is now for more merciful battles in the tilt-yard, where whosoever is victorious, the spoils are his. He is an art in England but in Wales nature, where they are born with heraldry in their mouths, and each name is a pedigree.

The Common Singing-Men in Cathedral Churches

Are a bad society, and yet a company of good fellows, that roar deep in the quire, deeper in the tavern. They are the eight parts of speech which go to the syntaxis of service, and are distinguished by their noises much like bells, for they make not a concert but a peal. Their pastime or recreation is prayers, their exercise drinking, yet herein so religiously addicted that they serve God oftest when they are drunk. Their humanity is a leg to the residencer, their learning a chapter, for they learn it commonly before they read it; yet the old Hebrew names are little beholden to them, for they miscall them worse than one another. Though they never expound the scripture, they handle it much, and pollute the gospel with two things, their conversation and their thumbs. Upon worky-days, they behave themselves at prayers as at their pots, for they swallow them down in an instant. Their gowns are laced commonly with streamings of ale, superfluities of a cup or throat above measure. Their skill in melody makes them the better companions abroad, and their anthems abler to sing catches. Long lived for the most part they are not, especially the bass, they overflow their bank so oft to drown the organs Briefly, if they escape arresting, they die constantly in God's service; and to take their death with more patience, they have wine and cakes at their funeral, and now they keep[1] the church a great deal better and help to fill it with their bones as before with their noise.

A Shopkeeper.

His shop is his well stuft book, and himself the title-page of it, or index. He utters much to all men, though he sells but to a few, and intreats for his own necessities, by asking others what they lack No man speaks more and no more, for his words are like his wares, twenty of one sort, and he goes over them alike to all comers He is an arrogant commender of his own things; for whatsoever he shows you is the best in the town, though the worst in his shop His conscience was a thing that would have

[1] *Keep* for *attend*

laid upon his hands, and he was forced to put it off, and makes great use of honesty to profess upon. He tells you lies by rote, and not minding, as the phrase to sell in and the language he spent most of his years to learn. He never speaks so truly as when he says he would use you as his brother; for he would abuse his brother, and in his shop thinks it lawful. His religion is much in the nature of his customer's, and indeed the pander to it: and by a mis-interpreted sense of scripture makes a gain of his godliness. He is your slave while you pay him ready money, but if he once befriend you, your tyrant, and you had better deserve his hate than his trust.

A Blunt Man

Is one whose wit is better pointed than his behaviour, and that coarse and unpolished, not out of ignorance so much as humour. He is a great enemy to the fine gentleman, and these things of compliment, and hates ceremony in conversation, as the Puritan in religion. He distinguishes not betwixt fair and double dealing, and suspects all smoothness for the dress of knavery. He starts at the encounter of a salutation as an assault, and beseeches you in choler to forbear your courtesy. He loves not any thing in discourse that comes before the purpose, and is always suspicious of a preface Himself falls rudely still on his matter without any circumstance, except he use an old proverb for an introduction. He swears old out-of date innocent oaths, as, by the mass! by our lady! and such like, and though there be lords present, he cries, my masters! He is exceedingly in love with his humour, which makes him always profess and proclaim it, and you must take what he says patiently, because he is a plain man. His nature is his excuse still, and other men's tyrant, for he must speak his mind, and that is his worst, and craves your pardon most injuriously for not pardoning you. His jests best become him, because they come from him rudely and unaffected, and he has the luck commonly to have them famous. He is one that will do more than he will speak, and yet speak more than he will

hear; for though he love to touch others, he is touchy himself, and seldom to his own abuses replies but with his fists. He is as squeazy[1] of his commendations, as his courtesy, and his good word is like an eulogy in a satire. He is generally better favoured than he favours, as being commonly well expounded in his bitterness, and no man speaks treason more securely. He chides great men with most boldness, and is counted for it an honest fellow. He is grumbling much in behalf of the commonwealth, and is in prison oft for it with credit. He is generally honest, but more generally thought so, and his downrightness credits him, as a man not well bended and crookened to the times. In conclusion, he is not easily bad in whom this quality is nature, but the counterfeit is most dangerous, since he is disguised in a humour that professes not to disguise.

A Handsome Hostess

Is the fairer commendation of an inn, above the fair sign, or fair lodgings. She is the loadstone that attracts men of iron, gallants and roarers, where they cleave sometimes long, and are not easily got off. Her lips are your welcome, and your entertainment her company, which is put into the reckoning too, and is the dearest parcel in it. No citizen's wife is demurer than she at the first greeting, nor draws in her mouth with a chaster simper, but you may be more familiar without distaste, and she does not startle at anything. She is the confusion of a pottle of sack more than would have been spent elsewhere, and her little jugs are accepted to have her kiss excuse them. She may be an honest woman, but is not believed so in her parish, and no man is a greater infidel in it than her husband.

A Critic

Is one that has spelled over a great many books, and his observation is the orthography. He is the surgeon of old authors, and

[1] *Squeazy*, niggardly

heals the wounds of dust and ignorance. He converses much in fragments and *desunt multa's*, and if he piece it up with two lines he is more proud of that book than the author. He runs over all sciences to peruse their syntaxis, and thinks all learning comprised in writing Latin. He tastes styles as some discreeter palates do wine; and tells you which is genuine, which sophisticate and bastard. His own phrase is a miscellany of old words, deceased long before the Cæsars, and entombed by Varro, and the modernest man he follows is Plautus. He writes *omneis* at length, and *quidquid*, and his gerund is most inconformable. He is a troublesome vexer of the dead, which after so long sparing must rise up to the judgment of his castigations He is one that makes all books sell dearer, whilst he swells them into folios with his comments.

A Sergeant, or Catch-pole

Is one of God's judgments, and which our roarers do only conceive terrible. He is the properest shape wherein they fancy Satan; for he is at most but an arrester, and hell a dungeon He is the creditors' hawk, wherewith they seize upon flying birds, and fetch them again in his talons He is the period of young gentlemen, or their full stop, for when he meets with them they can go no farther His ambush is a shop-stall, or close lane, and his assault is cowardly at your back. He respites you in no place but a tavern, where he sells his minutes dearer than a clockmaker. The common way to run from him is through him, which is often attempted and atchieved, [[1] *and no man is more beaten out of charity*] He is one makes the street more dangerous than the highways, and men go better provided in their walks than their journey He is the first handsel of the young rapiers of the templers, and they are as proud of his repulse as an Hungarian of killing a Turk He is a moveable prison, and his hands two manacles hard to be filed off. He is an occasioner of disloyal thoughts

[1] *And the clubs out of charity knock him down*, first edit.

familiarity. A man well poised in all humours, in whom nature shewed most geometry, and he has not spoiled the work. A man of more wisdom than wittiness, and brain than fancy; and abler to any thing than to make verses.

A Modest Man

Is a far finer man than he knows of, one that shews better to all men than himself, and so much the better to all men, as less to himself;[1] for no quality sets a man off like this, and commends him more against his will: and he can put up any injury sooner than this (as he calls it) your irony. You shall hear him confute his commenders, and giving reasons how much they are mistaken, and is angry almost if they do not believe him. Nothing threatens him so much as great expectation, which he thinks more prejudicial than your under-opinion, because it is easier to make that false, than this true. He is one that sneaks from a good action, as one that had pilfered, and dare not justify it, and is more blushingly reprehended in this, than others in sin that counts all publick declarings of himself, but so many penances before the people; and the more you applaud him the more you abash him, and he recovers not his face a month after. One that is easy to like any thing of another man's, and thinks all he knows not of him better than that he knows. He excuses that to you, which another would impute, and if you pardon him, is satisfied. One that stands in no opinion because it is his own, but suspects it rather, because it is his own, and is confuted and thanks you. He sees nothing more willingly than his errors, and it is his error sometimes to be too soon persuaded. He is content to be auditor where he only can speak, and content to go away and think himself instructed. No man is so weak that he is ashamed to learn of, and is less ashamed to confess it, and he finds many times even in the dust, what others overlook and

[1] This, as well as many other passages in this work, has been appropriated by John Dunton, the celebrated bookseller, as his own. See his character of Mr Samuel Hool, in *Dunton's Life and Errors*, 8vo, 1705, p 337

lose. Every man's presence is a kind of bridle to him, to stop the roving of his tongue and passions: and even impudent men look for this reverence from him, and distaste that in him which they suffer in themselves, as one in whom vice is ill-favoured and shews more scurvily than another. An unclean jest shall shame him more than a bastard another man, and he that got it shall censure him among the rest. He is coward to nothing more than an ill tongue, and whosoever dare lie on him hath power over him; and if you take him by his look, he is guilty. The main ambition of his life is not to be discredited; and for other things, his desires are more limited than his fortunes, which he thinks preferment though never so mean, and that he is to do something to deserve this. He is too tender to venture on great places, and would not hurt a dignity to help himself. If he do, it was the violence of his friends constrained him, how hardly soever he obtain it he was harder persuaded to seek it.

A Mere Empty Wit

Is like one that spends on the stock without any revenues coming in, and will shortly be no wit at all; for learning is the fuel to the fire of wit, which, if it wants this feeding, eats out itself A good conceit or two bates of such a man, and makes a sensible weakening in him; and his brain recovers it not a year after The rest of him are bubbles and flashes, darted out on a sudden, which, if you take them while they are warm, may be laughed at, if they are cool, are nothing He speaks best on the present apprehension, for meditation stupefies him, and the more he is in travail, the less he brings forth. His things come off then, as in a nauseateing stomach, where there is nothing to cast up, strains and convulsions, and some astonishing bombast, which men only, till they understand, are scared with. A verse or some such work he may sometimes get up to, but seldom above the stature of an epigram, and that with some relief out of Martial, which is the ordinary companion of his pocket, and he reads him as he

were inspired. Such men are commonly the trifling things of the world, good to make merry the company, and whom only men have to do withal when they have nothing to do, and none are less their friends than who are most their company. Here they vent themselves over a cup somewhat more lastingly, all their words go for jests, and all their jests for nothing. They are nimble in the fancy of some ridiculous thing, and reasonable good in the expression. Nothing stops a jest when it's coming, neither friends, nor danger, but it must out howsoever, though their blood come out after, and then they emphatically rail, and are emphatically beaten, and commonly are men reasonable familiar to this. Briefly they are such whose life is but to laugh and be laughed at; and only wits in jest and fools in earnest.

A Drunkard

Is one that will be a man to-morrow morning, but is now what you will make him, for he is in the power of the next man, and if a friend the better. One that hath let go himself from the hold and stay of reason, and lies open to the mercy of all temptations. No lust but finds him disarmed and fenceless, and with the least assault enters. If any mischief escape him, it was not his fault, for he was laid as fair for it as he could Every man sees him, as Cham saw his father the first of this sin, an uncovered man, and though his garment be on, uncovered; the secretest parts of his soul lying in the nakedest manner visible· all his passions come out now, all his vanities, and those shamefuller humours which discretion clothes. His body becomes at last like a miry way, where the spirits are beclogged and cannot pass· all his members are out of office, and his heels do but trip up one another He is a blind man with eyes, and a cripple with legs on. All the use he has of this vessel himself, is to hold thus much, for his drinking is but a scooping in of so many quarts, which are filled out into his body, and that filled out again into the room, which is commonly as drunk as he. Tobacco serves

good turn, and not be ungrateful; and men reckon it among their calamities to be beholden unto him. No vice draws with it a more general hostility, and makes men readier to search into his faults, and of them, his beginning; and no tale so unlikely but is willingly heard of him and believed. And commonly such men are of no merit at all, but make out in pride what they want in worth, and fence themselves with a stately kind of behaviour from that contempt which would pursue them. They are men whose preferment does us a great deal of wrong, and when they are down, we may laugh at them without breach of good-nature.

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Acquaintance

Is the first draught of a friend, whom we must lay down oft thus, as the foul copy, before we can write him perfect and true: for from hence, as from a probation, men take a degree in our respect, till at last they wholly possess us: for acquaintance is the hoard, and friendship the pair chosen
he is cast behind his
last we begin to impropriate and ... and cloak are, and he is but
lay in common with others His properness[2] qualifies him, and of
up to this, it falls as ... his head he has little use but to keep it
old acqua... good dull wit best suits with him to comprehend com-
sake, and ... nd a trencher; for any greater store of brain it makes
somewhat ... multuous, and seldom thrives with him. He follows
dr... master's steps, as well in conditions as the street: if he wench or drink, he comes him in an under kind, and thinks it a part of his duty to be like him. He is indeed wholly his master's; of

[1] *In querpo* is a corruption from the Spanish word *cuérpo* "*En cuérpo, a man without a cloak*"—Pineda's *Dictionary*, 1740 The present signification evidently is, that a gentleman without his serving-man, or attendant, is but half dressed — he possesses only in part the appearance of a man of fashion. "*To walk in cuerpo, is to go without a cloak*"—*Glossographia Anglicana Nova*, 8vo, 1719

[2] *Proper* was frequently used by old writers for comely, or handsome. Shakspeare has several instances of it

> "I do mistake my person all this while:
> Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
> Myself to be a marvellous *proper* man"
> —*K. Richard III.* Act

...n into
...acco serves

Some men are familiar with all, and those commonly friends to none; for friendship is a sullener thing, is a contractor and taker up of our affections to some few, and suffers them not loosely to be scattered on all men. The poorest tie of acquaintance is that of place and country, which are shifted as the place, and missed but while the fancy of that continues. These are only then gladdest of other, when they meet in some foreign region, where the encompassing of strangers unites them closer, till at last they get new, and throw off one another. Men of parts and eminency, as their acquaintance is more sought for, so they are generally more staunch of it, not out of pride only, but fear to let too many in too near them: for it is with men as with pictures, the best show better afar off and at distance, and the closer you come to them the coarser they are. The best judgment of a man is taken from his acquaintance, for friends and enemies are both partial, whereas these see him truest because calmest, and are no way so engaged to lie for him. And men that grow strange after

not bate you an inc... piece together again, as those that have
gesture bespeak how much he ... of a mutual experience disrelishing
he tells you, and concludes every pe...
you must and shall know. He is one tha...
if he were angry, but especially on those of his ac...
whom he beats off with a surlier distance, as men ap... re now, for
him, because they have known him: and for this ca... ...rther you
not you 'till you have told him your name, which he thin... ...all-
has heard, but forgot, and with much ado seems to recover. If you have any thing to use him in, you are his vassal for that time, and must give him the patience of any injury, which he does only to shew what he may do He snaps you up bitterly, because he will be offended, and tells you, you are saucy and troublesome, and sometimes takes your money in this language. His very courtesies are intolerable, they are done with such an arrogance and imputation, and he is the only man you may hate after a

1 "Why you know an'a man have not skill in the *hawking and hunting* languages now-a-days, I'll not give a rush for him"—*Master Stephen Every Man in his Humour.*

good turn, and not be ungrateful; and men reckon it among their calamities to be beholden unto him. No vice draws with it a more general hostility, and makes men readier to search into his faults, and of them, his beginning; and no tale so unlikely but is willingly heard of him and believed. And commonly such men are of no merit at all, but make out in pride what they want in worth, and fence themselves with a stately kind of behaviour from that contempt which would pursue them. They are men whose preferment does us a great deal of wrong, and when they are down, we may laugh at them without breach of good-nature.

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A Mere Complimental Man

Is one to be held off still at the same distance you are now, for you shall have him but thus, and if you enter on him farther you lose him. Methinks Virgil well expresses him in those well-behaved ghosts that Æneas met with, that were friends to talk with, and men to look on, but if he grasped them, but air.[1] He is one that lies kindly to you, and for good fashion's sake, and 'tis discourtesy in you to believe him. His words are so many fine phrases set together, which serve equally for all men, and are equally to no purpose. Each fresh encounter with a man puts him to the same part again, and he goes over to you what

[1] "Ter conatus ibi collo dare brachia circum:
Ter frustra conprensa manus effugit imago,
Par levibus ventis, volucrique simillima somno."
—*Virgil, Æn.* vi. *v* 700

he said to him was last with him: he kisses your hands as he kissed his before, and is your servant to be commanded, but you shall intreat of him nothing. His proffers are universal and general, with exceptions against all particulars. He will do any thing for you, but if you urge him to this, he cannot, or to that, he is engaged; but he will do any thing. Promises he accounts but a kind of mannerly words, and in the expectation of your manners not to exact them: if you do, he wonders at your ill breeding, that cannot distinguish betwixt what is spoken and what is meant. No man gives better satisfaction at the first, and comes off more with the elegy of a kind gentleman, till you know him better, and then you know him for nothing. And commonly those most rail at him, that have before most commended him. The best is, he cozens you in a fair manner, and abuses you with great respect.

A Poor Fiddler

Is a man and a fiddle out of case, and he in worse case than his fiddle. One that rubs two sticks together (as the Indians strike fire), and rubs a poor living out of it, partly from this, and partly from your charity, which is more in the hearing than giving him, for he sells nothing dearer than to be gone. He is just so many strings above a beggar, though he have but two, and yet he begs too, only not in the downright 'for God's sake,' but with a shrugging 'God bless you,' and his face is more pined than the blind man's Hunger is the greatest pain he takes, except a broken head sometimes, and the labouring John Dory.[1] Otherwise his life is so many fits of mirth, and 'tis some mirth to see him. A good feast shall draw him five miles by the nose, and you shall track him again by the scent His other pilgrimages are fairs and good houses, where his devotion is great to the Christmas; and no man loves good times better. He is in league with the tapsters for the worshipful of the inn, whom he torments next morning with his art, and has their names more perfect than their men. A new song is better to him than a new jacket, especially

[1] Probably the name of some difficult tune.

if bawdy, which he calls merry; and hates naturally the puritan, as an enemy to this mirth. A country wedding and Whitsun-ale are the two main places he domineers in, where he goes for a musician, and overlooks the bag-pipe. The rest of him is drunk, and in the stocks.

A Meddling Man

Is one that has nothing to do with his business, and yet no man busier than he, and his business is most in his face. He is one thrusts himself violently into all employments, unsent for, unfeed, and many times unthanked; and his part in it is only an eager bustling, that rather keeps ado than does any thing. He will take you aside, and question you of your affair, and listen with both ears, and look earnestly, and then it is nothing so much yours as his. He snatches what you are doing out of your hands, and cries "give it me," and does it worse, and lays an engagement upon you too, and you must thank him for this pains He lays you down an hundred wild plots, all impossible things, which you must be ruled by perforce, and he delivers them with a serious and counselling forehead, and there is a great deal more wisdom in this forehead than his head. He will woo for you, solicit for you, and woo you to suffer him; and scarce any thing done, wherein his letter, or his journey, or at least himself is not seen if he have no task in it else, he will rail yet on some side, and is often beaten when he need not. Such men never thoroughly weigh any business, but are forward only to shew their zeal, when many times this forwardness spoils it, and then they cry they have done what they can, that is, as much hurt Wise men still deprecate these men's kindnesses, and are beholden to them rather to let them alone, as being one trouble more in all business, and which a man shall be hardest rid of.

A Good Old Man

Is the best antiquity, and which we may with least vanity admire One whom time hath been thus long a working, and like winter fruit, ripened when others are shaken down. He hath taken out

as many lessons of the world as days, and learnt the best thing in it; the vanity of it. He looks over his former life as a danger well past, and would not hazard himself to begin again. His lust was long broken before his body, yet he is glad this temptation is broke too, and that he is fortified from it by this weakness. The next door of death sads him not, but he expects it calmly as his turn in nature; and fears more his recoiling back to childishness than dust. All men look on him as a common father, and on old age, for his sake, as a reverent thing. His very presence and face puts vice out of countenance, and makes it an indecorum in a vicious man. He practises his experience on youth without the harshness of reproof, and in his counsel is good company. He has some old stories still of his own seeing to confirm what he says, and makes them better in the telling, yet is not troublesome neither with the same tale again, but remembers with them how oft he has told them. His old sayings and morals seem proper to his beard; and the poetry of Cato does well out of his mouth, and he speaks it as if he were the author. He is not apt to put the boy on a younger man, nor the fool on a boy, but can distinguish gravity from a sour look; and the less testy he is, the more regarded. You must pardon him if he like his own times better than these, because those things are follies to him now that were wisdom then, yet he makes us of that opinion too when we see him, and conjecture those times by so good a relic. He is a man capable of a dearness with the youngest men, yet he not youthfuller for them, but they older for him; and no man credits more his acquaintance. He goes away at last too soon whensoever, with all men's sorrow but his own; and his memory is fresh, when it is twice as old.

A Flatterer

Is the picture of a friend, and as pictures flatter many times, so he oft shews fairer than the true substance: his look, conversation, company, and all the outwardness of friendship more pleasing by odds, for a true friend dare take the liberty to be sometimes

offensive, whereas he is a great deal more cowardly, and will not let the least hold go, for fear of losing you. Your mere sour look affrights him, and makes him doubt his cashiering. And this is one sure mark of him, that he is never first angry, but ready though upon his own wrong to make satisfaction. Therefore he is never yoked with a poor man, or any that stands on the lower ground, but whose fortunes may tempt his pains to deceive him. Him he learns first, and learns well, and grows perfecter in his humours than himself, and by this door enters upon his soul, of which he is able at last to take the very print and mark, and fashion his own by it, like a false key to open all your secrets. All his affections jump[1] even with yours, he is before-hand with your thoughts, and able to suggest them unto you. He will commend to you first what he knows you like, and has always some absurd story or other of your enemy, and then wonders how your two opinions should jump in that man. He will ask your counsel sometimes as a man of deep judgment, and has a secret of purpose to disclose to you, and, whatsoever you say, is persuaded. He listens to your words with great attention, and sometimes will object that you may confute him, and then protests he never heard so much before. A piece of wit bursts him with an overflowing laughter, and he remembers it for you to all companies, and laughs again in the telling. He is one never chides you but for your virtues, as, *you are too good, too honest, too religious*, when his chiding may seem but the earnester commendation, and yet would fain chide you out of them too, for your vice is the thing he has use of, and wherein you may best use him, and he is never more active than in the worst diligences. Thus, at last, he possesses you from yourself, and then expects but his hire to betray you: and it is a happiness not to discover him; for as long as you are happy, you shall not.

[1] *Jump* here signifies to coincide. The old play of *Soliman and Perseda* uses it in the same sense.

"Wert thou my friend, thy mind would *jump* with mine."

So in *Pierce Penilesse his Supplication to the Divele*.—"Not two of them *jump* in one tale," p. 29

A High-Spirited Man

Is one that looks like a proud man, but is not: you may forgive him his looks for his worth's sake, for they are only too proud to be base. One whom no rate can buy off from the least piece of his freedom, and make him digest an unworthy thought an hour. He cannot crouch to a great man to possess him, nor fall low to the earth to rebound never so high again. He stands taller on his own bottom, than others on the advantage ground of fortune, as having solidly that honour of which title is but the pomp He does homage to no man for his great style's sake, but is strictly just in the exaction of respect again, and will not bate you a compliment. He is more sensible of a neglect than an undoing, and scorns no man so much as his surly threatener A man quickly fired, and quickly laid down with satisfaction, but remits any injury sooner than words: only to himself he is irreconcileable, whom he never forgives a disgrace, but is still stabbing himself with the thought of it, and no disease that he dies of sooner. He is one had rather perish than be beholden for his life, and strives more to quit with his friend than his enem Fortune may kill him but not deject him, nor make him fall an humbler key than before, but he is now loftier than ever in own defence; you shall hear him talk still after thousands, he becomes it better than those that have it. One that is al the world and its drudgery, and cannot pull down his thou to the pelting businesses of life He would sooner accept gallows than a mean trade, or anything that might disparage height of man in him, and yet thinks no death comparably b to hanging neither One that will do nothing upon comma though he would do it otherwise, and if ever he do evil, it when he is dared to it. He is one that if fortune equal his worth, puts a lustre in all preferment, but if otherwise he be too much crossed, turns desperately melancholy, and scorns mankind.

A Mere Gull Citizen

Is one much about the same model and pitch of brain that the clown is, only of somewhat a more polite and finical ignorance, and as sillily scorns him as he is sillily admired by him. The quality of the city hath afforded him some better dress of clothes and language, which he uses to the best advantage, and is so much the more ridiculous. His chief education is the visits of his shop, where if courtiers and fine ladies resort, he is infected with so much more eloquence, and if he catch one word extraordinary, wears it forever. You shall hear him mince a compliment sometimes that was never made for him; and no man pays dearer for good words,—for he is oft paid with them. He is suited rather fine than in the fashion, and has still something to distinguish him from a gentleman, though his doublet cost more; especially on Sundays, bridegroom-like, where he carries the state of a very solemn man, and keeps his pew as his shop; and it is a great part of his devotion to feast the minister. But his chiefest guest is a customer, which is the greatest relation he acknowledges, especially if you be an honest gentleman, that is trust him hea cozen you enough. His friendships are a kind of gossiping flowndships, and those commonly within the circle of his trade, wherein he is careful principally to avoid two things, that is poor men and suretyships. He is a man will spend his sixpence with a great deal of imputation,[1] and no man makes more of a pint of wine than he. He is one bears a pretty kind of foolish love to scholars, and to Cambridge especially for Sturbridge[2] fair's sake; and of these all are truants to him that are not preachers, and of these the loudest the best; and he is much ravished with the

[1] *Imputation* here must be used for *consequence*, of which I am, however, unable to produce any other instance

[2] *Sturbridge fair* was the great mart for business, and resort for pleasure, in Bishop Earle's day It is alluded to in Randolph's *Conceited Pedlar*, 4to, 1630 —

> "I am a pedlar, and I sell my ware
> This braue Saint Bartholmew or *Sturbridge faire.*"

Edward Ward, the author of *The London Spy*, gives a whimsical account of a journey to Sturbridge, in the second volume of his works.

bodies to be trusted, to whom only they sell that lust which they buy of others, and make their wife a revenue to their mistress. They are men not easily reformed, because they are so little ill-persuaded of their illness, and have such pleas from man and nature. Besides it is a jeering and flouting vice, and apt to put jests on the reprover. Their disease only converts them, and that only when it kills them.

A Rash Man

Is a man too quick for himself, one whose actions put a leg still before his judgement, and out-run it Every hot fancy or passion is the signal that sets him forward, and his reason comes still in the rear. One that has brain enough, but not patience to digest a business, and stay the leisure of a second thought. All deliberation is to him a kind of sloth and freezing of action, and it shall burn him rather than take cold He is always resolved at first thinking, and the ground he goes upon is, *hap what may* Thus he enters not, but throws himself violently upon all things, and for the most part is as violently upon all off again; and as an obstinate "*I will*" was the preface to his undertaking, so his conclusion is commonly "*I would I had not;*" for such men seldom do anything that they are not forced to take in pieces again, and are so much farther off from doing it, as they have done already. His friends are with him as his physician, sought to only in his sickness and extremity, and to help him out of that mire he has plunged himself into; for in the suddenness of his passions he would hear nothing, and now his ill success has allayed him he hears too late He is a man still swayed with the first reports, and no man more in the power of a pick-thank than he He is one will fight first, and then expostulate, condemn first, and then examine. He loses his friend in a fit of quarrelling, and in a fit of kindness undoes himself; and then curses the occasion drew this mischief upon him, and cries God mercy for it, and curses again His repentance is merely a rage against himself, and he does something in itself to be repented again. He is a man whom fortune must go against much to make

him happy, for had he been suffered his own way, he had been undone.

An Affected Man

Is an extraordinary man in ordinary things. One that would go a strain beyond himself, and is taken in it. A man that overdoes all things with great solemnity of circumstance, and whereas with more negligence he might pass better, makes himself with a great deal of endeavour ridiculous The fancy of some odd quaintnesses have put him clean beside his nature, he cannot be that he would, and hath lost what he was He is one must be point-blank in every trifle, as if his credit and opinion hung upon it, the very space of his arms in an embrace studied before and premeditated, and the figure of his countenance of a fortnight's contriving; he will not curse you without-book and extempore, but in some choice way, and perhaps as some great man curses Every action of his cries,—"*Do ye mark me?*" and men do mark him how absurd he is: for affectation is the most betraying humour, and nothing that puzzles a man less to find out than this. All the actions of his life are like so many things bodged in without any natural cadence or connection at all. You shall track him all through like a school-boy's theme, one piece from one author and this from another, and join all in this general, that they are none of his own. You shall observe his mouth not made for that tone, nor his face for that simper; and it is his luck that his finest things most misbecome him. If he affect the gentleman as the humour most commonly lies that way, not the least punctilio of a fine man, but he is strict in to a hair, even to their very negligences, which he cons as rules. He will not carry a knife with him to wound reputation, and pay double a reckoning, rather than ignobly question it: and he is full of this—ignobly—and nobly—and genteely; and this mere fear to trespass against the genteel way puts him out most of all. It is a humour runs through many things besides, but is an ill favoured ostentation in all, and thrives not:—and the best use of such men is, they are good parts in a play.

A Profane Man

Is one that denies God as far as the law gives him leave; that is, only does not say so in downright terms, for so far he may go. A man that does the greatest sins calmly, and as the ordinary actions of life, and as calmly discourses of it again. He will tell you his business is to break such a commandment, and the breaking of the commandment shall tempt him to it. His words are but so many vomitings cast up to the loathsomeness of the hearers, only those of his company[1] loath it not. He will take upon him with oaths to pelt some tenderer man out of his company, and makes good sport at his conquest over the puritan fool. The Scripture supplies him for jests, and he reads it on purpose to be thus merry: he will prove you his sin out of the Bible, and then ask if you will not take that authority. He never sees the church but of purpose to sleep in it, or when some silly man preaches, with whom he means to make sport, and is most jocund in the church. One that nick-names clergymen with all the terms of reproach, as "*rat*, *black-coat*," and the like; which he will be sure to keep up, and never calls them by other: that sings psalms when he is drunk, and cries "*God mercy*" in mockery, for he must do it. He is one seems to dare God in all his actions, but indeed would out-dare the opinion of Him, which would else turn him desperate, for atheism is the refuge of such sinners, whose repentance would be only to hang themselves

A Coward

Is the man that is commonly most fierce against the coward, and labouring to take off this suspicion from himself, for the opinion of valour is a good protection to those that dare not use it. No man is valianter than he is in civil company, and where he thinks no danger may come on it, and is the readiest man to fall upon a drawer and those that must not strike again wonderful exceptious and cholerick where he sees men are loth to give him

[1] Those of the same habits with himself, his associates

occasion, and you cannot pacify him better than by quarrelling with him. The hotter you grow, the more temperate man is he; he protests he always honoured you, and the more you rail upon him, the more he honours you, and you threaten him at last into a very honest quiet man. The sight of a sword wounds him more sensibly than the stroke, for before that come he is dead already. Every man is his master that dare beat him, and every man dares that knows him. And he that dare do this is the only man can do much with him; for his friend he cares not for, as a man that carries no such terror as his enemy, which for this cause only is more potent with him of the two: and men fall out with him of purpose to get courtesies from him, and be bribed again to a reconcilement. A man in whom no secret can be bound up, for the apprehension of each danger loosens him, and makes him bewray both the room and it He is a Christian merely for fear of hell-fire; and if any religion could fright him more, would be of that.

A Sordid Rich Man

Is a beggar of a fair estate, of whose wealth we may say as of other men's unthriftiness, that it has brought him to this: when he had nothing he lived in another kind of fashion. He is a man whom men hate in his own behalf for using himself thus, and yet, being upon himself, it is but justice, for he deserves it. Every accession of a fresh heap bates him so much of his allowance, and brings him a degree nearer starving. His body had been long since desperate, but for the reparation of other men's tables, where he hoards meats in his belly for a month, to maintain him in hunger so long. His clothes were never young in our memory, you might make long epochas from them, and put them into the almanack with the dear year[1] and the great

[1] The *dear year* here, I believe, alluded to, was in 1574, and is thus described by that faithful and valuable historian Holinshed —"This yeare, about Lammas, wheat was sold at London for three shillings the bushell but shortlie after, it was raised to foure shillings, fiue shillings, six shillings, and, before Christmas, to a noble, and seuen shillings, which so continued long after. Beefe was sold for

employment for his servants He talks loud, and uncleanly, and scurvily as a part of state, and they hear him with reverence. All good qualities are below him, and especially learning, except some parcels of the chronicle and the writing of his name, which he learns to write not to be read. He is merely of his servants' faction, and their instrument for their friends and enemies, and is always least thanked for his own courtesies They that fool him most do most with him, and he little thinks how many laugh at him bare-head No man is kept in ignorance more of himself and men, for he hears naught but flattery; and what is fit to be spoken, truth, with so much preface that it loses itself. Thus he lives till his tomb be made ready, and is then a grave statue to posterity.

A Poor Man

Is the most impotent man, though neither blind nor lame, as wanting the more necessary limbs of life, without which limbs are a burden A man unfenced and unsheltered from the gusts of the world, which blow all in upon him, like an unroofed house, and the bitterest thing he suffers is his neighbours. All men put on to him a kind of churlisher fashion, and even more plausible natures are churlish to him, as who are nothing advantaged by his opinion Men fall out with him before-hand to prevent friendship, and his friends too to prevent engagements, or if they own him 'tis in private and a by-room, and on condition not to know them before company All vice put together is not half so scandalous, nor sets off our acquaintance farther, and even those that are not friends for ends do not love any dearness with such men The least courtesies are upbraided to him, and himself thanked for none, but his best services suspected as handsome sharking and tricks to get money. And we shall observe it in knaves themselves, that your beggarliest knaves are the greatest, or thought so at least, for those that have wit to thrive by it have art not to seem so Now a poor man has not vizard enough to mask his vices, nor ornament enough to set forth his virtues, but both are naked and unhandsome; and though no man is necessitated to

more ill, yet no man's ill is less excused, but it is thought a kind of impudence in him to be vicious, and a presumption above his fortune. His good parts lie dead upon his hands, for want of matter to employ them, and at the best are not commended but pitied, as virtues ill placed, and we may say of him, "Tis an honest man, but tis pity;" and yet those that call him so will trust a knave before him. He is a man that has the truest speculation of the world, because all men shew to him in their plainest and worst, as a man they have no plot on, by appearing good to; whereas rich men are entertained with a more holiday behaviour, and see only the best we can dissemble. He is the only he that tries the true strength of wisdom, what it can do of itself without the help of fortune; that with a great deal of virtue conquers extremities; and with a great deal more, his own impatience, and obtains of himself not to hate men.

An Ordinary Honest Man

quality, would be named by that. But now for refuge he is an honest man, and hereafter a sot: only those that commend him think him not so, and those that commend him are honest fellows.

A Suspicious or Jealous Man

Is one that watches himself a mischief, and keeps a lear eye still, for fear it should escape him A man that sees a great deal more in every thing than is to be seen, and yet he thinks he sees nothing: his own eye stands in his light. He is a fellow commonly guilty of some weaknesses, which he might conceal if he were careless —now his over-diligence to hide them makes men pry the more Howsoever he imagines you have found him, and it shall go hard but you must abuse him whether you will or no Not a word can be spoke but nips him somewhere; not a jest thrown out but he will make it hit him You shall have him go fretting out of company, with some twenty quarrels to every man, stung and galled, and no man knows less the occasion than they that have given it To laugh before him is a dangerous matter, for it cannot be at any thing but at him, and to whisper in his company plain conspiracy. He bids you speak out, and he will answer you, when you thought not of him. He expostulates with you in passion, why you should abuse him, and explains to your ignorance wherein, and gives you very good reason at last to laugh at him hereafter He is one still accusing others when they are not guilty, and defending himself when he is not accused· and no man is undone more with apologies, wherein he is so elaborately excessive, that none will believe him, and he is never thought worse of, than when he has given satisfaction. Such men can never have friends, because they cannot trust so far; and this humour hath this infection with it, it makes all men to them suspicious In conclusion, they are men always in offence and vexation with themselves and their neighbours, wronging others in thinking they would wrong them, and themselves most of all in thinking they deserve it.

CHARACTERS UPON ESSAYS,

MORAL AND DIVINE.

BY NICHOLAS BRETON.

WISDOM.

WISDOM is a working grace in the souls of the elect, by whom the spirit is made capable of those secrets that neither nature nor reason is able to comprehend; who, by a powerful virtue she hath from the Divine Essence, worketh in all things according to the will of the Almighty, and, being before beginning, shall exceed time in an eternal proceeding. She is a light in the intellectual part, by which reason is led to direct the senses in their due course, and nature is preserved from subjecting herself to imperfection. In the Creation she was of counsel with the Trinity in the pleasing of the Deity; in the Redemption the inventor of mercy for the preservation of the elect; and in the Glorification the treasurer of life for the reward of the faithful, who, having committed to her care the carriage of the whole motion, finding the disposition of earth in all the children of her womb, by such a measure as she finds fitting their quality, she gives them either the grace of nature or the glory of reason. While being the mother of the graces, she gives them that holy instruction that, in the knowledge of the highest love, through the paths of virtue, makes a passage to heaven Learning hath from her that knowledge without the which all knowledge is mere ignorance, while only in the grace of truth is seen the glory of understanding. Knowledge hath from her that learning whereby she is taught the direction of her love in the way of life. Understanding hath from her that knowledge that keeps conceit always

in the spirit's comfort; and judgment from understanding, that rule of justice that by the even weight of impartiality shows the hand of Heaven in the heart of humanity. In the heavens she keeps the angels in their orders, teacheth them the natures of their offices, and employs them in the service of their Creator In the firmament she walks among the stars, sets and keeps them in their places, courses, and operations, at her pleasure. She eclipseth the light, and in a moment leaves not a cloud in the sky. In her thunders and lightnings she shows the terror of the Highest wrath, and in her temperate calms, the patience of His mercy. In her frosty winters she shows the weakness of nature, and in her sunny springs the recovery of her health. In the lovers of this world lives no part of her pureness, but with her beloved she makes a heaven upon earth. In the king she shows grace, in his council her care, and in his state her strength. In the soldier she shows virtue the truest valour; in the lawyer, truth the honour of his plea; in the merchant, conscience the wealth of his soul; and in the churchman, charity the true fruit of his devotion. She lives in the world but not the world's love, for the world's unworthiness is not capable of her worth. She receiveth Mammon as a gift from his Maker, and makes him serve her use to His glory. She gives honour, grace in bounty, and manageth wit by the care of discretion. She shows the necessity of difference, and wherein is the happiness of unity. She puts her labour to providence, her hope to patience, her life to her love, and her love to her Lord, with whom, as chief secretary of His secrets, she writes His will to the world, and as high steward of His courts she keeps account of all His tenants. In sum, so great is her grace in the heavens as gives her glory above the earth, and so infinite are her excellencies in all the course of her action; and so glorious are the notes of her incomprehensible nature, that I will thus only conclude, far short of her commendation.—She is God's love, and His angels' light, His servants' grace, and His beloved's glory.

LEARNING.

Learning is the life of reason and the light of nature, where time, order, and measure square out the true course of knowledge; where discretion in the temper of passion brings experience to the best fruit of affection; while both the Theory and Practice labour in the life of judgment, till the perfection of art show the honour of understanding. She is the key of knowledge that unlocketh the cabinet of conceit, wherein are laid up the labours of virtue for the use of the scholars of wisdom; where every gracious spirit may find matter enough worthy of the record of the best memory. She is the nurse of nature, with that milk of reason that would make a child of grace never lie from the dug. She is the schoolmistress of wit and the gentle governor of will, when the delight of understanding gives the comfort of study. She is unpleasing to none that knows her, and unprofitable to none that loves her. She fears not to wet her feet, to wade through the waters of comfort, but comes not near the seas of iniquity, where folly drowns affection in the delight of vanity. She opens her treasures to the travellers in virtue, but keeps them close from the eyes of idleness She makes the king gracious and his council judicious, his clergy devout and his kingdom prosperous. She gives honour to virtue, grace to honour, reward to labour, and love to truth. She is the messenger of wisdom to the minds of the virtuous, and the way to honour in the spirits of the gracious. She is the storehouse of understanding, where the affection of grace cannot want instruction of goodness, while, in the rules of her directions, reason is never out of square She is the exercise of wit in the application of knowledge, and the preserver of the understanding in the practice of memory. In brief, she makes age honourable and youth admirable, the virtuous wise and the wise gracious. Her libraries are infinite, her lessons without number, her instruction without comparison, and her scholars without equality. In brief, finding it a labyrinth to go through the grounds of her praise, let this suffice, that in all es she hath been and ever will be the darling of wisdom, the st ght of wit, the study of virtue, and the stay of knowledge.

Knowledge.

Knowledge is a collection of understanding gathered in the grounds of learning by the instruction of wisdom. She is the exercise of memory in the actions of the mind, and the employer of the senses in the will of the spirit: she is the notary of time and the trier of truth, and the labour of the spirit in the love of virtue: she is the pleasure of wit and the paradise of reason, where conceit gathereth the sweet of understanding She is the king's counsellor and the council's grace, youth's guard and age's glory. It is free from doubts and fears no danger, while the care of Providence cuts off the cause of repentance. She is the enemy of idleness and the maintainer of labour in the care of credit and pleasure of profit: she needs no advice in the resolution of action, while experience in observation finds perfection infallible. It clears errors and cannot be deceived, corrects impurity and will not be corrupted She hath a wide ear and a close mouth, a pure eye and a perfect heart. It is begotten by grace, bred by virtue, brought up by learning, and maintained by love She converseth with the best capacities and communicates with the soundest judgments, dwells with the divinest natures and loves the most patient dispositions. Her hope is a kind of assurance, her faith a continual expectation, her love an apprehension of joy, and her life the light of eternity. Her labours are infinite, her ways are unsearchable, her graces incomparable, and her excellencies inexplicable, and therefore, being so little acquainted with her worth as makes me blush at my unworthiness to speak in the least of her praise, I will only leave her advancement to virtue, her honour to wisdom, her grace to truth, and to eternity her glory.

Practice.

Practice is the motion of the spirit, where the senses are all set to work in their natures, where, in the fittest employment of time, reason maketh the best use of understanding. She is the continuance of knowledge in the case of memory, and the honour

of resolution in the effect of judgment. She plants the spring and reaps the harvest, makes labour sweet and patience comfortable. She hath a foot on the earth but an eye at heaven, where the prayer of faith finds the felicity of the soul. In the fruit of charity she shows the nature of devotion, and in the mercy of justice the glory of government. She gives time honour in the fruit of action, and reason grace in the application of knowledge. She takes the height of the sun, walks about the world, sounds the depth of the sea, and makes her passage through the water. She is ready for all occasions, attendeth all persons, works with all instruments, and finisheth all actions. She takes invention for her teacher, makes time her servant, method her direction, and place her habitation. She hath a wakeful eye and a working brain, which fits the members of the body to the service of the spirit She is the physician's agent and the apothecary's benefactor, the chirurgeon's wealth and the patient's patience. She brings time to labour and care to contentment, learning to knowledge and virtue to honour: in idleness she hath no pleasure, nor acquaintance with ignorance, but in industry is her delight and in understanding her grace. She hath a passage through all the predicaments, she hath a hand in all the arts, a property in all professions, and a quality in all conditions. In brief, so many are the varieties of the manners of her proceedings as makes me fearful to follow her too far in observation, lest being never able to come near the height of her commendation, I be enforced as I am to leave her wholly to admiration.

PATIENCE.

Patience is a kind of heavenly tenure, whereby the soul is held in possession, and a sweet temper in the spirit, which restraineth nature from exceeding reason in passion. Her hand keeps time in his right course, and her eye passeth into the depth of understanding She attendeth wisdom in all her works, and proporneth time to the necessity of matter. She is the poison of sorrow in the hope of comfort, and the paradise of conceit in the

joy of peace. Her tongue speaks seldom but to purpose, and her foot goeth slowly but surely. She is the imitator of the Incomprehensible in His passage to perfection, and a servant of His will in the map of His workmanship. in confusion she hath no operation, while she only aireth her conceit with the consideration of experience. She travels far and is never weary, and gives over no work but to better a beginning She makes the king merciful and the subject loyal, honour gracious and wisdom glorious. She pacifieth wrath and puts off revenge, and in the humility of charity shows the nature of grace. She is beloved of the highest and embraced of the wisest, honoured with the worthiest and graced with the best. She makes imprisonment liberty when the mind goeth through the world, and in sickness finds health where death is the way to life. She is an enemy to passion, and knows no purgatory; thinks fortune a fiction, and builds only upon providence. She is the sick man's salve and the whole man's preserver, the wise man's staff and the good man's guide. In sum, not to wade too far in her worthiness, lest I be drowned in the depth of wonder, I will thus end in her endless honour—She is the grace of Christ and the virtue of Christianity, the praise of goodness and the preserver of the world

Love.

Love is the life of Nature and the joy of reason in the spirit of grace; where virtue drawing affection, the concord of sense makes an union inseparable in the divine apprehension of the joy of election. It is a ravishment of the soul in the delight of the spirit, which, being carried above itself into inexplicable comfort, feels that heavenly sickness that is better than the world's health, when the wisest of men in the swounding delight of his sacred inspiration could thus utter the sweetness of his passion, "My soul is sick of love." It is a healthful sickness in the soul, a pleasing passion in the heart, a contentive labour in the mind, and a peaceful trouble of the senses. It alters natures in contrarieties, when difficulty is made easy; pain made a pleasure,

poverty, riches; and imprisonment, liberty; for the content of conceit, which regards not to be an abject, in being subject but to an object. It rejoiceth in truth, and knows no inconstancy: it is free from jealousy, and feareth no fortune: it breaks the rule of arithmetic by confounding of number, where the conjunction of thoughts makes one mind in two bodies, where neither figure nor cipher can make division of union. It sympathises with life, and participates with light, when the eye of the mind sees the joy of the heart It is a predominant power which endures no equality, and yet communicates with reason in the rules of concord: it breeds safety in a king and peace in a kingdom, nation's unity, and Nature's gladness. It sings in labour, in the joy of hope; and makes a paradise in reward of desert. It pleads but mercy in the justice of the Almighty, and but mutual amity in the nature of humanity. In sum, having no eagle's eye to look upon the sun, and fearing to look too high, for fear of a chip in mine eye, I will in these few words speak in praise of this peerless virtue:—Love is the grace of Nature and the glory of reason, the blessing of God and the comfort of the world.

PEACE.

Peace is a calm in conceit, where the senses take pleasure in the rest of the spirit. It is Nature's holiday after reason's labour, and wisdom's music in the concords of the mind It is a blessing of grace, a bounty of mercy, a proof of love, and a preserver of life It holds no arguments, knows no quarrels, is an enemy to sedition, and a continuance of amity. It is the root of plenty, the tree of pleasure, the fruit of love, and the sweetness of life It is like the still night, where all things are at rest, and the quiet sleep, where dreams are not troublesome; or the resolved point, in the perfection of knowledge, where no cares nor doubts make controversies in opinion. It needs no watch where is no fear of enemy, nor solicitor of causes where agreements are concluded. It is the intent of law and the fruit of justice, the end of war and the beginning of wealth It is a grace in a court, and a glory in

the grave of flesh. She is the woe of the world, the punishment of sin, the passage of danger, and the messenger of destruction. She is the wise man's warning and the fool's payment, the godly man's grief and the wicked man's game. In sum, so many are her wounds, so mortal her cures, so dangerous her course, and so devilish her devices, that I will wade no further in her rivers of blood, but only thus conclude in her description:—She is God's curse and man's misery, hell's practice and earth's hell.

Valour.

Valour is a virtue in the spirit which keeps the flesh in subjection, resolves without fear, and travails without fainting: she vows no villainy nor breaks her fidelity: she is patient in captivity and pitiful in conquest. Her gain is honour and desert her mean, fortune her scorn and folly her hate; wisdom is her guide and conquest her grace, clemency her praise and humility her glory: she is youth's ornament and age's honour, nature's blessing and virtue's love. Her life is resolution and her love victory, her triumph truth, and her fame virtue. Her arms are from antiquity and her coat full of honour, where the title of grace hath her heraldry from heaven. She makes a walk of war and a sport of danger, an ease of labour and a jest of death: she makes famine but abstinence, want but a patience, sickness but a purge, and death a puff. She is the maintainer of war, the general of an army, the terror of an enemy, and the glory of a camp. She is the nobleness of the mind and the strength of the body, the life of hope and the death of fear. With a handful of men she overthrows a multitude, and with a sudden amazement she discomfits a camp. She is the revenge of wrong and the defence of right, religion's champion and virtue's choice. In brief, let this suffice in her commendation:—She strengthened David and conquered Goliath, she overthrows her enemies and conquers herself.

Resolution.

Resolution is the honour of valour, in the quarrel of virtue, for the defence of right and redress of wrong. She beats the march,

pitcheth the battle, plants the ordnance, and maintains the fight. Her ear is stopped for dissuasions, her eye aims only at honour, her hand takes the sword of valour, and her heart thinks of nothing but victory. She gives the charge, makes the stand, assaults the fort, and enters the breach. She breaks the pikes, faceth the shot, damps the soldier, and defeats the army. She loseth no time, slips no occasion, dreads no danger, and cares for no force. She is valour's life and virtue's love, justice's honour and mercy's glory. She beats down castles, fires ships, wades through the sea, and walks through the world. She makes wisdom her guide and will her servant, reason her companion and honour her mistress She is a blessing in Nature and a beauty in reason, a grace in invention and a glory in action. She studies no plots when her platform is set down, and defers no time when her hour is prefixed. She stands upon no helps when she knows her own force, and in the execution of her will she is a rock irremovable. She is the king's will without contradiction, and the judge's doom without exception, the scholar's profession without alteration, and the soldier's honour without comparison. In sum, so many are the grounds of her grace and the just causes of her commendation, that, leaving her worth to the description of better wits, I will in these few words conclude my conceit of her:—She is the stoutness of the heart and the strength of the mind, a gift of God and the glory of the world.

HONOUR

Honour is a title or grace given by the spirit of virtue to the desert of valour in the defence of truth; it is wronged in baseness and abused in unworthiness, and endangered in wantonness and lost in wickedness. It nourisheth art and crowneth wit, graceth learning and glorifieth wisdom; in the heraldry of heaven it hath the richest coat, being in nature allied unto all the houses of grace, which in the heaven of heavens attend the King of kings Her escutcheon is a heart, in which in the shield of faith she bears on the anchor of hope the helmet of salvation. she

I find truly of him :—He is the agent of the living and the register of the dead, the direction of God and a great work-master in the world.

DEATH.

Death is an ordinance of God for the subjecting of the world, which is limited to his time for the correction of pride: in his substance he is nothing, being but only a deprivation, and in his true description a name without a nature. He is seen but in a picture, heard but in a tale, feared but in a passion, and felt but in a pinch. He is a terror but to the wicked, and a scarecrow but to the foolish; but to the wise a way of comfort, and to the godly the gate to life. He is the ease of pain and the end of sorrow, the liberty of the imprisoned and the joy of the faithful, it is both the wound of sin and the wages of sin, the sinner's fear and the sinner's doom. He is the sexton's agent and the hangman's revenue, the rich man's dirge and the mourner's merry-day. He is a course of time but uncertain till he come, and welcome but to such as are weary of their lives. It is a message from the physician when the patient is past cure, and if the writ be well made, it is a *supersedeas* for all diseases. It is the heaven's stroke and the earth's steward, the follower of sickness and the forerunner to hell. In sum, having no pleasure to ponder too much of the power of it, I will thus conclude my opinion of it :— It is a sting of sin and the terror of the wicked, the crown of the godly, the stair of vengeance, and a stratagem of the devil.

FAITH.

Faith is the hand of the soul which layeth hold of the promises of Christ in the mercy of the Almighty. She hath a bright eye and a holy ear, a clear heart and sure foot: she is the strength of hope, the trust of truth, the honour of amity, and the joy of love. She is rare among the sons of men and hardly found among the daughters of women; but among the sons of God she is a conveyance of their inheritance, and among the daughters of grace

she is the assurance of their portions. Her dwelling is in the Church of God, her conversation with the saints of God, her delight with the beloved of God, and her life is in the love of God. She knows no falsehood, distrusts no truth, breaks no promise, and coins no excuse; but as bright as the sun, as swift as the wind, as sure as the rock, and as pure as the gold, she looks toward heaven but lives in the world, in the souls of the elect to the glory of election. She was wounded in Paradise by a dart of the devil, and healed of her hurt by the death of Christ Jesus. She is the poor man's credit and the rich man's praise, the wise man's care and the good man's cognisance. In sum, finding her worth in words hardly to be expressed, I will in these few words only deliver my opinion of her:—She is God's blessing and man's bliss, reason's comfort and virtue's glory.

Fear.

Fear is a fruit of sin, which drove the first father of our flesh from the presence of God, and hath bred an imperfection in a number of the worse part of his posterity. It is the disgrace of nature, the foil of reason, the maim of wit, and the slur of understanding. It is the palsy of the spirit where the soul wanteth faith, and the badge of a coward that cannot abide the sight of a sword. It is weakness in nature and a wound in patience, the death of hope and the entrance into despair. It is children's awe and fools' amazement, a worm in conscience and a curse to wickedness. In brief, it makes the coward stagger, the liar stammer, the thief stumble, and the traitor start. It is a blot in arms, a blur in honour, the shame of a soldier, and the defeat of an army.

An Unworthy King.

An unworthy king is the usurper of power, where tyranny in authority loseth the glory of majesty, while the fear of terror frighteneth love from obedience; for when the lion plays with the wolf, the lamb dies with the ewe He is a messenger of wrath to be the scourge of sin, or the trial of patience in the hearts of the religious. He is a warrant of woe in the execution of his fury, and in his best temper a doubt of grace. He is a dispeopler of his kingdom and a prey to his enemies, an undelightful friend and a tormentor of himself. He knows no God, but makes an idol of Nature, and useth reason but to the ruin of sense. His care is but his will, his pleasure but his ease, his exercise but sin, and his delight but inhuman. His heaven is his pleasure, and his gold is his god. His presence is terrible, his countenance horrible, his words uncomfortable, and his actions intolerable. In sum, he is the foil of a crown, the disgrace of a court, the trouble of a council, and the plague of a kingdom

A Worthy Queen.

A worthy queen is the figure of a king who, under God in His grace, hath a great power over His people She is the chief of women, the beauty of her court, and the grace of her sex in the royalty of her spirit She is like the moon, that giveth light among the stars, and, but unto the sun, gives none place in her brightness. She is the pure diamond upon the king's finger, and the orient pearl unprizeable in his eye, the joy of the court in the comfort of the king, and the wealth of the kingdom in the fruit of her love. She is reason's honour in nature's grace, and wisdom's love in virtue's beauty. In sum, she is the handmaid of God, and the king's second self, and in his grace, the beauty of a kingdom

A Worthy Prince.

A worthy prince is the hope of a kingdom, the richest jewel in a king's crown, and the fairest flower in the queen's garden. He

is the joy of nature in the hope of honour, and the love of wisdom in the life of worthiness. In the secret carriage of his heart's intention, till his designs come to action, he is a dumb show to the world's imagination. In his wisdom he startles the spirits of expectation in his valour, he subjects the hearts of ambition in his virtue, he wins the love of the noblest, and in his bounty binds the service of the most sufficient. He is the crystal glass, where nature may see her comfort, and the book of reason, where virtue may read her honour. He is the morning star that hath light from the sun, and the blessed fruit of the tree of earth's paradise. He is the study of the wise in the state of honour, and is the subject of learning, the history of admiration. In sum, he is the note of wisdom, the aim of honour, and in the honour of virtue the hope of a kingdom.

AN UNWORTHY PRINCE.

An unworthy prince is the fear of a kingdom. When will and power carry pride in impatience, in the close carriage of ambitious intention, he is like a fearful dream to a troubled spirit. In his passionate humours he frighteneth the hearts of the prudent, in the delight of vanities he loseth the love of the wise, and in the misery of avarice is served only with the needy. He is like a little mist before the rising of the sun, which, the more it grows, the less good it doth He is the king's grief and the queen's sorrow, the court's trouble and the kingdom's curse In sum, he is the seed of unhappiness, the fruit of ungodliness, the taste of bitterness, and the digestion of heaviness.

A WORTHY PRIVY COUNCILLOR.

A worthy privy councillor is the pillar of a realm, in whose wisdom and care, under God and the king, stands the safety of a kingdom. He is the watch-tower to give warning of the enemy, and a hand of provision for the preservation of the state. He is an oracle in the king's ear, and a sword in the king's hand; an

even weight in the balance of justice, and a light of grace in the love of truth. He is an eye of care in the course of law, a heart of love in his service to his sovereign, a mind of honour in the order of his service, and a brain of invention for the good of the commonwealth. His place is powerful while his service is faithful, and his honour due in the desert of his employment. In sum, he is as a fixed planet among the stars of the firmament, which through the clouds in the air shows the nature of his light.

An Unworthy Councillor.

An unworthy councillor is the hurt of a king and the danger of a state, when the weakness of judgment may commit an error, or the lack of care may give way to unhappiness. He is a wicked charm in the king's ear, a sword of terror in the advice of tyranny His power is perilous in the partiality of will, and his heart full of hollowness in the protestation of love. Hypocrisy is the cover of his counterfeit religion, and traitorous invention is the agent of his ambition. He is the cloud of darkness that threateneth foul weather, and if it grow to a storm, it is fearful where it falls. He is an enemy to God in the hate of grace, and worthy of death in disloyalty to his sovereign. In sum, he is an unfit person for the place of a councillor and an unworthy subject to look a king in the face.

A Nobleman.

A nobleman is a mark of honour, where the eye of wisdom in the observation of desert sees the fruit of grace He is the orient pearl that reason polisheth for the beauty of nature, and the diamond spark where divine grace gives virtue honour. He is the notebook of moral discipline, where the conceit of care may find the true courtier. He is the nurse of hospitality, the relief of necessity, the love of charity, and the life of bounty He is learning's grace and valour's fame, wisdom's fruit and kindness' love He is the true falcon that feeds on no carrion, the true horse that will be no hackney, the true dolphin that fears not the

whale, and the true man of God that fears not the devil. In sum, he is the darling of nature in reason's philosophy, the loadstar of light in love's astronomy, the ravishing sweet in the music of honour, and the golden number in grace's arithmetic.

An Unnoble Man.

An unnoble man is the grief of reason, when the title of honour is put upon the subject of disgrace; when either the imperfection of wit or the folly of will shows an unfitness in nature for the virtue of advancement. He is the eye of baseness and spirit of grossness, and in the demean of rudeness the scorn of nobleness. He is a suspicion of a right generation in the nature of his disposition, and a miserable plague to a feminine patience. Wisdom knows him not, learning bred him not, virtue loves him not, and honour fits him not. Prodigality or avarice are the notes of his inclination, and folly or mischief are the fruits of his invention. In sum, he is the shame of his name, the disgrace of his place, the blot of his title, and the ruin of his house.

A Worthy Bishop.

A worthy bishop is an ambassador from God unto man, in the midst of war to make a treaty of peace; who with a general pardon upon confession of sin, upon the fruit of repentance gives assurance of comfort. He brings tidings from heaven of happiness to the world, where the patience of mercy calls nature to grace. He is the silver trumpet in the music of love, where faith hath a life that never fails the beloved. He is the director of life in the laws of God, and the chirurgeon of the soul in lancing the sores of sin, the terror of the reprobate in pronouncing their damnation, and the joy of the faithful in the assurance of their salvation. In sum, he is in the nature of grace, worthy of honour, and in the message of life, worthy of love, a continual agent betwixt God and man, in the preaching of His Word and prayer for His people.

An Unworthy Bishop.

An unworthy bishop is the disgrace of learning, when the want of reading or the abuse of understanding, in the speech of error may beget idolatry. He is God's enemy, in the hurt of His people, and his own woe in abuse of the Word of God. He is the shadow of a candle that gives no light, or, if it be any, it is but to lead into darkness. The sheep are unhappy that live in his fold, when they shall either starve or feed on ill ground. He breeds a war in the wits of his audience when his life is contrary to the nature of his instruction. He lives in a room where he troubles a world, and in the shadow of a saint is little better than a devil. He makes religion a cloak of sin, and with counterfeit humility covereth incomparable pride. He robs the rich to relieve the poor, and makes fools of the wise with the imagination of his worth. He is all for the Church but nothing for God, and for the ease of nature loseth the joy of reason. In sum, he is the picture of hypocrisy, the spirit of heresy, a wound in the Church, and a woe in the world.

A Worthy Judge.

A judge is a doom, whose breath is mortal upon the breach of law, where criminal offences must be cut off from a commonwealth He is a sword of justice in the hand of a king, and an eye of wisdom in the walk of a kingdom. His study is a square for the keeping of proportion betwixt command and obedience, that the king may keep his crown on his head, and the subject his head on his shoulders. He is feared but of the foolish, and cursed but of the wicked; but of the wise honoured, and of the gracious beloved. He is a surveyor of rights and revenger of wrongs, and in the judgment of truth the honour of justice. In sum, his word is law, his power grace, his labour peace, and his desert honour.

An Unworthy Judge.

An unworthy judge is the grief of justice in the error of judgment, when through ignorance or will the death of innocency lies

upon the breath of opinion. He is the disgrace of law in the desert of knowledge, and the plague of power in the misery of oppression. He is more moral than divine in the nature of policy, and more judicious than just in the carriage of his conceit. His charity is cold when partiality is resolved; when the doom of life lies on the verdict of a jury, with a stern look he frighteth an offender and gives little comfort to a poor man's cause. The golden weight overweighs his grace, when angels play the devils in the hearts of his people. In sum, where Christ is preached he hath no place in His Church, and in this kingdom out of doubt God will not suffer any such devil to bear sway.

A Worthy Knight.

A worthy knight is a spirit of proof in the advancement of virtue, by the desert of honour, in the eye of majesty. In the field he gives courage to his soldiers, in the court grace to his followers, in the city reputation to his person, and in the country honour to his house. His sword and his horse make his way to his house, and his armour of best proof is an undaunted spirit. The music of his delight is the trumpet and the drum, and the paradise of his eye is an army defeated, the relief of the oppressed makes his conquest honourable, and the pardon of the submissive makes him famous in mercy. He is in nature mild and in spirit stout, in reason judicious, and in all honourable. In sum, he is a yeoman's commander and a gentleman's superior, a nobleman's companion and a prince's worthy favourite

An Unworthy Knight.

An unworthy knight is the defect of nature in the title of honour, when to maintain valour his spurs have no rowels nor his sword a point His apparel is of proof, that may wear like his armour, or like an old ensign that hath his honour in rags. It may be he is the tailor's trouble in fitting an ill shape, or a mercer's wonder in wearing of silk. In the court he stands for a cipher, and among

ladies like an owl among birds. He is worshipped only for his wealth, and if he be of the first head, he shall be valued by his wit, when, if his pride go beyond his purse, his title will be a trouble to him. In sum, he is the child of folly and the man of Gotham, the blind man of pride and the fool of imagination. But in the court of honour are no such apes, and I hope that this kingdom will breed no such asses.

A Worthy Gentleman.

A worthy gentleman is a branch of the tree of honour, whose fruits are the actions of virtue, as pleasing to the eye of judgment as tasteful to the spirit of understanding. Whatsoever he doeth it is not forced, except it be evil, which either through ignorance unwillingly, or through compulsion unwillingly, he falls upon. He is in nature kind, in demeanour courteous, in allegiance loyal, and in religion zealous; in service faithful, and in reward bountiful He is made of no baggage stuff, nor for the wearing of base people; but it is woven by the spirit of wisdom to adorn the court of honour. His apparel is more comely than costly, and his diet more wholesome than excessive, his exercise more healthful than painful, and his study more for knowledge than pride; his love not wanton nor common, his gifts not niggardly nor prodigal, and his carriage neither apish nor sullen. In sum, he is an approver of his pedigree by the nobleness of his passage, and in the course of his life an example to his posterity.

An Unworthy Gentleman

An unworthy gentleman is the scoff of wit and the scorn of honour, where more wealth than wit is worshipped of simplicity, who spends more in idleness than would maintain thrift, or hides more in misery than might purchase honour; whose delights are vanities and whose pleasures fopperies, whose studies fables and whose exercise worse than follies His conversation is base, and his conference ridiculous, his affections ungracious, and his actions

ignominious; his apparel out of fashion, and his diet out of order; his carriage out of square, and his company out of request. In sum, he is like a mongrel dog with a velvet collar, a cart-horse with a golden saddle, a buzzard kite with a falcon's bells, or a baboon with a pied jerkin.

A Worthy Lawyer.

A worthy lawyer is the student of knowledge how to bring controversies into a conclusion of peace, and out of ignorance to gain understanding. He divides time into uses, and cases into constructions. He lays open obscurities, and is praised for the speech of truth; and in the court of conscience pleads much *in forma pauperis*, for small fees. He is a mean for the preservation of titles and the holding of possessions, and a great instrument of peace in the judgment of impartiality. He is the client's hope in his case's pleading, and his heart's comfort in a happy issue. He is the finder out of tricks in the craft of ill conscience, and the joy of the distressed in the relief of justice. In sum, he is a maker of peace among spirits of contention, and a continuer of quiet in the execution of the law.

An Unworthy Lawyer.

An unlearned and unworthily called a lawyer, is the figure of a foot-post, who carries letters but knows not what is in them, only can read the superscriptions to direct them to their right owners. So trudgeth this simple clerk, that can scarce read a case when it is written, with his handful of papers from one court to another, and from one counsellor's chamber to another, when by his good payment for his pains he will be so saucy as to call himself a solicitor. But what a taking are poor clients in when this too much trusted cunning companion, better read in Piers Plowman than in Plowden, and in the play of "Richard the Third" than in the pleas of Edward the Fourth, persuades them all is sure when he is sure of all! and in what a misery are the poor men when upon

An Untrained Soldier.

An untrained soldier is like a young hound, that when he first falls to hunt, he knows not how to lay his nose to the earth; who, having his name but in a book, and marched twice about a market-place, when he comes to a piece of service knows not how to bestow himself. He marches as if he were at plough, carries his pike like a pike-staff, and his sword before him for fear of losing from his side. If he be a shot, he will be rather ready to say a grace over his piece, and so to discharge his hands of it, than to learn how to discharge it with a grace. He puts on his armour over his ears, like a waistcoat, and wears his morion like a nightcap. When he is quartered in the field, he looks for his bed, and when he sees his provant, he is ready to cry for his victuals; and ere he know well where he is, wish heartily he were at home again, with his head hanging down as if his heart were in his hose. He will sleep till a drum or a deadly bullet awake him; and so carry himself in all companies that, till martial discipline have seasoned his understanding, he is like a cipher among figures, an owl among birds, a wise man among fools, and a shadow among men.

A Worthy Physician.

A worthy physician is the enemy of sickness, in purging nature from corruption. His action is most in feeling of pulses, and his discourses chiefly of the natures of diseases. He is a great searcher out of simples, and accordingly makes his composition. He persuades abstinence and patience for the benefit of health, while purging and bleeding are the chief courses of his counsel. The apothecary and the chirurgeon are his two chief attendants, with whom conferring upon time, he grows temperate in his cures Surfeits and wantonness are great agents for his employment, when by the secret of his skill out of others' weakness he gathers his own strength. In sum, he is a necessary member for an unnecessary malady, to find a disease and to cure the diseased

prophets than the world's profits, and makes the joy [illegible]ct *dicere*, in the tidings of his salvation. He is wise in the best wit, and wealthy in the richest treasure. His hope is but the comfort of mercy, and his fear but the hurt of sin. Pride is the hate of his soul, and patience the worker of his peace His guide is the wisdom of grace, and his travel but to the Heavenly Jerusalem. In sum, he is the elect of God, the blessing of grace, the seed of love, and the fruit of life.

An Atheist or Most Bad Man.

An atheist is a figure of desperation, who dare do anything even to his soul's damnation. He is in nature a dog, in wit an ass, in passion a bedlam, and in action a devil. He makes sin a jest, grace a humour, truth a fable, and peace a cowardice. His horse is his pride, his sword is his castle, his apparel his riches, and his punk his paradise. He makes robbery his purchase, lechery his solace, mirth his exercise, and drunkenness his glory. He is the danger of society, the love of vanity, the hate of charity, and the shame of humanity. He is God's enemy, his parents' grief, his country's plague, and his own confusion. He spoils that is necessary and spends that is needless. He spits at the gracious and spurns the godly. The tavern is his palace and his belly is his god; a whore is his mistress and the devil is his master. Oaths are his graces, wounds his badges, shifts are his practices, and beggary his payments. He knows not God, nor thinks of heaven, but walks through the world as a devil towards hell. Virtue knows him not, honesty finds him not, wisdom loves him not, and honour regards him not. He is but the cutler's friend and the chirurgeon's [illegible]the[illegible]t, the thief's companion and the hangman's benefactor. He [illegible] gotten untimely and born unhappily, lives ungraciously and dies unchristianly. He is of no religion nor good fashion; hard[illegible]y good complexion, and most vile in condition. In sum, he is [illegible] monster among men, a Jew among Christians, a fool among w[illegible]se men, and a devil among saints.

A Wise Man.

A wise man is a clock that never strikes but at his home, or rather like a dial that, being set right with the sun, keeps his true course in his compass. So the heart of a wise man, set in the course of virtue by the spirit of grace, runs the course of life in the compass of eternal comfort. He measureth time and tempereth nature, employeth reason and commandeth sense. He hath a deaf ear to the charmer, a close mouth to the slanderer, an open hand to charity, and an humble mind to piety. Observation and experience are his reason's labours, and patience with conscience are the lines of his love's measure; contemplation and meditation are his spirit's exercise, and God and His Word are the joy of his soul. He knows not the pride of prosperity nor the misery of adversity, but takes the one as the day, the other as the night. *He knows no fortune, but builds all upon providence, and* through the hope of faith hath a fair aim at heaven. His words are weighed with judgment, and his actions are the examples of honour. He is fit for the seat of authority, and deserves the reverence of subjection. He is precious in the counsel of a king, and mighty in the sway of a kingdom. In sum, he is God's servant and the world's master, a stranger upon earth, and a citizen in heaven.

A Fool.

A fool is the abortive of wit, where nature had more power than reason in bringing forth the fruit of imperfection. His actions are most in extremes, and the scope of his brain is but ignorance. Only nature hath taught him to feed, and use to labour without knowledge. He is a kind of a shadow of a better substance, or like the vision of a dream that yields nothing awake. He is commonly known by one or two special names, derived from their qualities, as from wilful Will-fool, and Hodge from hodge-podge; all meats are alike, all are one to a fool. His exercises are commonly divided into four parts, eating and drinking, sleeping and laughing; four things are his chief loves, a

vanities, and her exercise the invention of follies. Her pleasures are fancies, her studies fashions, her delight colours, and her wealth her clothes. Her care is to deceive, her comfort her company, her house is vanity, and her bed is ruin. Her discourses are fables, her vows dissimulations, her conceits subtleties, and her contents varieties. She would she knows not what, and spends she cares not what, she spoils she sees not what, and doth she thinks not what. She is youth's plague and age's purgatory, time's abuse and reason's trouble. In sum, she is a spice of madness, a spark of mischief, a touch of poison, and a fear of destruction.

A Quiet Woman.

A quiet woman is like a still wind, which neither chills the body nor blows dust in the face. Her patience is a virtue that wins the heart of love, and her wisdom makes her will well worthy regard. She fears God and flieth sin, showeth kindness and loveth peace. Her tongue is tied to discretion, and her heart is the harbour of goodness. She is a comfort of calamity and in prosperity a companion, a physician in sickness and a musician in help. Her ways are the walk toward heaven, and her guide is the grace of the Almighty. She is her husband's down-bed, where his heart lies at rest, and her children's glass in the notes of her grace, her servants' honour in the keeping of her house, and her neighbours' example in the notes of a good nature. She scorns fortune and loves virtue, and out of thrift gathereth charity. She is a turtle in her love, a lamb in her meekness, a saint in her heart, and an angel in her soul In sum, she is a jewel unprizeable and a joy unspeakable, a comfort in nature incomparable, and a wife in the world unmatchable.

An Unquiet Woman.

An unquiet woman is the misery of man, whose demeanour is not to be described but in extremities. Her voice is the screeching of an owl, her eye the poison of a cockatrice, her hand the

claw of a crocodile, and her heart a cabinet of horror. She is the grief of nature, the wound of wit, the trouble of reason, and the abuse of time. Her pride is unsupportable, her anger unquenchable, her will unsatiable, and her malice unmatchable. She fears no colours, she cares for no counsel, she spares no persons, nor respects any time. Her command is *must*, her reason *will*, her resolution *shall*, and her satisfaction *so*. She looks at no law and thinks of no lord, admits no command and keeps no good order. She is a cross but not of Christ, and a word but not of grace; a creature but not of wisdom, and a servant but not of God. In sum, she is the seed of trouble, the fruit of travail, the taste of bitterness, and the digestion of death.

A Good Wife.

A good wife is a world of wealth, where just cause of content makes a kingdom in conceit. She is the eye of wariness, the tongue of silence, the hand of labour, and the heart of love, a companion of kindness, a mistress of passion, an exercise of patience, and an example of experience. She is the kitchen physician, the chamber comfort, the hall's care, and the parlour's grace. She is the dairy's neatness, the brew-house's wholesomeness, the garner's provision and the garden's plantation. Her voice is music, her countenance meekness, her mind virtuous, and her soul gracious. She is her husband's jewel, her children's joy, her neighbour's love, and her servant's honour. She is poverty's prayer and charity's praise, religion's love and devotion's zeal. She is a care of necessity and a course of thrift, a book of housewifery and a mirror of modesty. In sum, she is God's blessing and man's happiness, earth's honour and heaven's creature.

An Effeminate Fool

An effeminate fool is the figure of a baby. He loves nothing but gay, to look in a glass, to keep among wenches, and to play with trifles; to feed on sweetmeats and to be danced in laps, to

be embraced in arms, and to be kissed on the cheek; to talk idly, to look demurely, to go nicely, and to laugh continually; to be his mistress' servant, and her maid's master, his father's love and his mother's none-child; to play on a fiddle and sing a love song, to wear sweet gloves and look on fine things, to make purposes and write verses, devise riddles and tell lies; to follow plays and study dances, to hear news and buy trifles, to sigh for love and weep for kindness, and mourn for company and be sick for fashion; to ride in a coach and gallop a hackney, to watch all night and sleep out the morning, to lie on a bed and take tobacco, and to send his page of an idle message to his mistress; to go upon gigs, to have his ruffs set in print, to pick his teeth, and play with a puppet. In sum, he is a man-child and a woman's man, a gaze of folly, and wisdom's grief.

A Parasite

A parasite is the image of iniquity, who for the gain of dross is devoted to all villainy. He is a kind of thief in committing of burglary, when he breaks into houses with his tongue and picks pockets with his flattery. His face is brazen that he cannot blush, and his hands are limed to catch hold what he can light on His tongue is a bell (but not of the church, except it be the devil's) to call his parish to his service He is sometimes a pander to carry messages of ill meetings, and perhaps hath some eloquence to persuade sweetness in sin. He is like a dog at a door while the devils dance in the chamber, or like a spider in the house-top that lives on the poison below. He is the hate of honesty and the abuse of beauty, the spoil of youth and the misery of age. In sum, he is a danger in a court, a cheater in a city, a jester in the country, and a jackanapes in all.

A Drunkard.

A drunkard is a known adjective, for he cannot stand alone by himself; yet in his greatest weakness a great trier of strength, whether health or sickness will have the upper hand in a surfeit He is a spectacle of deformity and a shame of humanity, a view of sin and a grief of nature. He is the annoyance of modesty and the trouble of civility, the spoil of wealth and the spite of reason. He is only the brewer's agent and the alehouse benefactor, the beggar's companion and the constable's trouble. He is his wife's woe, his children's sorrow, his neighbours' scoff, and his own shame. In sum, he is a tub of swill, a spirit of sleep, a picture of a beast, and a monster of a man.

A Coward.

A coward is the child of fear. He was begotten in cold blood, when Nature had much ado to make up a creature like a man His life is a kind of sickness, which breeds a kind of palsy in the joints, and his death the terror of his conscience, with the extreme weakness of his faith. He loves peace as his life, for he fears a sword in his soul. If he cut his finger he looketh presently for the sign, and if his head ache he is ready to make his will. A report of a cannon strikes him flat on his face, and a clap of thunder makes him a strange metamorphosis. Rather than he will fight he will be beaten, and if his legs will help him he will put his arms to no trouble. He makes love commonly with his purse, and brags most of his maidenhead. He will not marry but into a quiet family, and not too fair a wife, to avoid quarrels. If his wife frown upon him he sighs, and if she give him an unkind word he weeps. He loves not the horns of a bull nor the paws of a bear, and if a dog bark he will not come near the house If he be rich he is afraid of thieves, and if he be poor he will be slave to a beggar In sum, he is the shame of manhood, the disgrace of nature, the scorn of reason, and the hate of honour

AN HONEST POOR MAN.

An honest poor man is the proof of misery, where patience is put to the trial of her strength to endure grief without passion, in starving with concealed necessity, or standing in the adventures of charity. If he be married, want rings in his ears and woe watereth his eyes. If single, he droppeth with the shame of beggary, or dies with the passion of penury. Of the rich he is shunned like infection, and of the poor learns but a heart-breaking profession. His bed is the earth and the heaven is his canopy, the sun is his summer's comfort and the moon is his winter candle His sighs are the notes of his music, and his song is like the swan before her death. His study, his patience; and his exercise, prayer. his diet the herbs of the earth, and his drink the water of the river. His travel is the walk of the woful and his horse Bayard of ten toes: his apparel but the clothing of nakedness, and his wealth but the hope of heaven. He is a stranger in the world, for no man craves his acquaintance, and his funeral is without ceremony, when there is no mourning for the miss of him: yet may he be in the state of election and in the life of love, and more rich in grace than the greatest of the world. In sum, he is the grief of Nature, the sorrow of reason, the pity of wisdom, and the charge of charity

A JUST MAN.

A just man is the child of truth, begotten by virtue and kindness; when Nature in the temper of the spirit made even the balance of indifference His eye is clear from blindness and his hand from bribery, his will from wilfulness and his heart from wickedness; his word and deed are all one; his life shows the nature of his love, his care is the charge of his conscience, and his comfort the assurance of his salvation. In the seat of justice he is the grace of the law, and in the judgment of right the honour of reason He fears not the power of authority to equal

justice with mercy, and joys but in the judgment of grace, to see the execution of justice. His judgment is worthy of honour, and his wisdom is gracious in truth. His honour is famous in virtue, and his virtue is precious in example. In sum, he is a spirit of understanding, a brain of knowledge, a heart of wisdom, and a soul of blessedness.

A Repentant Sinner.

A repentant sinner is the child of grace, who, being born for service of God, makes no reckoning of the mastership of the world, yet doth he glorify God in the beholding of His creatures, and in giving praise to His holy name in the admiration of His workmanship. He is much of the nature of an angel who, being sent into the world but to do the will of his Master, is ever longing to be at home with his fellows. He desires nothing but that is necessary, and delighteth in nothing that is transitory; but contemplates more than he can conceive, and meditates only upon the word of the Almighty. His senses are the tirers of his spirit, while in the course of nature his soul can find no rest. He shakes off the rags of sin, and is clothed with the rôbe of virtue. He puts off Adam, and puts on Christ. His heart is the anvil of truth, where the brain of his wisdom beats the thoughts of his mind till they be fit for the service of his Maker His labour is the travail of love, by the rule of grace to find the highway to heaven. His fear is greater than his love of the world, and his love is greater than his fear of God. In sum, he is in the election of love, in the books of life, an angel incarnate and a blessed creature.

A Reprobate.

A reprobate is the child of sin who, being born for the service of the devil, cares not what villainy he does in the world His wit is always in a maze, for his courses are ever out of order; and while his will stands for his wisdom, the best that falls out of him is a fool. He betrays the trust of the simple, and sucks out the blood of the innocent. His breath is the fume of blasphemy, and his tongue the firebrand of hell. His desires are the destruction of the virtuous, and his delights are the traps to damnation. He bathes in the blood of murder, and sups up the broth of iniquity. He frighteth the eyes of the godly, and disturbeth the hearts of the religious. He marreth the wits of the wise, and is hateful to the souls of the gracious. In sum, he is an inhuman creature, a fearful companion, a man-monster, and a devil incarnate.

An Old Man.

An old man is the declaration of time in the defect of Nature, and the imperfection of sense in the use of reason. He is in the observation of Time, a calendar of experience; but in the power of action, he is a blank among lots. He is the subject of weakness, the agent of sickness, the displeasure of life, and the forerunner of death. He is twice a child and half a man, a living picture, and a dying creature. He is a blown bladder that is only stuffed with wind, and a withered tree that hath lost the sap of the root, or an old lute with strings all broken, or a ruined castle that is ready to fall. He is the eyesore of youth and the jest of love, and in the fulness of infirmity the mirror of misery. Yet in the honour of wisdom he may be gracious in gravity, and in the government of justice deserve the honour of reverence. Yea, his word may be notes for the use of reason, and his actions examples for the imitation of discretion. In sum, in whatsoever estate he is but as the snuff of a candle, that pink it ever so long it will out at last.

A Young Man.

A young man is the spring of time, when nature in her pride shows her beauty to the world. He is the delight of the eye and the study of the mind, the labour of instruction and the pupil of reason. His wit is in making or marring, his wealth in gaining or losing, his honour in advancing or declining, and his life in abridging or increasing He is a bloom that either is blasted in the bud or grows to a good fruit, or a bird that dies in the nest or lives to make use of her wings. He is a colt that must have a bridle ere he be well managed, and a falcon that must be well maned or he will never be reclaimed He is the darling of nature and the charge of reason, the exercise of patience and the hope of charity. His exercise is either study or action, and his study either knowledge or pleasure. His disposition gives a great note of his generation, and yet his breeding may either better or worse him, though to wish a blackamoor white be the loss of labour, and what is bred in the bone will never out of the flesh. In sum, till experience have seasoned his understanding, he is rather a child than a man, a prey of flattery or a praise of providence, in the way of grace to prove a saint, or in the way of sin to grow a devil.

A Holy Man.

A holy man is the chiefest creature in the workmanship of the world. He is the highest in the election of love, and the nearest to the image of the human nature of his Maker. He is served of all the creatures in the earth, and created but for the service of his Creator. He is capable of the course of nature, and by the rule of observation finds the art of reason. His senses are but servants to his spirit, which is guided by a power above himself. His time is only known to the eye of the Almighty, and what he is in his most greatness is as nothing but in His mercy. He makes law by the direction of life, and lives but in the mercy of love. He treads upon the face of the earth till in the same

substance he be trod upon, though his soul that gave life to his senses live in heaven till the resurrection of his flesh. He hath an eye to look upward towards grace, while labour is only the punishment of sin. His faith is the hand of his soul, which layeth hold on the promise of mercy. His patience is the tenure of the possession of his soul, his charity the rule of his life, and his hope the anchor of his salvation. His study is the state of obedience, and his exercise the continuance of prayer, his life but a passage to a better, and his death the rest of his labours. His heart is a watch to his eye, his wit a door to his mouth, his soul a guard to his spirit, and his limbs are but labourers for his body. In sum, he is ravished with divine love, hateful to the nature of sin, troubled with the vanities of the world, and longing for his joy but in heaven.

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succour, and her servant's comfort. She's (to be brief) the eye of wariness, the tongue of silence, the hand of labour, and the heart of love. Her voice is music, her countenance meekness, her mind virtuous, and her soul gracious. She's a blessing given from God to man, a sweet companion in his affliction, and joint-copartner upon all occasions. She's (to conclude) earth's chiefest paragon, and will be, when she dies, heaven's dearest creature.

In 1629 appeared sixteen pieces in fifty-six pages entitled "Micrologia, Characters or Essayes, of Persons, Trades, and Places, offered to the City and Country, by R. M." There was an "R. M." who wrote from the coast of Guiana in November 1817 "Newes of Sir W. Raleigh. With the true Description of Guiana: as also relation of the excellent Government, and much hope of the prosperity of the Voyage. Sent from a gentleman of his Fleet (R. M.) to a most especiall Friend of his in London. From the River of Caliana on the Coast of Guiana, Novemb. 17, 1617," published in 1618. The Characters of Persons and Trades in "Micrologia" are: a Fantastic Tailor, a Player, a Shoemaker. a Ropemaker, a Smith, a Tobacconist, a Cunning Woman, a Cobbler, a Tooth-drawer, a Tinker, a Fiddler, a Cunning Horse-Courser; and of Places, Bethlem, Ludgate, Bridewell, Newgate.

This is R. M.'s character of a Player—

A Player

Is a volume of various conceits or epitome of time, who by his representation and appearance makes things long past seem present. He is much like the counters in arithmetic, and may stand one while for a king, another while a beggar, many times as a mute or cipher. Sometimes he represents that which in his life he scarce practises—to be an honest man. To the point, he oft personates a rover, and therein comes nearest to himself. If his action prefigure passion, he raves, rages, and protests much

with visions, which I can impute to no other cause but to the terrible skirmishes which he discoursed of in the daytime. He has now tied himself apprentice to the trade of minting, and must weekly perform his task, or (beside the loss which accrues to himself) he disappoints a number of no small fools, whose discourse, discipline, and discretion is drilled from his state-service. These you shall know by their Monday's morning question, a little before exchange time: Stationer, have you any news? Which they no sooner purchase than peruse; and, early by next morning (lest their country friend should be deprived of the benefit of so rich a prize), they freely vent the substance of it, with some illustrations, if their understanding can furnish them that way. He would make you believe that he were known to some foreign intelligence, but I hold him the wisest man that hath the least faith to believe him. For his relations he stands resolute, whether they become approved or evinced for untruths, which if they be, he has contracted with his face never to blush for the matter. He holds especial concurrence with two philosophical sects, though he be ignorant of the tenets of either. in the collection of his observations he is peripatetical, for he walks circularly, in the digestion of his relations he is stoical, and sits regularly. He has an alphabetical table of all the chief commanders, generals, leaders, provincial towns, rivers, ports, creeks, with other fitting materials to furnish his imaginary building. Whisperings, mutterings, and bare suppositions are sufficient grounds for the authority of his relations. It is strange to see with what greediness this airy chameleon, being all lungs and wind, will swallow a receipt of news, as if it were physical, yea, with what frontless insinuation he will screw himself into the acquaintance of some knowing intelligencers, who, trying the cask by his hollow sound, do familiarly gull him. I am of opinion, were all his voluminous centuries of fabulous relations compiled, they would vie in number with the Iliads of many fore-running ages. You shall many times find in his gazettas, pasquils, and corrantos miserable distractions: here a city taken by force long before it be besieged, there a country laid waste before ever the

enemy entered. He many times tortures his readers with impertinencies, yet are these the tolerablest passages throughout all his discourse. He is the very landscape of our age. He is all air; his ear always open to all reports, which, how incredible soever, must pass for current and find vent, purposely to get him current money and delude the vulgar. Yet our best comfort is, his chimeras live not long; a week is the longest in the city, and after their arrival, little longer in the country, which past they melt like butter, or match a pipe, and so burn But indeed, most commonly it is the height of their ambition to aspire to the employment of stopping mustard-pots, or wrapping up pepper, powder, staves-aker, &c, which done, they expire. Now for his habit, Wapping and Long Lane will give him his character. He honours nothing with a more endeared observance, nor hugs ought with more intimacy, than antiquity, which he expresseth even in his clothes I have known some love fish best that smelled of the pannier, and the like humour reigns in him, for he loves that apparel best that has a taste of the broker. Some have held him for a scholar, but trust me such are in a palpable error, for he never yet understood so much Latin as to construe *Gallo-Belgicus.* For his library (his own continuations excepted), it consists of very few or no books He holds himself highly engaged to his invention if it can purchase him victuals, for authors, he never converseth with them, unless they walk in Paul's. For his discourse it is ordinary, yet he will make you a terrible repetition of desperate commanders, unheard-of exploits, intermixing withal his own personal service But this is not in all companies, for his experience hath sufficiently informed him in this principle—that as nothing works more on the simple than things strange and incredibly rare, so nothing discovers his weakness more among the knowing and judicious than to insist, by way of discourse, on reports above conceit. Amongst these, therefore, he is as mute as a fish But now imagine his lamp (if he be worth one) to be nearly burnt out, his inventing genius wearied and footsore with ranging over so many unknown regions, and himself wasted with the fruitless expense of much paper,

resigning his place of weekly collections to another, whom, in hope of some little share, he has to his stationer recommended, while he lives either poorly respected or dies miserably suspended. The rest I end with his own close:—Next week you shall hear more.

The other characters in "Whimzies" were an Almanac-maker, a Ballad-monger, a Decoy, an Exchange-man, a Forester, a Gamester, an Hospital-man, a Jailer, a Keeper, a Launderer, a Metal-man, a Neater, an Ostler, a Postmaster, a Quest-man, a Ruffian, a Sailor, a Traveller, an Under-Sheriff, a Wine-Soaker, a Xantippean, a Jealous Neighbour, a Zealous Brother. The collection was enlarged by addition under separate title-page of "A Cater-Character, thrown out of a box by an Experienced Gamester," which gave Characters of an Apparitor, a Painter, a Pedlar, and a Piper The author added also some lines "upon the Birthday of his sonne Iohn," beginning—

" God blesse thee, Iohn,
And make thee such an one
That I may joy
In calling thee my son

Thou art my ninth,
And by it I divine
That thou shalt live
To love the Muses Nine."

JOHN MILTON,

when he was at college, ventured down among the Character-writers in his two pieces on the University Carrier. Thomas Hobson had been for sixty years carrier between Cambridge and the Bull Inn, Bishopsgate Street, London. He was a very well-known Cambridge character. Steele, in No 509 *of the "Spectator," ascribed to him the origin of the proverbial phrase, Hobson's Choice "Being a man of great ability and invention, and one that saw where there might good profit arise, though the duller men overlooked it, this ingenious man was the first in this island who let out hackney-horses"* [*That is a mistake, but never mind.*] *"He lived in Cambridge, and, observing that the scholars rid hard, his manner was to keep a large stable of horses, with boots, bridles, and whips, to furnish the gentlemen at once, without going from college to college to borrow I say, Mr Hobson kept a stable of forty good cattle, always ready and fit for travelling, but, when a man came for a horse, he was led into the stable, where there was great choice, but he obliged him to take the horse which stood next the stable door, so that every customer was alike well served according to his chance, and every horse ridden with the same justice—from whence it became a proverb, when what ought to be your election was forced upon you, to say 'Hobson's Choice!'"*

In the spring of 1630 *the Plague in Cambridge caused colleges to be closed, and among other precautions against spread of infection, Hobson the Carrier was forbidden to go to and fro between Cambridge and London. At the end of the year, after six or seven months of forced inaction, Hobson sickened, and he died on the first of January, at the age of eighty-six, leaving his family amply provided for, and money for the maintenance of the town conduit. At the Bull Inn in London there used to be a portrait of him with a money-bag under his arm.*

Character-writing being in fashion many a character of the

resigning his place *was written, no doubt, by Cambridge men after*
hope of some little *beginning of the year* 1631 (*new style*) *And*
while he lives either p *Their unlikeness to other work of his lies in*
The rest I end with hi *of literature which was but fashion of the*
more. *d out of sight of its old starting-point and*
goal lay, had gone astray, and often by
The other characters in nst wisdom.
a Ballad-monger, a Deco
Gamester, an Hospital-m
Metal-man, a Neate
a Ruffian, a S
Soaker, a Y
The coll
of "

UNIVERSITY CARRIER,
the time of his Vacancy, being forbid to go to London by reason of the Plague.

Here lies old Hobson. Death hath broke his girt,
And here, alas, hath laid him in the dirt;
Or else, the ways being foul, twenty to one
He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown
'Twas such a shifter that, if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down,
For he had any time this ten years full
Dodged with him betwixt Cambridge and *The Bull*,
And surely Death could never have prevailed
Had not his weekly course of carriage failed
But lately, finding him so long at home,
And thinking now his journey's end was come,
And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,
In the kind office of a chamberlin
Showed him his room where he must lodge that night,
Pulled off his boots, and took away the light.
If any ask for him, it shall be said,
"Hobson has supped, and 's newly gone to bed."

ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

Here lieth one that did most truly prove
That he could never die while he could move;
So hung his destiny, never to rot
While he might still jog on and keep his trot;

Made of sphere-metal, never to decay
Until his revolution was at stay.
Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
'Gainst old truth) motion numbered out his time;
And, like an engine moved with wheel and weight,
His principles being ceased, he ended straight.
Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death,
And too much breathing put him out of breath,
Nor were it contradiction to affirm
Too long vacation hastened on his term.
Merely to drive the time away he sickened,
Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quickened.
"Nay," quoth he, on his swooning-bed outstretched,
"If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetched,
But vow, though the cross doctors all stood hearers,
For one carrier put down to make six bearers"
Ease was his chief disease; and, to judge right,
He died for heaviness that his cart went light.
His leisure told him that his time was come,
And lack of load made his life burdensome,
That even to his last breath (there be that say 't)
As he were pressed to death, he cried. "More weight!"
But, had his doings lasted as they were,
He had been an immortal carrier.
Obedient to the moon he spent his date
In course reciprocal, and had his fate
Linked to the mutual flowing of the seas;
Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase.
His letters are delivered all and gone,
Only remains the superscription

How very sure we should all be that Milton did not write these pieces, if he had not given them a place among his published works! Returning to the crowd of Character-writers we find in 1631, *the year of Milton's writing upon Hobson,*

WYE SALTONSTALL,

author of "Picturæ Loquentes, or Pictures drawn forth in Characters. With a Poeme of a Maid." The poem of a Maid was, of course, suggested by the fact that Sir Thomas Overbury's Characters had joined to them the poem of a Wife. There was a second edition in 1635. *Saltonstall's Characters were the World, an Old Man, a Woman, a Widow, a True Lover, a Country Bride, a Ploughman, a Melancholy Man, a Young Heir, a Scholar in the University, a Lawyer's Clerk, a Townsman in Oxford, an Usurer, a Wandering Rogue, a Waterman, a Shepherd, a Jealous Man, a Chamberlain, a Maid, a Bailey, a Country Fair, a Country Alehouse, a Horse Race, a Farmer's Daughter, a Keeper, a Gentleman's House in the Country, to which he added in the second edition, a Fine Dame, a Country Dame, a Gardener, a Captain, a Poor Village, a Merry Man, a Scrivener, the Term, a Mower, a Happy Man, an Arrant Knave, and an Old Waiting Gentlewoman. This is one of his Characters as quoted by Philip Bliss in the Appendix to his edition of Earle—*

The Term

Is a time when Justice keeps open court for all comers, while her sister Equity strives to mitigate the rigour of her positive sentence. It is called the term, because it does end and terminate business, or else because it is the *Terminus ad quem*, that is, the end of the countryman's journey, who comes up to the term, and with his hobnail shoes grinds the faces of the poor stones, and so returns again. It is the soul of the year, and makes it quick, which before was dead. Innkeepers gape for it as earnestly as shell-fish do for salt water after a low ebb It sends forth new books into the world, and replenishes Paul's Walk with fresh company, where *Quid novi?* is their first salutation, and the weekly news their chief discourse. The taverns are painted against the term, and many a cause is argued there and tried at that bar, where you are adjudged to pay the costs and charges,

and so dismissed with "welcome, gentlemen." Now the city puts her best side outward, and a new play at the Blackfriars is attended on with coaches. It keeps watermen from sinking, and helps them with many a fare voyage to Westminster. Your choice beauties come up to it only to see and be seen, and to learn the newest fashion, and for some other recreations. Now many that have been long sick and crazy begins to stir and walk abroad, especially if some young prodigals come to town, who bring more money than wit. Lastly, the term is the joy of the city, a dear friend to countrymen, and is never more welcome than after a long vacation.

We have also, in 1632, "London and Country Carbonadoed and Quartered into Several Characters," by Donald Lupton; in 1633, the "Character of a Gentleman," appended to Brathwait's "English Gentleman," in 1634, "A strange Metamorphosis of Man, transformed into a Wilderness, Deciphered in Characters," of which this is a specimen.—

THE HORSE

Is a creature made, as it were, in wax. When Nature first framed him, she took a secret complacence in her work. He is even her masterpiece in irrational things, borrowing somewhat of all things to set him forth For example, his slick bay coat he took from the chestnut, his neck from the rainbow, which perhaps make him rain so well His mane belike he took from Pegasus, making him a hobby to make this a complete jennet, which mane he wears so curled, much after the women's fashions now-a-days;—this I am sure of, howsoever, it becomes them, [and] it sets forth our jennet well. His legs he borrowed of the hart, with his swiftness, which makes him a true courser indeed. The stars in his forehead he fetched from heaven, which will not be much missed, there being so many The little head he hath, broad breast, fat buttock, and thick tail are properly his own, for he knew not where to get him better. If you tell him of the horns he wants to make him most complete, he scorns the

motion, and sets them at his heel. He is well shod, especially in the upper leather, for as for his soles, they are much at reparation, and often fain to be removed. Nature seems to have spent an apprenticeship of years to make you such a one, for it is full seven years ere he comes to this perfection, and be fit for the saddle: for then (as we), it seems to come to the years of discretion, when he will show a kind of rational judgment with him, and if you set an expert rider on his back, you shall see how sensible they will talk together, as master and scholar. When he shall be no sooner mounted and planted in the seat, with the reins in one hand, a switch in the other, and speaking with his spurs in the horse's flanks, a language he well understands, but he shall prance, curvet, and dance the canaries half an hour together in compass of a bushel, and yet still, as he thinks, get some ground, shaking the goodly plume on his head with a comely pride. This will our Bucephalus do in the lists: but when he comes abroad into the fields, he will play the country gentleman as truly, as before the knight in tournament. If the game be up once, and the hounds in chase, you shall see how he will prick up his ears straight, and tickle at the sport as much as his rider shall, and laugh so loud, that if there be many of them, they will even drown the rural harmony of the dogs When he travels, of all inns he loves best the sign of the silver bell, because likely there he fares best, especially if he come the first and get the prize. He carries his ears upright, nor seldom ever lets them fall till they be cropped off, and after that, as in despite, will never wear them more. His tail is so essential to him, that if he lose it once he is no longer a horse, but ever styled a curtall. To conclude, he is a blade of Vulcan's forging, made for Mars of the best metal, and the post of Fame to carry her tidings through the world, who, if he knew his own strength, would shrewdly put for the monarchy of our wilderness."

Then there were separate Characters, as "of a Projector" (1642), *"of an Oxford Incendiary"* (1645), *and in* 1664, *"A New*

Anatomie, or Character of a Christian or Roundhead, expressing his Description, Excellencie, Happiness, and Innocencie. Wherein may appear how far this blind World is mistaken in their unjust Censures of him." Several Characters were included in Lord North's "Forest of Varieties," published in 1645 Fourteen Characters, some of individual persons, were in the "Characters and Elegies, by Sir Francis Wortley, Knight and Baronet," published in 1646. The author was son of Sir Richard Wortley of Wortley in Yorkshire. He was a good royalist, was taken prisoner in the civil wars, and wrote his Characters in the Tower. They were these —The Character of his Royall Majestie, the Character of the Queene's Majestie, the Hopeful Prince, a true Character of the illustrious James, Duke of York; the Character of a Noble General; a true English Protestant, an Antinomian, or Anabaptistical Independent, a Jesuit; the true Character of a Northern Lady, as she is Wife, Mother, and Sister, the Politique Neuter, the Citie Paragon, a Sharking Committee-man; Britannicus his Pedigree —a fatall Prediction of his end, and last, the Phœnix of the Court.

In 1646, T. F, who is named by interlineation on his title-page among the King's Pamphlets, T Ford, servant to Mr Sam. Man, produced the "Times Anatomized, in several Characters." These were. A Good King, Rebellion, an Honest Subject, an Hypocritical Convert of the Times, a Soldier of Fortune, a Discontented Person, an Ambitious Man, the Vulgar, Error, Truth, a Self-seeker, Pamphlets, an Envious Man, True Valour, Time, a Neuter, a Turn-Coat, a Moderate Man, a Corrupt Committee-man, a Sectary, War, Peace, a Drunkard, a Novice, Preacher, a Scandalous Preacher, a Grave Divine, a Self-Conceited Man, Religion, Death This is T. Ford's Character of Pamphlets—

PAMPHLETS

Are the weekly almanacs, showing what weather is in the state, which, like the doves of Aleppo, carry news to every part of the kingdom. They are the silent traitors that affront majesty, and abuse all authority, under the colour of an imprimatur. Ubiqui-

tary flies that have of late so blistered the ears of all men, that they cannot endure the solid truth. The echoes, whereby what is done in part of the kingdom, is heard all over. They are like the mushrooms, sprung up in a night, and dead in a day; and such is the greediness of men's natures (in these Athenian days) of new, that they will rather feign than want it.

So the tide ran on In 1647 there was "The Character of an Agitator," and also John Cleveland's Character of a London Diurnal.

JOHN CLEVELAND,

The Cavalier poet, born at Loughborough in Leicestershire in 1613, son of an usher in a free school there, was sent to Milton's College, Christ's, at Cambridge in 1627, when he was fifteen years old. Milton had gone to Christ's two years before, but at the age of seventeen Cleveland left Christ's College in 1631, when he took his B.A degree, and went to St. John's, of which he was elected a Fellow in March 1634 He proceeded M.A. in 1634, and studied afterwards both law and physics, living for nine years at Cambridge John Cleveland was ejected from his position as Fellow and Tutor by the Parliamentary visitors in February 1645 (new style), and was sent to Newark as judge advocate under Sir Richard Willis, the Governor. After the surrender at Newark, Cleveland depended upon friendship of cavaliers who gave him hospitality for his witty companionship, and the good scholarship that made him valuable as a tutor to their sons. Cleveland, who lives among our poets, wrote in the first days of his trouble these three prose Characters.—

The Character of a Country Committee-man, with the Ear-mark of a Sequestrator.

A committee-man by his name should be one that is possessed, there is number enough in it to make an epithet for legion. He

is *persona in concreto* (to borrow the solecism of a modern statesman) You may translate it by the Red Bull phrase, and speak as properly, Enter seven devils *solus.* It is a well-trussed title that contains both the number and the beast; for a committee-man is a noun of multitude, he must be spelled with figures, like Antichrist wrapped in a pair-royal of sixes. Thus the name is as monstrous as the man, a complex notion of the same lineage with accumulative treason. For his office it is the Heptarchy, or England's fritters; it is the broken meat of a crumbling prince, only the royalty is greater; for it is here, as in the miracle of loaves; the voider exceeds the bill of fare. The Pope and he ring the changes; here is the plurality of crowns to one head, join them together and there is a harmony in discord. The triple-headed turnkey of heaven with the triple-headed porter of hell. A committee-man is the relics of regal government, but, like holy relics, he outbulks the substance whereof he is a remnant. There is a score of kings in a committee, as in the relics of the cross there is the number of twenty. This is the giant with the hundred hands that wields the sceptre, the tyrannical bead-roll by which the kingdom prays backward, and at every curse drops a committee-man. Let Charles be waived whose condescending clemency aggravates the defection, and make Nero the question, better a Nero than a committee. There is less execution by a single bullet than by case-shot.

Now a committee-man is a parti-coloured officer. He must be drawn like Janus with cross and pile in his countenance, as he relates to the soldiers or faces about to his fleecing the country. Look upon him martially, and he is a justice of war, one that hath bound his Dalton up in buff, and will needs be of the Quorum to the best commanders. He is one of Mars his lay-elders, he shares in the government, though a Nonconformist to his bleeding rubric. He is the like sectary in arms, as the Platonic is in love, keeps a fluttering in discourse, but proves a haggard in the action He is not of the soldiers and yet of his flock. It is an emblem of the golden age (and such indeed he makes it to him) when so tame a pigeon may converse with

vultures. Methinks a committee hanging about a governor, and bandileers dangling about a furred alderman, have an anagram resemblance. There is no syntax between a cap of maintenance and a helmet. Who ever knew an enemy routed by a grand jury and a *Billa vera?* It is a left-handed garrison where their authority perches, but the more preposterous the more in fashion, the right hand fights while the left rules the reins. The truth is, the soldier and the gentleman are like Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, one fights at all adventures to purchase the other the government of the island. A committee-man properly should be the governor's mattress to fit his truckle, and to new string him with sinews of war; for his chief use is to raise assessments in the neighbouring wapentake.

The country people being like an Irish cow that will not give down her milk unless she see her calf before her, hence it is he is the garrison's dry nurse; he chews their contribution before he feeds them, so the poor soldiers live like Trochilus by picking the teeth of this sacred crocodile.

So much for his warlike or ammunition face, which is so preternatural that it is rather a vizard than a face; Mars in him hath but a blinking aspect, his face of arms is like his coat, *partie per pale*, soldier and gentleman much of a scantling.

Now enter his taxing and deglubing face, a squeezing look like that of Vespasianus, as if he were bleeding over a close stool.

Take him thus and he is in the inquisition of the purse an authentic gypsy, that nips your bung with a canting ordinance; not a murdered fortune in all the country but bleeds at the touch of this malefactor. He is the spleen of the body politic that swells itself to the consumption of the whole. At first, indeed, he ferreted for the parliament, but since he hath got off his cope he set up for himself. He lives upon the sins of the people, and that is a good standing dish too. He verifies the axiom, *Iisdem nutritur ex quibus componitur;* his diet is suitable to his constitution. I have wondered often why the plundered countrymen should repair to him for succour, certainly it is under the same

notion, as one whose pockets are picked goes to Moll Cutpurse, as the predominant in that faculty.

He outdives a Dutchman, gets a noble of him that was never worth sixpence; for the poorest do not escape, but Dutch-like he will be draining even in the driest ground. He aliens a delinquent's estate with as little remorse as his other holiness gives away an heretic's kingdom, and for the truth of the delinquency, both chapmen have as little share of infallibility. Lye is the grand salad of arbitrary government, executor to the star-chamber and the high commission; for those courts are not extinct, they survive in him like dollars changed into single money. To speak the truth, he is the universal tribunal, for since these times all causes fall to his cognisance, as in a great infection all diseases turn oft to the plague. It concerns our masters the parliament to look about them; if he proceedeth at this rate the jack may come to swallow the pike, as the interest often eats out the principal. As his commands are great, so he looks for a reverence accordingly. He is punctual in exacting your hat, and to say right his due, but by the same title as the upper garment is the vails of the executioner. There was a time when such cattle would hardly have been taken upon suspicion for men in office, unless the old proverb were renewed, that the beggars make a free company, and those their wardens. You may see what it is to hang together. Look upon them severally, and you cannot but fumble for some threads of charity But oh, they are termagants in conjunction! like fiddlers who are rogues when they go single, and joined in consort, gentlemen musicianers I care not much if I untwist my committee-man, and so give him the receipt of this grand Catholicon.

Take a state martyr, one that for his good behaviour hath paid the excise of his ears, so suffered captivity by the land-piracy of ship-money; next a primitive freeholder, one that hates the king because he is a gentleman transgressing the Magna Charta of delving Adam. Add to these a mortified bankrupt that helps out his false weights with some scruples of conscience, and with his peremptory scales can doom his prince with a *mene tekel.*

ballads and godly books. He would not serve for the breast-plate of a begging Grecian. The most cramped compendium that the age hath seen since all learning hath been almost torn into ends, outstrips him by the head. I have heard of puppets that could prattle in a play, but never saw of their writings before. There goes a report of the Holland women that together with their children they are delivered of a Sooterkin, not unlike to a rat, which some imagine to be the offspring of the stoves I know not what *Ignis fatuus* adulterates the press, but it seems much after that fashion, else how could this vermin think to be a twin to a legitimate writer; when those weekly fragments shall pass for history, let the poor man's box be entitled the exchequer, and the alms-basket a magazine. Not a worm that gnaws on the dull scalp of voluminous Holinshed, but at every meal devoured more chronicle than his tribe amounts to A marginal note of W. P. would serve for a winding-sheet for that man's works, like thick-skinned fruits are all rind, fit for nothing but the author's fate, to be pared in a pillory.

The cook who served up the dwarf in a pie (to continue the frolic) might have lapped up such an historian as this in the bill of fare. He is the first tincture and rudiment of a writer, dipped as yet in the preparative blue, like an almanac well-willer. He is the cadet of a pamphleteer, the pedee of a romancer; he is the embryo of a history slinked before maturity. How should he record the issues of time who is himself an abortive? I will not say but that he may pass for an historian in Garbier's academy; he is much of the size of those knotgrass professors. What a pitiful seminary was there projected; yet suitable enough to the present universities, those dry nurses which the providence of the age has so fully reformed that they are turned reformadoes. But that's no matter, the meaner the better It is a maxim observable in these days, that the only way to win the game is to play petty Johns Of this number is the esquire of the quill, for he hath the grudging of history and some yawnings accordingly. Writing is a disease in him and holds like a quotidian, so 'tis his infirmity that makes him an author, as Mahomet was beholding to the

falling sickness to vouch him a prophet. That nice artificer who filed a chain so thin and light that a flea could trail it (as if he had worked shorthand, and taught his tools to cypher), did but contrive an emblem for this skipjack and his slight productions.

Methinks the Turk should licence diurnals because he prohibits learning and books. A library of diurnals is a wardrobe of frippery, 'tis a just idea of a Limbo of the infants. I saw one once that could write with his toes, by the same token I could have wished he had worn his copies for socks; 'tis he without doubt from whom the diurnals derive their pedigree, and they have a birthright accordingly, being shuffled out at the bed's feet of history To what infinite numbers an historian would multiply should he crumble into elves of this profession? To supply this smallness they are fain to join forces, so they are not singly but as the custom is in a croaking committee. They tug at the pen like slaves at the oar, a whole bank together; they write in the posture that the Swedes gave fire in, over one another's heads It is said there is more of them go to a suit of clothes than to a *Britannicus*, in this polygamy the clothes breed and cannot determine whose issue is lawfully begotten

And here I think it were not amiss to take a particular how he is accoutred, and so do by him as he in his Siquis for the wall-eyed mare, or the crop flea-bitten, give you the marks of the beast. I begin with his head, which is ever in clouts, as if the nightcap should make affidavit that the brain was pregnant To what purpose doth the *Pia Mater* lie in so dully in her white formalities; sure she hath had hard labour, for the brows have squeezed for it, as you may perceive by his buttered bon-grace that film of a demicastor, 'tis so thin and unctuous that the sunbeams mistake it for a vapour, and are like to cap him, so it is right heliotrope, it creaks in the shine and flaps in the shade; whatever it be I wish it were able to call in his ears. There's no proportion between that head and appurtenances; those of all lungs are no more fit for that small noddle of the circumcision than brass bosses for a Geneva Bible In what a puzzling neutrality is the poor soul that moves betwixt two such ponderous

[illegible]ld not serve for the breast-biases? His collar is edged with a piece [illegible]mped compendium which he means a band; 'tis the forlorn of his sh[illegible]n almost torn of his neck; indeed it were time that his shirt were jogging[illegible]ts it has served an apprenticeship, and (as apprentices use) it hath learned its trade too, to which effect 'tis marching to the paper-mill, and the next week sets up for itself in the shape of a pamphlet. His gloves are the shavings of his hands, for he casts his skin like a cancelled parchment. The itch represents the broken seals. His boots are the legacies of two black jacks, and till he pawned the silver that the jacks were tipped with it was a pretty mode of boot-hose-tops For the rest of his habit he is a perfect seaman, a kind of tarpaulin, he being hanged about with his coarse composition, those pole-davie papers.

But I must draw to an end, for every character is an anatomy lecture, and it fares with me in this of the diurnal-maker, as with him that reads on a begged malefactor, my subject smells before I have gone through with him; for a parting blow then. The word historian imports a sage and solemn author, one that curls his brow with a sullen gravity, like a bull-necked Presbyter since the army hath got him off his jurisdiction, who, Presbyter like, sweeps his breast with a reverend beard, full of native moss-troopers, not such a squirting scribe as this that's troubled with the rickets, and makes pennyworths of history. The college-treasury that never had in bank above a Harry-groat, shut up there in a melancholy solitude, like one that is kept to keep possession, had as good evidence to show for his title as he for an historian; so, if he will needs be an historian, he is not cited in the sterling acceptation, but after the rate of bluecaps' reckoning, an historian Scot. Now a Scotchman's tongue runs high fullams. There is a cheat in his idiom, for the sense ebbs from the bold expression, like the citizen's gallon, which the drawer interprets but half a pint. In sum, a diurnal-maker is the anti-mark of an historian, he differs from him as a drill from a man, or (if you had rather have it in the saints' gibberish) as a hinter doth from a holder-forth.

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CHARACTER OF A LONDON DIURNAL

A diurnal is a puny chronicle, scarce pin-feathered with the wings of time. It is a history in sippets: the English Iliads in a nutshell: the apocryphal Parliament's book of Maccabees in single sheets. It would tire a Welshman to reckon up how many aps 'tis removed from an annal; for it is of that extract, only of the younger house, like a shrimp to a lobster. The original sinner in this kind was Dutch, Gallo-Belgicus the protoplast, and the modern Mercuries but Hans-en-kelders. The Countess of Zealand was brought to bed of an almanac, as many children as days in the year. It may be the legislative lady is of that lineage, so she spawns the diurnals, and they at Westminster take them in adoption by the names of *Scoticus*, *Civicus*, *Britannicus*. In the frontispiece of the old Beldam diurnal, like the contents of the chapter, sitteth the House of Commons judging the twelve tribes of Israel. You may call them the kingdom's anatomy before the weekly calendar; for such is a diurnal, the day of the month with what weather in the commonwealth It is taken for the pulse of the body politic, and the empiric divines of the assembly, those spiritual dragooners, thumb it accordingly. Indeed it is a pretty synopsis, and those grave rabbis (though in the point of Divinity) trade in no larger authors. The country-carrier, when he buys it for the vicar, miscalls it the urinal; yet properly enough, for it casts the water of the state ever since it staled blood. It differs from an Aulicus, as the devil and his exorcist, or as a black witch doth from a white one, whose office is to unravel her enchantments.

It begins usually with an Ordinance, which is a law still born, dropped before quickened by the royal assent. 'Tis one of the parliament's bye-blows, acts only being legitimate, and hath no more sire than a Spanish jennet that is begotten by the wind.

Thus their militia, like its patron Mars, is the issue only of the mother, without the concourse of royal Jupiter yet law it is, if they vote it, in defiance to their fundamentals, like the old sexton, who swore his clock went true, whatever the sun said to the contrary.

The next ingredient of a diurnal is plots, horrible plots, which with wonderful sagacity it hunts dry-foot, while they are yet in their causes, before *materia prima* can put on her smock. How many such fits of the mother have troubled the kingdom; and for all Sir W. E. [William Earle] looks like a man-midwife, not yet delivered of so much as a cushion? But actors must have properties; and since the stages were voted down the only playhouse is at Westminster.

Suitable to their plots are their informers, skippers, and tailors, spaniels both for the land and water. Good conscionable intelligence! For however Pym's bill may inflame the reckoning, the honest vermin have not so much for lying as the public faith.

Thus a zealous botcher in Moorfields, while he was contriving some quirpocut of Church-Government, by the help of his outlying ears and the Otacousticon of the spirit, discovered such a plot, that Selden intends to combat antiquity, and maintain it was a tailor's goose that preserved the capital.

I wonder my Lord of Canterbury is not once more all to be traitored, for dealing with the lions to settle the Commission of Array in the Tower It would do well to cramp the articles dormant, besides the opportunity of reforming these beasts of the prerogative, and changing their profaner names of Harry and Charles into Nehemiah and Eleazar

Suppose a corn-cutter being to give little Isaac a cast of his office should fall to paring his brows (mistaking the one end for the other, because he branches at both), this would be a plot, and the next diurnal would furnish you with this scale of votes —

Resolved upon the question, That this act of the corn-cutter was an absolute invasion of the city's charter in the representative forehead of Isaac.

Resolved, That the evil counsellors about the corn-cutter are popishly affected and enemies to the State.

Resolved, That there be a public thanksgiving for the great deliverance of Isaac's brow-antlers; and a solemn covenant drawn up to defy the corn-cutter and all his works.

Thus the Quixotes of this age fight with the windmills of their

own heads, quell monsters of their own creation, make plots, and then discover them; as who fitter to unkennel the fox than the terrier that is part of him?

In the third place march their adventures, the Roundheads' legends, the rebels' romance; stories of a larger size than the ears of their sect, able to strangle the belief of a Solifidian.

I'll present them in their order. And first as a whiffler before the show enter Stamford, one that trod the stage with the first, traversed the ground, made a leg and exit. The country people took him for one that by order of the Houses was to dance a morrice through the west of England. Well, he's a nimble gentleman; set him upon Banks his horse in a saddle rampant, and it is a great question which part of the Centaur shows better tricks.

There was a vote passing to translate him with all his equipage into monumental gingerbread; but it was crossed by the female committee alleging that the valour of his image would bite their children by the tongues.

This cubit and half of commander, by the help of a diurnal, routed his enemies fifty miles off. It's strange you'll say, and yet 'tis generally believed he would as soon do it at that distance as nearer hand. Sure it was his sword for which the weapon-salve was invented; that so wounding and healing (like loving correlates) might both work at the same removes. But the squib is run to the end of the rope. room for the prodigy of valour. Madam Atropos in breeches, Waller's knight-errantry; and because every mountebank must have his zany, throw him in Hazelrig to set off his story. These two, like Bel and the Dragon, are always worshipped in the same chapter, they hunt in couples, what one doth at the head, the other scores up at the heels.

Thus they kill a man over and over, as Hopkins and Sternhold murder the psalms with another of the same, one chimes all in, and then the other strikes up as the saints-bell

I wonder for how many lives my Lord Hopton took the lease of his body

First Stamford slew him, then Waller outkilled that half a bar; and yet it is thought the sullen corpse would scarce bleed were both these manslayers never so near it.

The same goes of a Dutch headsman, that he would do his office with so much ease and dexterity, that the head after execution should stand upon the shoulders. Pray God Sir William be not probationer for the place; for as if he had the like knack too, most of those whom the diurnal hath slain for him, to us poor mortals seem untouched.

Thus these artificers of death can kill the man without wounding the body, like lightning, that melts the sword and never singes the scabbard.

This is the William whose lady is the conqueror; this is the city's champion and the diurnal's delight; he that cuckolds the general in his commission; for he stalks with Essex, and shoots under his belly, because his Excellency himself is not charged there: yet in all this triumph there is a whip and bell; translate but the scene to Roundway Down, there Hazelrig's lobsters turned crabs and crawled backwards, there poor Sir William ran to his lady for an use of consolation.

But the diurnal is weary of the arm of flesh, and now begins an hosanna to Cromwell; one that hath beat up his drums clean through the Old Testament: you may learn the genealogy of our Saviour by the names in his regiment; the muster-master uses no other list but the first chapter of Matthew.

With what face can they object to the king the bringing in of foreigners, when themselves entertain such an army of Hebrews? This Cromwell is never so valorous as when he is making speeches for the association, which nevertheless he doth somewhat ominously with his neck awry, holding up his ear as if he expected Mahomet's pigeon to come and prompt him. He should be a bird of prey too by his bloody beak; his nose is able to try a young eagle, whether she be lawfully begotten But all is not gold that glitters. What we wonder at in the rest of them is natural to him to kill without bloodshed, for the most of his trophies are in a church window, when a looking-glass

would show him more superstition He is so perfect a hater of images that he hath defaced God's in his own countenance. If he deals with men, 'tis when he takes them napping in an old monument; then down goes dust and ashes, and the stoutest cavalier is no better O brave Oliver! Time's voider, subsizer to the worms, in whom death, who formerly devoured our ancestors, now chews the cud. He said grace once as if he would have fallen aboard with the Marquis of Newcastle; nay, and the diurnal gave you his bill of fare; but it proved a running banquet, as appears by the story. Believe him as he whistles to his Cambridge team of committee-men, and he doth wonders. But holy men, like the holy language, must be read backwards. They rifle colleges to promote learning, and pull down churches for edification But sacrilege is entailed upon him. There must be a Cromwell for cathedrals as well as abbeys; a secure sin, whose offence carries its pardon in its mouth, for how shall he be hanged for church-robbery, that gives himself the benefit of the clergy?

But for all Cromwell's nose wears the dominical letter, compared to Manchester he is but like the vigils to an holy-day This, this is the man of God, so sanctified a thunderbolt, that Burroughs (in a proportionable blasphemy to his Lord of Hosts) would style him the archangel giving battle to the devil.

Indeed, as the angels each of them makes a several species, so every one of his soldiers makes a distinct church. Had these beasts been to enter into the ark it would have puzzled Noah to have sorted them into pairs. If ever there were a rope of sand it was so many sects twisted into an association.

They agree in nothing but that they are all Adamites in understanding. It is a sign of a coward to wink and fight, yet all their valour proceeds from their ignorance.

But I wonder whence their general's purity proceeds; it is not by traduction; if he was begotten a saint it was by equivocal generation, for the devil in the father is turned monk in the son, so his godliness is of the same parentage with good laws, both

extracted out of bad manners, and would he alter the Scripture as he hath attempted the creed, he might vary the text and say to corruption, Thou art my Father.

This is he that put out one of the kingdom's eyes by clouding our mother university; and (if this Scotch mist farther prevail) he will extinguish the other. He hath the like quarrel to both, because both are strung with the same optic nerve, knowing loyalty.

Barbarous rebel! who will be revenged upon all learning, because his treason is beyond the mercy of the book.

The diurnal as yet hath not talked much of his victories, but there is the more behind, for the knight must always beat the giant, that's resolved.

If anything fall out amiss which cannot be smothered, the diurnal hath a help at maw. It is but putting to sea and taking a Danish fleet, or brewing it with some success out of Ireland, and then it goes down merrily.

There are more puppets that move by the wire of a diurnal, as Brereton and Gell, two of Mars his petty-toes, such snivelling cowards that it is a favour to call them so. Was Brereton to fight with his teeth (as in all other things he resembles the beast) he would have odds of any man at the weapon. Oh, he's a terrible slaughterman at a Thanksgiving dinner. Had he been cannibal to have eaten those that he vanquished, his gut would have made him valiant.

The greatest wonder is at Fairfax, how he comes to be a babe of grace, certainly it is not in his personal, but (as the State-sophies distinguish) in his politic capacity, degenerate *ab extra* by the zeal of the house he sat in, as chickens are hatched at Grand Cairo by the adoption of an oven.

There is the woodmonger too, a feeble crutch to a declining cause, a new branch of the old oak of reformation.

And now I speak of reformation, *vous avez*, Fox the tinker, the liveliest emblem of it that may be, for what did this parliament ever go about to reform, but, tinkerwise, in mending one hole they made three?

But I have not ink enough to cure all the tetters and ringworms of the State.

I will close up all thus. The victories of the rebels are like the magical combat of Apuleius, who thinking he had slain three of his enemies, found them at last but a triumvirate of bladders Such, and so empty are the triumphs of a diurnal, but so many impostumated fancies, so many bladders of their own blowing.

The "Surfeit to A. B C.," in 1656, *was a book of Characters. "Naps upon Parnassus" in* 1658 *contained Characters of a Temporizer and an Antiquary. In the same year appeared "Satyrical Characters and Handsome Descriptions, in Letters." In* 1659 *there was a third edition of a satire on the English, published as "A Character of England, as it was lately presented in a Letter to a Nobleman of France," replied to in that year by "A Character of France." These suggested the production in* 1659 *of "A Perfect Description of the People and Country of Scotland," and, also in* 1659, *"A Brief Character of the Low Countries under the States, being Three Weeks' Observation of the Vices and Virtues of the Inhabitants." This was written by Owen Feltham, and added to several editions of his "Resolves." In* 1660 *appeared "The Character of Italy" and "The Character of Spain," in* 1661, *"Essays and Characters by L. G.;" in* 1662–63, *"The Assembly-Man," a Character that had been written by Sir John Birkenhead in* 1647 *Then came, in* 1665, *Richard Flecknoe, to whom Dryden ascribed sovereignty as one who*

> *"In prose and verse was owned without dispute,*
> *Through all the realms of Nonsense absolute"*

As he was equally ready in all forms of writing that his neighbours followed he, of course, wrote Characters. They were "Fifty-five Enigmatical Characters, all very exactly drawn to the Life, from several Persons, Humours, Dispositions. Pleasant and full of

SAMUEL BUTLER,

Author of "Hudibras," who died in 1680, also exercised his wit in Character writing When Butler's "Remains" were published in two volumes in 1759 by R. Thyer, Keeper of the Public Library of Manchester, 460 pages of the second volume, (all the volume except forty or fifty pages of "Thoughts on Various Subjects,") was occupied by a collection of 120 Characters that he had written. I close this volume of "Character Writings of the Seventeenth Century" with as many of Samuel Butler's Characters as the book has room for,—none are wittier—space being left for one Character by a poet of our own century, Wordsworth's "Character of the Happy Warrior," to bring us to a happy close.

CHARACTERS.

By SAMUEL BUTLER.

A Degenerate Noble, or, One that is Proud of His Birth,

Is like a turnip, there is nothing good of him but that which is underground; or rhubarb, a contemptible shrub that springs from a noble root. He has no more title to the worth and virtue of his ancestors than the worms that were engendered in their dead bodies, and yet he believes he has enough to exempt himself and his posterity from all things of that nature for ever. This makes him glory in the antiquity of his family, as if his nobility were the better the further off it is, in time as well as desert, from that of his predecessors. He believes the honour that was left him as well as the estate is sufficient to support his quality without troubling himself to purchase any more of his own; and he

meddles as little with the management of the one as the other, but trusts both to the government of his servants, by whom he is equally cheated in both. He supposes the empty title of honour sufficient to serve his turn, though he has spent the substance and reality of it, like the fellow that sold his ass but would not part with the shadow of it; or Apicius, that sold his house, and kept only the balcony to see and be seen in. And because he is privileged from being arrested for his debts, supposes he has the same freedom from all obligations he owes humanity and his country, because he is not punishable for his ignorance and want of honour, no more than poverty or unskilfulness is in other professions, which the law supposes to be punishment enough to itself. He is like a fanatic, that contents himself with the mere title of a saint, and makes that his privilege to act all manner of wickedness; or the ruins of a noble structure, of which there is nothing left but the foundation, and that obscured and buried under the rubbish of the superstructure. The living honour of his ancestors is long ago departed, dead and gone, and his is but the ghost and shadow of it, that haunts the house with horror and disquiet where once it lived. His nobility is truly descended from the glory of his forefathers, and may be rightly said to fall to him, for it will never rise again to the height it was in them by his means, and he succeeds them as candles do the office of the sun. The confidence of nobility has rendered him ignoble, as the opinion of wealth makes some men poor, and as those that are born to estates neglect industry and have no business but to spend, so he being born to honour believes he is no further concerned than to consume and waste it. He is but a copy, and so ill done that there is no line of the original in him but the sin only He is like a word that by ill-custom and mistake has utterly lost the sense of that from which it was derived, and now signifies quite contrary, for the glory of noble ancestors will not permit the good or bad of their posterity to be obscure. He values himself only upon his title, which being only verbal gives him a wrong account of his natural capacity, for the same words signify more or less, according as they are applied to things, as

managed horse, reins in his neck, and walks *terra-terra* He carries his elbows backward, as if he were pinioned like a trussed-up fowl, and moves as stiff as if he was upon the spit. His legs are stuck in his great voluminous breeches like the whistles in a bagpipe, those abundant breeches in which his nether parts are not clothed but packed up. His hat has been long in a consumption of the fashion, and is now almost worn to nothing; if it do not recover quickly it will grow too little for a head of garlic. He wears garniture on the toes of his shoes to justify his pretensions to the gout, or such other malady that for the time being is most in fashion or request. When he salutes a friend he pulls off his hat, as women do their vizard-masks. His ribbons are of the true complexion of his mind, a kind of painted cloud or gaudy rainbow, that has no colour of itself but what it borrows from reflection. He is as tender of his clothes as a coward is of his flesh, and as loth to have them disordered. His bravery is all his happiness, and, like Atlas, he carries his heaven on his back. He is like the golden fleece, a fine outside on a sheep's back. He is a monster or an Indian creature, that is good for nothing in the world but to be seen. He puts himself up into a sedan, like a fiddle in a case, and is taken out again for the ladies to play upon, who, when they have done with him, let down his treble-string till they are in the humour again. His cook and *valet de chambre* conspire to dress dinner and him so punctually together that the one may not be ready before the other As peacocks and ostriches have the gaudiest and finest feathers, yet cannot fly, so all his bravery is to flutter only. The beggars call him "my lord," and he takes them at their words and pays them for it. If you praise him, he is so true and faithful to the mode that he never fails to make you a present of himself, and will not be refused, though you know not what to do with him when you have him.

A Court Beggar

Waits at Court, as a dog does under a table, to catch what falls, or force it from his fellows if he can. When a man is in a fair

way to be hanged that is richly worth it, or has hanged himself, he puts in to be his heir and succeed him, and pretends as much merit as another, as no doubt he has great reason to do if all things were rightly considered He thinks it vain to deserve well of his Prince as long as he can do his business more easily by begging, for the same idle laziness possesses him that does the rest of his fraternity, that had rather take an alms than work for their livings, and therefore he accounts merit a more uncertain and tedious way of rising, and sometimes dangerous. He values himself and his place not upon the honour or allowances of it, but the convenient opportunity of begging, as King Clause's courtiers do when they have obtained of the superior powers a good station where three ways meet to exercise the function in. The more ignorant, foolish, and undeserving he is, provided he be but impudent enough, which all such seldom fail to be, the better he thrives in his calling, as others in the same way gain more by their sores and broken limbs than those that are sound and in health He always undervalues what he gains, because he comes easily by it; and, how rich soever he proves, is resolved never to be satisfied, as being, like a Friar Minor, bound by his order to be always a beggar. He is, like King Agrippa, almost a Christian, for though he never begs anything of God, yet he does very much of his vicegerent the King, that is next Him. He spends lavishly what he gets, because it costs him so little pains to get more, but pays nothing, for if he should, his privilege would be of no use at all to him, and he does not care to part with anything of his right. He finds it his best way to be always craving, because he lights many times upon things that are disposed of or not beggable; but if one hit, it pays for twenty that miscarry; even as those virtuosos of his profession at large ask as well of those that give them nothing as those few that, out of charity, give them something. When he has passed almost all offices, as other beggars do from constable to constable, and after meets with a stop, it does but encourage him to be more industrious in watching the next opportunity, to repair the charge he has been at to no purpose. He has his emissaries, that are

always hunting out for discoveries, and when they bring him in anything that he judges too heavy for his own interest to carry, he takes in others to join with him (like blind men and cripples that beg in consort), and if they prosper they share, and give the jackal some small snip for his pains in questing; that is, if he has any further use of him; otherwise he leaves him, like virtue, to reward himself; and because he deserves well, which he does by no means approve of, gives him, that which he believes to be the fittest recompense of all merit, just nothing. He believes that the King's restoration being upon his birthday, he is bound to observe it all the days of his life, and grant, as some other kings have done upon the same occasion, whatever is demanded of him, though it were the one-half of his kingdom.

A Bumpkin or Country Squire

Is a clown of rank and degree He is the growth of his own land, a kind of Autocthonus, like the Athenians that sprang out of their own ground, or barnacles that grow upon trees in Scotland. His homely education has rendered him a native only of his own soil and a foreigner to all other places, from which he differs in language, manner of living, and behaviour, which are as rugged as the coat of a colt that has been bred upon a common. The custom of being the best man in his own territories has made him the worst everywhere else. He assumes the upper end of the table at an ale-house as his birthright, receives the homage of his company, which are always subordinate, and dispenses ale and communication like a self-conforming teacher in a conventicle. The chief points he treats on are the memoirs of his dogs and horses, which he repeats as often as a holder-forth that has but two sermons, to which if he adds the history of his hawks and fishing he is very painful and laborious. He does his endeavour to appear a droll, but his wit being, like his estate, within the compass of a hedge, is so profound and obscure to a stranger that it requires a commentary, and is not to be understood without a perfect knowledge of all circumstances of persons

and the particular idiom of the place. He has no ambition to appear a person of civil prudence or understanding more than in putting off a lame, infirm jade for sound wind and limb, to which purpose he brings his squirehood and groom to vouch, and, rather than fail, will outswear an affidavit-man. The top of his entertainment is horrible strong beer, which he pours into his guests (as the Dutch did water into our merchants when they tortured them at Amboyna) till they confess they can drink no more, and then he triumphs over them as subdued and vanquished, no less by the strength of his brain than his drink. When he salutes a man he lays violent hands upon him, and grips and shakes him like a fit of an ague; and when he accosts a lady he stamps with his foot, like a French fencer, and makes a lunge at her, in which he always misses his aim, too high or too low, and hits her on the nose or chin He is never without some rough-handed flatterer, that rubs him, like a horse, with a curry-comb till he kicks and grunts with the pleasure of it. He has old family stories and jests, that fell to him with the estate, and have been left from heir to heir time out of mind. With these he entertains all comers over and over, and has added some of his own times, which he intends to transmit over to posterity He has but one way of making all men welcome that come to his house, and that is by making himself and them drunk; while his servants take the same course with theirs, which he approves of as good and faithful service, and the rather because, if he has occasion to tell a strange, improbable story, they may be in a readiness to vouch with the more impudence, and make it a case of conscience to lie as well as drink for his credit. All the heroical glory he aspires to is but to be reputed a most potent and victorious stealer of deer and beater-up of parks, to which purpose he has compiled commentaries of his own great actions that treat of his dreadful adventures in the night, of giving battle in the dark, discomfiting of keepers, horsing the deer on his own back, and making off with equal resolution and success.

An Antiquary

Is one that has his being in this age, but his life and conversation is in the days of old. He despises the present age as an innovation and slights the future, but has a great value for that which is past and gone, like the madman that fell in love with Cleopatra. He is an old frippery-philosopher, that has so strange a natural affection to worm-eaten speculation that it is apparent he has a worm in his skull. He honours his forefathers and foremothers, but condemns his parents as too modern and no better than upstarts. He neglects himself because he was born in his own time and so far off antiquity, which he so much admires, and repines, like a younger brother, because he came so late into the world. He spends the one-half of his time in collecting old insignificant trifles, and the other in showing them, which he takes singular delight in, because the oftener he does it the farther they are from being new to him. All his curiosities take place of one another according to their seniority, and he values them not by their abilities, but their standing. He has a great veneration for words that are stricken in years, and are grown so aged that they have outlived their employments. These he uses with a respect agreeable to their antiquity and the good services they have done. He throws away his time in inquiring after that which is past and gone so many ages since, like one that shoots away an arrow to find out another that was lost before. He fetches things out of dust and ruins, like the fable of the chemical plant raised out of its own ashes. He values one old invention, that is lost and never to be recovered, before all the new ones in the world, though never so useful. The whole business of his life is the same with his that shows the tombs at Westminster, only the one does it for his pleasure, and the other for money. As every man has but one father, but two grandfathers and a world of ancestors, so he has a proportional value for things that are ancient, and the farther off the greater.

He is a great time-server, but it is of time out of mind to which he conforms exactly, but is wholly retired from the present. His

days were spent and gone long before he came into the world, and since his only business is to collect what he can out of the ruins of them He has so strong a natural affection to anything that is old, that he may truly say to dust and worms, "You are my father;" and to rottenness, "Thou art my mother." He has no providence nor foresight, for all his contemplations look backward upon the days of old; and his brains are turned with them, as if he walked backwards. He had rather interpret one obscure word in any old senseless discourse than be author of the most ingenious new one, and, with Scaliger, would sell the Empire of Germany (if it were in his power) for an old song. He devours an old manuscript with greater relish than worms and moths do, and, though there be nothing in it, values it above anything printed, which he accounts but a novelty. When he happens to cure a small botch in an old author, he is as proud of it as if he had got the philosopher's stone and could cure all the diseases of mankind. He values things wrongfully upon their antiquity, forgetting that the most modern are really the most ancient of all things in the world, like those that reckon their pounds before their shillings and pence of which they are made up. He esteems no customs but such as have outlived themselves and are long since out of use, as the Catholics allow of no saints but such as are dead, and the fanatics, in opposition, of none but the living

A Proud Man

Is a fool in fermentation, that swells and boils over like a porridge-pot. He sets out his feathers like an owl, to swell and seem bigger than he is. He is troubled with a tumour and inflammation of self-conceit, that renders every part of him stiff and uneasy. He has given himself sympathetic love-powder, that works upon him to dotage and has transformed him into his own mistress He is his own gallant, and makes most passionate addresses to his own dear perfections. He commits idolatry to himself, and worships his own image, though there is no soul living of his Church but himself, yet he believes as the

Church believes, and maintains his faith with the obstinacy of a fanatic. He is his own favourite, and advances himself not only above his merit, but all mankind; is both Damon and Pythias to his own dear self, and values his crony above his soul. He gives place to no man but himself, and that with very great distance to all others, whom he esteems not worthy to approach him. He believes whatsoever he has receives a value in being his, as a horse in a nobleman's stable will bear a greater price than in a common market. He is so proud that he is as hard to be acquainted with himself as with others, for he is very apt to forget who he is, and knows himself only superficially; therefore he treats himself civilly as a stranger with ceremony and compliment, but admits of no privacy He strives to look bigger than himself as well as others, and is no better than his own parasite and flatterer. A little flood will make a shallow torrent swell above its banks, and rage and foam and yield a roaring noise, while a deep, silent stream glides quietly on. So a vainglorious, insolent, proud man swells with a little frail prosperity, grows big and loud, and overflows his bounds, and when he sinks, leaves mud and dirt behind him. His carriage is as glorious and haughty as if he were advanced upon men's shoulders or tumbled over their heads like knipperdolling. He fancies himself a Colosse, and so he is, for his head holds no proportion to his body, and his foundation is lesser than his upper storeys. We can naturally take no view of ourselves unless we look downwards, to teach us how humble admirers we ought to be of our own values The slighter and less solid his materials are the more room they take up and make him swell the bigger, as feathers and cotton will stuff cushions better than things of more close and solid parts

A Small Poet

Is one that would fain make himself that which Nature never meant him, like a fanatic that inspires himself with his own whimsies. He sets up haberdasher of small poetry, with a very small stock and no credit. He believes it is invention enough

to find out other men's wit, and whatsoever he lights upon, either in books or company, he makes bold with as his own. This he puts together so untowardly, that you may perceive his own wit has the rickets by the swelling disproportion of the joints. Imitation is the whole sum of him, and his vein is but an itch that he has catched of others, and his flame like that of char-coals that were burnt before. But as he wants judgment to understand what is best, he naturally takes the worst, as being most agreeable to his own talent. You may know his wit not to be natural, 'tis so unquiet and troublesome in him; for as those that have money but seldom are always shaking their pockets when they have it, so does he when he thinks he has got something that will make him appear. He is a perpetual talker, and you may know by the freedom of his discourse that he came lightly by it, as thieves spend freely what they get. He measures other men's wit by their modesty, and his own by his confidence He makes nothing of writing plays, because he has not wit enough to understand the difficulty. This makes him venture to talk and scribble, as chouses do to play with cunning gamesters until they are cheated and laughed at. He is always talking of wit, as those that have bad voices are always singing out of tune, and those that cannot play delight to fumble on instruments. He grows the unwiser by other men's harms, for the worse others write, he finds the more encouragement to do so too. His greediness of praise is so eager that he swallows anything that comes in the likeness of it, how notorious and palpable soever, and is as shot-free against anything that may lessen his good opinion of himself. This renders him incurable, like diseases that grow insensible.

If you dislike him, it is at your own peril, he is sure to put in a caveat beforehand against your understanding, and, like a malefactor in wit, is always furnished with exceptions against his judges This puts him upon perpetual apologies, excuses, and defences, but still by way of defiance, in a kind of whiffling strain, without regard of any man that stands in the way of his pageant Where he thinks he may do it safely, he will confidently own

other men's writings; and where he fears the truth may be discovered, he will, by feeble denials and feigned insinuations, give men occasion to suppose it.

If he understands Latin or Greek he ranks himself among the learned, despises the ignorant, talks criticisms out of Scaliger, and repeats Martial's bawdy epigrams, and sets up his rest wholly upon pedantry. But if he be not so well qualified, he cries down all learning as pedantic, disclaims study, and professes to write with as great facility as if his Muse was sliding down Parnassus. Whatsoever he hears well said he seizes upon by poetical license, and one way makes it his own, that is, by ill-repeating of it. This he believes to be no more theft than it is to take that which others throw away. By this means his writings are, like a tailor's cushion of mosaic work, made up of several scraps sewed together. He calls a slovenly, nasty description great Nature, and dull flatness strange easiness. He writes down all that comes in his head, and makes no choice, because he has nothing to do it with that is judgment He is always repealing the old laws of comedy, and, like the Long Parliament, making ordinances in their stead, although they are perpetually thrown out of coffee-houses and come to nothing. He is like an Italian thief, that never robs but he murders, to prevent discovery; so sure is he to cry down the man from whom he purloins, that his petty larceny of wit may pass unsuspected He is but a copier at best, and will never arrive to practise by the life; for bar him the imitation of something he has read, and he has no image in his thoughts. Observation and fancy, the matter and form of just wit, are above his philosophy. He appears so over-concerned in all men's wits as if they were but disparagements of his own, and cries down all they do as if they were encroachments upon him He takes jests from the owners and breaks them, as justices do false weights and pots that want measure When he meets with anything that is very good he changes it into small money, like three groats for a shilling, to serve several occasions. He disclaims study, pretends to take things in motion, and to shoot flying, which appears to be very true by his often missing of his mark. His

wit is much troubled with obstructions, and he has fits as painful as those of the spleen. He fancies himself a dainty, spruce shepherd, with a flock and a fine silken shepherdess, that follow his pipe as rats did the conjurers in Germany.

As for epithets, he always avoids those that are near akin to the sense. Such matches are unlawful, and not fit to be made by a Christian poet, and therefore all his care is to choose out such as will serve, like a wooden leg, to piece out a maimed verse that wants a foot or two; and if they will but rhyme now and then into the bargain, or run upon a letter, it is a work of supererogation.

For similitudes, he likes the hardest and most obscure best; for as ladies wear black patches to make their complexions seem fairer than they are, so when an illustration is more obscure than the sense that went before it, it must of necessity make it appear clearer than it did, for contraries are best set off with contraries.

He has found out a way to save the expense of much wit and sense, for he will make less than some have prodigally laid out upon five or six words serve forty or fifty lines. This is a thrifty invention, and very easy, and, if it were commonly known, would much increase the trade of wit and maintain a multitude of small poets in constant employment. He has found out a new sort of poetical Georgics, a trick of sowing wit like clover-grass on barren subjects which would yield nothing before This is very useful for the times, wherein, some men say, there is no room left for new invention. He will take three grains of wit like the elixir, and projecting it upon the iron age, turn it immediately into gold All the business of mankind has presently vanished; the whole world has kept holiday; there have been no men but heroes and poets, no women but nymphs and shepherdesses; trees have borne fritters, and rivers flowed plum-porridge.

We read that Virgil used to make fifty or sixty verses in a morning, and afterwards reduce them to ten. This was an unthrifty vanity, and argues him as well ignorant in the husbandry of his own poetry as Seneca says he was in that of a farm, for, in plain English, it was no better than bringing a noble to nine-

When he writes anagrams he uses to lay the outsides of his verses even (like a bricklayer) by a line of rhyme and acrostic, and fill the middle with rubbish. In this he imitates Ben Jonson, but in nothing else.

There was one that lined a hatcase with a paper of Benlowes' poetry; Prynne bought it by chance and put a new demi-castor into it. The first time he wore it he felt only a singing in his head, which within two days turned to a vertigo. He was let blood in the ear by one of the State physicians, and recovered; but before he went abroad he wrote a poem of rocks and seas, in a style so proper and natural that it was hard to determine which was ruggeder.

There is no feat of activity nor gambol of wit that ever was performed by man, from him that vaults on Pegasus to him that tumbles through the hoop of an anagram, but Benlowes has got the mastery in it, whether it be high-rope wit or low-rope wit. He has all sorts of echoes, rebuses, chronograms, &c., besides carwitchets, clenches, and quibbles. As for altars and pyramids in poetry, he has outdone all men that way; for he has made a gridiron and a frying-pan in verse, that, beside the likeness in shape, the very tone and sound of the words did perfectly represent the noise that is made by those utensils, such as the old poet called *sartago loquendi*. When he was a captain he made all the furniture of his horse, from the bit to the crupper, in beaten poetry, every verse being fitted to the proportion of the thing, with a moral allusion of the sense to the thing; as the bridle of moderation, the saddle of content, and the crupper of constancy; so that the same thing was both epigram and emblem, even as a mule is both horse and ass.

Some critics are of opinion that poets ought to apply themselves to the imitation of Nature, and make a conscience of digressing from her, but he is none of these. The ancient magicians could charm down the moon and force rivers back to their springs by the power of poetry only, and the moderns will undertake to turn the inside of the earth outward (like a juggler's pocket) and shake the chaos out of it, make Nature show tricks

like an ape, and the stars run on errands; but still it is by dint of poetry. And if poets can do such noble feats, they were unwise to descend to mean and vulgar. For where the rarest and most common things are of a price (as they are all one to poets), it argues disease in judgment not to choose the most curious. Hence some infer that the account they give of things deserves no regard, because they never receive anything as they find it into their compositions, unless it agree both with the measure of their own fancies and the measure of their lines, which can very seldom happen. And therefore, when they give a character of any thing or person, it does commonly bear no more proportion to the subject than the fishes and ships in a map do to the scale. But let such know that poets as well as kings ought rather to consider what is fit for them to give than others to receive; that they are fain to have regard to the exchange of language, and write high or low according as that runs. For in this age, when the smallest poet seldom goes below more the most, it were a shame for a greater and more noble poet not to outthrow that cut a bar.

There was a tobacco-man that wrapped Spanish tobacco in a paper of verses which Benlowes had written against the Pope, which, by a natural antipathy that his wit has to anything that's Catholic, spoiled the tobacco, for it presently turned mundungus This author will take an English word, and, like the Frenchman that swallowed water and spit it out wine, with a little heaving and straining would turn it immediately into Latin, as *plunderat ille domos*, *mille hocopokiana*, and a thousand such.

There was a young practitioner in poetry that found there was no good to be done without a mistress; for he that writes of love before he hath tried it doth but travel by the map, and he that makes love without a dame does like a gamester that plays for nothing He thought it convenient, therefore, first to furnish himself with a name for his mistress beforehand, that he might not be to seek when his merit or good fortune should bestow her upon him, for every poet is his mistress's godfather, and gives her a new name, like a nun that takes orders. He was very

but the son of a poet? So Cæsar and all Rome was transported with joy when a poet made Jupiter his colleague in the Empire, and when Jupiter governed, what did the poets that governed Jupiter?

A Philosopher

Seats himself as spectator and critic on the great theatre of the world, and gives sentence on the plots, language, and action of whatsoever he sees represented, according to his own fancy. He will pretend to know what is done behind the scene, but so seldom is in the right that he discovers nothing more than his own mistakes. When his profession was in credit in the world, and money was to be gotten by it, it divided itself into multitudes of sects, that maintained themselves and their opinions by fierce and hot contests with one another; but since the trade decayed and would not turn to account, they all fell of themselves, and now the world is so unconcerned in their controversies, that three Reformado sects joined in one, like Epicuro-Gassendo-Charltoniana, will not serve to maintain one pedant. He makes his hypotheses himself, as a tailor does a doublet without measure; no matter whether they fit Nature, he can make Nature fit them, and, whether they are too straight or wide, pinch or stuff out the body accordingly. He judges of the works of Nature just as the rabble do of State affairs, they see things done, and every man according to his capacity guesses at the reasons of them, but knowing nothing of the arcana or secret movements of either, they seldom or never are in the right. Howsoever, they please themselves and some others with their fancies, and the farther they are off truth, the more confident they are they are near it, as those that are out of their way believe the farther they have gone they are the nearer their journey's end, when they are farthest of all from it. He is confident of immaterial substances, and his reasons are very pertinent; that is, substantial as he thinks, and immaterial as others do. Heretofore his beard was the badge of his profession, and the length of that in all his polemics was ever accounted the length of his weapon; but when the trade fell,

that fell too. In Lucius's time they were commonly called beard-wearers, for all the strength of their wits lay in their beards, as Samson's did in his locks, but since the world began to see the vanity of that hare-brained cheat, they left it off to save their credit.

A Melancholy Man

Is one that keeps the worst company in the world, that is, his own; and though he be always falling out and quarrelling with himself, yet he has not power to endure any other conversation. His head is haunted, like a house, with evil spirits and apparitions, that terrify and fright him out of himself, till he stands empty and forsaken. His sleeps and his wakings are so much the same that he knows not how to distinguish them, and many times when he dreams he believes he is broad awake and sees visions. The fumes and vapours that rise from his spleen and hypochondrias have so smutched and sullied his brain (like a room that smokes) that his understanding is blear-eyed and has no right perception of anything. His soul lives in his body, like a mole in the earth that labours in the dark, and casts up doubts and scruples of his own imaginations, to make that rugged and uneasy that was plain and open before. His brain is so cracked that he fancies himself to be glass, and is afraid that everything he comes near should break him in pieces Whatsoever makes an impression in his imagination works itself in like a screw, and the more he turns and winds it the deeper it sticks, till it is never to be got out again. The temper of his brain, being earthy, cold, and dry, is apt to breed worms, that sink so deep into it no medicine in art or nature is able to reach them. He leads his life as one leads a dog in a slip that will not follow, but is dragged along until he is almost hanged, as he has it often under consideration to treat himself in convenient time and place, if he can but catch himself alone. After a long and mortal feud between his inward and his outward man, they at length agree to meet without seconds and decide the quarrel, in which the one drops and the other slinks out of the way and makes his

escape into some foreign world, from whence it is never after heard of. He converses with nothing so much as his own imagination, which, being apt to misrepresent things to him, makes him believe that it is something else than it is, and that he holds intelligence with spirits that reveal whatsoever he fancies to him, as the ancient rude people that first heard their own voices repeated by echoes in the woods concluded it must proceed from some invisible inhabitants of those solitary places, which they after believed to be gods, and called them sylvans, fauns, and dryads. He makes the infirmity of his temper pass for revelations, as Mahomet did by his falling sickness, and inspires himself with the wind of his own hypochondrias. He laments, like Heraclitus, the maudlin philosopher, at other men's mirth, and takes pleasure in nothing but his own unsober sadness. His mind is full of thoughts, but they are all empty, like a nest of boxes. He sleeps little, but dreams much, and soundest when he is waking. He sees visions farther off than a second-sighted man in Scotland, and dreams upon a hard point with admirable judgment. He is just so much worse than a madman as he is below him in degree of frenzy, for among madmen the most mad govern all the rest, and receive a natural obedience from their inferiors.

A Traveller

Is a native of all countries and an alien at home. He flies from the place where he was hatched, like a wild goose, and prefers all others before it He has no quarrel to it but because he was born in it, and, like a bastard, he is ashamed of his mother, because she is of him He is a merchant that makes voyages into foreign nations to drive a trade in wisdom and politics, and it is not for his credit to have it thought he has made an ill return, which must be if he should allow of any of the growth of his own country This makes him quack and blow up himself with admiration of foreign parts and a generous contempt of home, that all men may admire at least the means he has had of improvement and deplore their own defects. His observations are

like a sieve, that lets the finer flour pass and retains only the bran of things, for his whole return of wisdom proves to be but affectation, a perishable commodity, which he will never be able to put off. He believes all men's wits are at a stand that stay at home, and only those advanced that travel, as if change of pasture did make great politicians as well as fat calves. He pities the little knowledge of truth which those have that have not seen the world abroad, forgetting that at the same time he tells us how little credit is to be given to his own relations and those of others that speak and write of their travels. He has worn his own language to rags, and patched it up with scraps and ends of foreign. This serves him for wit, for when he meets with any of his foreign acquaintances, all they smatter passes for wit, and they applaud one another accordingly. He believes this raggedness of his discourse a great demonstration of the improvement of his knowledge, as Inns-of-Court men intimate their proficiency in the law by the tatters of their gowns All the wit he brought home with him is like foreign coin, of a baser alloy than our own, and so will not pass here without great loss All noble creatures that are famous in any one country degenerate by being transplanted, and those of mean value only improve. If it hold with men, he falls among the number of the latter, and his improvements are little to his credit All he can say for himself is, his mind was sick of a consumption, and change of air has cured him, for all his other improvements have only been to eat in . . . and talk with those he did not understand, to hold intelligence with all *Gazettes*, and from the sight of statesmen in the street unriddle the intrigues of all their Councils, to make a wondrous progress into knowledge by riding with a messenger, and advance in politics by mounting of a mule, run through all sorts of learning in a waggon, and sound all depths of arts in a felucca, ride post into the secrets of all states, and grow acquainted with their close designs in inns and hostelries; for certainly there is great virtue in highways and hedges to make an able man, and a good prospect cannot but let him see far into things.

A Curious Man

Values things not by their use or worth, but scarcity. He is very tender and scrupulous of his humour, as fanatics are of their consciences, and both for the most part in trifles. He cares not how unuseful anything be, so it be but unuseful and rare. He collects all the curiosities he can light upon in art or nature, not to inform his own judgment, but to catch the admiration of others, which he believes he has a right to because the rarities are his own. That which other men neglect he believes they oversee, and stores up trifles as rare discoveries, at least of his own wit and sagacity. He admires subtleties above all things, because the more subtle they are the nearer they are to nothing, and values no art but that which is spun so thin that it is of no use at all. He had rather have an iron chain hung about the neck of a flea than an alderman's of gold, and Homer's Iliads in a nutshell than Alexander's cabinet. He had rather have the twelve apostles on a cherry-stone than those on St. Peter's portico, and would willingly sell Christ again for that numerical piece of coin that Judas took for Him. His perpetual dotage upon curiosities at length renders him one of them, and he shows himself as none of the meanest of his rarities. He so much affects singularity that, rather than follow the fashion that is used by the rest of the world, he will wear dissenting clothes with odd fantastic devices to distinguish himself from others, like marks set upon cattle. He cares not what pains he throws away upon the meanest trifle so it be but strange, while some pity and others laugh at his ill-employed industry. He is one of those that valued Epictetus's lamp above the excellent book he wrote by it. If he be a book-man, he spends all his time and study upon things that are never to be known. The philosopher's stone and universal medicine cannot possibly miss him, though he is sure to do them. He is wonderfully taken with abstruse knowledge, and had rather handle truth with a pair of tongs wrapped up in mysteries and hieroglyphics than touch it with his hands or see it plainly demonstrated to his senses.

A Herald

Calls himself a king because he has power and authority to hang, draw, and quarter arms. For assuming a jurisdiction over the distributive justice of titles of honour, as far as words extend, he gives himself as great a latitude that way as other magistrates use to do where they have authority and would enlarge it as far as they can. 'Tis true he can make no lords nor knights of himself, but as many squires and gentlemen as he pleases, and adopt them into what family they have a mind. His dominions abound with all sorts of cattle, fish, and fowl, and all manner of manufactures, besides whole fields of gold and silver, which he magnificently bestows upon his followers or sells as cheap as lands in Jamaica. The language they use is barbarous, as being but a dialect of pedlar's French or the Egyptian, though of a loftier sound, and in the propriety affecting brevity, as the other does verbosity. His business is like that of all the schools, to make plain things hard with perplexed methods and insignificant terms, and then appear learned in making them plain again. He professes arms not for use, but ornament only, and yet makes the basest things in the world, as dogs' turds and women's spindles, weapons of good and worshipful bearings He is wiser than the fellow that sold his ass, but kept the shadow for his own use, for he sells only the shadow (that is, the picture) and keeps the ass himself He makes pedigrees as apothecaries do medicines when they put in one ingredient for another that they have not by them, by this means he often makes incestuous matches, and causes the son to marry the mother. His chief province is at funerals, where he commands in chief, marshals the *tristitiæ irritamenta*, and, like a gentleman-sower to the worms, serves up the feast with all punctual formality. He will join as many shields together as would make a Roman *testudo* or Macedonian phalanx, to fortify the nobility of a new-made lord that will pay for the impressing of them and allow him coat and conduct money. He is a kind of a necromancer, and can raise the dead out of their graves to make them marry and beget those

they never heard of in their lifetime. His coat is, like the King of Spain's dominions, all skirts, and hangs as loose about him; and his neck is the waist, like the picture of Nobody with his breeches fastened to his collar. He will sell the head or a single joint of a beast or fowl as dear as the whole body, like a pig's head in Bartholomew Fair, and after put off the rest to his customers at the same rate. His arms, being utterly out of use in war since guns came up, have been translated to dishes and cups, as the ancients used their precious stones, according to the poet, *Gemmas ad pocula transfert a gladiis*, &c.; and since are like to decay every day more and more, for since he gave citizens coats-of-arms, gentlemen have made bold to take their letters of mark by way of reprisal. The hangman has a receipt to mar all his work in a moment, for by nailing the wrong end of a scutcheon upwards upon a gibbet all the honour and gentility extinguishes of itself, like a candle that's held with the flame downwards Other arms are made for the spilling of blood, but his only purify and cleanse it like scurvy-grass; for a small dose taken by his prescription will refine that which is as base and gross as bull's blood (which the Athenians used to poison withal) to any degree of purity.

A Virtuoso

Is a well-willer to the mathematics; he pursues knowledge rather out of humour than ingenuity, and endeavours rather to seem than to be. He has nothing of nature but an inclination, which he strives to improve with industry; but as no art can make a fountain run higher than its own head, so nothing can raise him above the elevation of his own pole. He seldom converses but with men of his own tendency, and wheresoever he comes treats with all men as such; for as country gentlemen use to talk of their dogs to those that hate hunting because they love it themselves, so will he of his arts and sciences to those that neither know nor care to know anything of them. His industry were admirable if it did not attempt the greatest difficulties with the feeblest means, for he commonly slights anything that is plain

and easy, how useful and ingenious soever, and bends all his forces against the hardest and most improbable, though to no purpose if attained to; for neither knowing how to measure his own abilities nor the weight of what he attempts, he spends his little strength in vain and grows only weaker by it; and as men use to blind horses that draw in a mill, his ignorance of himself and his undertakings makes him believe he has advanced when he is no nearer to his end than when he set out first. The bravery of difficulties does so dazzle his eyes that he prosecutes them with as little success as the tailor did his amours to Queen Elizabeth. He differs from a pedant as things do from words, for he uses the same affectation in his operations and experiments as the other does in language. He is a haberdasher of small arts and sciences, and deals in as many several operations as a baby artificer does in engines. He will serve well enough for an index to tell what is handled in the world, but no further. He is wonderfully delighted with rarities, and they continue still so to him though he has shown them a thousand times, for every new admirer that gapes upon them sets him a-gaping too. Next these he loves strange natural histories, and as those that read romances, though they know them to be fictions, are as much affected as if they were true, so is he, and will make hard shift to tempt himself to believe them first to be possible, and then he's sure to believe them to be true, forgetting that belief upon belief is false heraldry. He keeps a catalogue of the names of all famous men in any profession, whom he often takes occasion to mention as his very good friends and old acquaintances. Nothing is more pedantic than to seem too much concerned about wit or knowledge, to talk much of it, and appear too critical in it. All he can possibly arrive to is but like the monkeys dancing on the rope, to make men wonder how 'tis possible for art to put nature so much out of her play.

His learning is like those letters on a coach, where, many being writ together, no one appears plain. When the King happens to be at the university and degrees run like wine in conduits at public triumphs, he is sure to have his share, and though he be

as free to choose his learning as his faculty, yet, like St. Austin's soul, *Creando infunditur, infundendo creatur.* Nero was the first emperor of his calling, though it be not much for his credit. He is like an elephant that, though he cannot swim, yet of all creatures most delights to walk along a river's side; and as, in law, things that appear not and things that are not are all one, so he had rather not be than not appear. The top of his ambition is to have his picture graved in brass and published upon walls, if he has no work of his own to face with it. His want of judgment inclines him naturally to the most extravagant undertakings, like that of making old dogs young, telling how many persons there are in a room by knocking at a door, stopping up of words in bottles, &c. He is like his books, that contain much knowledge, but know nothing themselves He is but an index of things and words, that can direct where they are to be spoken with, but no farther He appears a great man among the ignorant, and, like a figure in arithmetic, is so much the more as it stands before ciphers that are nothing of themselves. He calls himself an antisocordist, a name unknown to former ages, but spawned by the pedantry of the present. He delights most in attempting things beyond his reach, and the greater distance he shoots at, the farther he is sure to be off his mark. He shows his parts as drawers do a room at a tavern, to entertain them at the expense of their time and patience He inverts the moral of that fable of him that caressed his dog for fawning and leaping up upon him and beat his ass for doing the same thing, for it is all one to him whether he be applauded by an ass or a wiser creature, so he be but applauded

An Intelligencer

Would give a penny for any statesman's thought at any time. He travels abroad to guess what princes are designing by seeing them at church or dinner, and will undertake to unriddle a government at first sight, and tell what plots she goes with, male or female, and discover, like a mountebank, only by seeing the public face of affairs, what private marks there are in the most

secret parts of the body politic. He is so ready at reasons of State, that he has them, like a lesson, by rote, but as charlatans make diseases fit their medicines, and not their medicines diseases, so he makes all public affairs conform to his own established reason of State, and not his reason, though the case alter ever so much, comply with them. He thinks to obtain a great insight into State affairs by observing only the outside pretences and appearances of things, which are seldom or never true, and may be resolved several ways, all equally probable; and therefore his penetrations into these matters are like the penetrations of cold into natural bodies, without any sense of itself or the thing it works upon. For all his discoveries in the end amount only to entries and equipages, addresses, audiences, and visits, with other such politic speculations as the rabble in the streets is wont to entertain itself withal. Nevertheless he is very cautious not to omit his cipher, though he writes nothing but what every one does or may safely know, for otherwise it would appear to be no secret. He endeavours to reduce all his politics into maxims, as being most easily portable for a travelling head, though, as they are for the most part of slight matters, they are but like spirits drawn out of water, insipid and good for nothing. His letters are a kind of bills of exchange, in which he draws news and politics upon all his correspondents, who place it to account, and draw it back again upon him; and though it be false, neither cheats the other, for it passes between both for good and sufficient pay. If he drives an inland trade, he is factor to certain remote country virtuosos, who, finding themselves unsatisfied with the brevity of the *Gazette*, desire to have exceedings of news besides their ordinary commons To furnish those, he frequents clubs and coffee-houses, the markets of news, where he engrosses all he can light upon, and if that do not prove sufficient, he is forced to add a lie or two of his own making, which does him double service; for it does not only supply his occasions for the present, but furnishes him with matter to fill up gaps in the next letter with retracting what he wrote before, and in the meantime has served for as good news as the best, and when the novelty is over it is

A Prater

Is a common nuisance, and as great a grievance to those that come near him as a pewterer is to his neighbours. His discourse is like the braying of a mortar, the more impertinent the more voluble and loud, as a pestle makes more noise when it is rung on the sides of a mortar than when it stamps downright and hits upon the business. A dog that opens upon a wrong scent will do it oftener than one that never opens but upon a right. He is as long-winded as a ventiduct that fills as fast as it empties, or a trade-wind that blows one way for half-a-year together, and another as long, as if it drew in its breath for six months, and blew it out again for six more. He has no mercy on any man's ears or patience that he can get within his sphere of activity, but tortures him, as they correct boys in Scotland, by stretching their lugs without remorse. He is like an earwig; when he gets within a man's ear he is not easily to be got out again. He will stretch a story as unmercifully as he does the ears of those he tells it to, and draw it out in length like a breast of mutton at the Hercules pillars, or a piece of cloth set on the tenters, till it is quite spoiled and good for nothing. If he be an orator that speaks *distinctè et ornatè*, though not *aptè*, he delivers his circumstances with the same mature deliberation that one that drinks with a gusto swallows his wine, as if he were loth to part with it sooner than he must of necessity; or a gamester that pulls the cards that are dealt him one by one, to enjoy the pleasure more distinctly of seeing what game he has in his hand. He takes so much pleasure to hear himself speak, that he does not perceive with what uneasiness other men endure him, though they express it ever so plainly, for he is so diverted with his own entertainment of himself, that he is not at leisure to take notice of any else. He is a siren to himself, and has no way to escape shipwreck but by having his mouth stopped instead of his ears. He plays with his tongue as a cat does with her tail, and is transported with the delight he gives himself of his own making. He understands no happiness like that of having an opportunity to show his abilities

those that understand them, and deceive those only that believe in them. He professes most kindness commonly to those he least cares for, like an host that bids a man welcome when he is going away. He had rather be every man's menial servant than any one man's friend; for servants gain by their masters, and men often lose by their friends.

A Cheat

Is a freeman of all trades, and all trades of his. Fraud and treachery are his calling, though his profession be the strictest integrity and truth. He spins nets, like a spider, out of his own entrails, to entrap the simple and unwary that light in his way, whom he devours and feeds upon. All the greater sort of cheats, being allowed by authority, have lost their names (as judges, when they are called to the Bench, are no more styled lawyers) and left the title to the meaner only and the unallowed. The common ignorance of mankind is his province, which he orders to the best advantage. He is but a tame highwayman, that does the same things by stratagem and design which the other does by force, makes men deliver their understandings first, and after their purses. Oaths and lies are his tools that he works with, and he gets his living by the drudgery of his conscience. He endeavours to cheat the devil by mortgaging his soul so many times over and over to him, forgetting that he has damnations, as priests have absolutions of all prices. He is a kind of a just judgment, sent into this world to punish the confidence and curiosity of ignorance, that out of a natural inclination to error will tempt its own punishment and help to abuse itself. He can put on as many shapes as the devil that set him on work, is one that fishes in muddy understandings, and will tickle a trout in his own element till he has him in his clutches, and after in his dish or the market. He runs down none but those which he is certain are *feræ naturæ*, mere natural animals, that belong to him that can catch them. He can do no feats without the co-operating assistance of the chouse, whose credulity commonly meets the impostor half-way, otherwise nothing is done; for all the craft is

not in the catching (as the proverb says), but the better half at least in being catched. He is one that, like a bond without fraud, covin, and further delay, is void and of none effect, otherwise does stand and remain in full power, force, and virtue. He trusts the credulous with what hopes they please at a very easy rate, upon their own security, until he has drawn them far enough in, and then makes them pay for all at once. The first thing he gets from him is a good opinion, and afterwards anything he pleases; for after he has drawn from his guards he deals with him like a surgeon, and ties his arm before he lets him blood.

A Tedious Man

Talks to no end, as well as to no purpose; for he would never come at it willingly. His discourse is like the road-miles in the north, the filthier and dirtier the longer; and he delights to dwell the longer upon them to make good the old proverb that says they are good for the dweller, but ill for the traveller He sets a tale upon the rack, and stretches until it becomes lame and out of joint. Hippocrates says art is long; but he is so for want of art. He has a vein of dulness, that runs through all he says or does; for nothing can be tedious that is not dull and insipid. Digressions and repetitions, like bag and baggage, retard his march and put him to perpetual halts He makes his approaches to a business by oblique lines, as if he meant to besiege it, and fetches a wide compass about to keep others from discovering what his design is. He is like one that travels in a dirty deep road, that moves slowly; and, when he is at a stop, goes back again, and loses more time in picking of his way than in going it. How troublesome and uneasy soever he is to others, he pleases himself so well that he does not at all perceive it; for though home be homely, it is more delightful than finer things abroad; and he that is used to a thing and knows no better believes that other men, to whom it appears otherwise, have the same sense of it that he has; as melancholy persons that fancy themselves to be glass believe that all others think them so too; and therefore

that which is tedious to others is not so to him, otherwise he would avoid it; for it does not so often proceed from a natural defect as affectation and desire to give others that pleasure which they find themselves, though it always falls out quite contrary. He that converses with him is like one that travels with a companion that rides a lame jade; he must either endure to go his pace or stay for him; for though he understands long before what he would be at better than he does himself, he must have patience and stay for him, until, with much ado to little purpose, he at length comes to him; for he believes himself injured if he should bate a jot of his own diversion

A Pretender

Is easily acquainted with all knowledges, but never intimate with any; he remembers he has seen them somewhere before, but cannot possibly call to mind where. He will call an art by its name, and claim acquaintance with it at first sight. He knew it perfectly, as the Platonics say, in the other world, but has had the unhappiness to discontinue his acquaintance ever since his occasions called him into this. He claps on all the sail he can possibly make, though his vessel be empty and apt to overset. He is of a true philosophical temper, contented with a little, desires no more knowledge than will satisfy nature, and cares not what his wants are so he can but keep them from the eyes of the world. His parts are unlimited; for as no man knows his abilities, so he does his endeavour that as few should his defects. He wears himself in opposition to the mode, for his lining is much coarser than his outside; and as others line their serge with silk, he lines his silk with serge All his care is employed to appear not to be; for things that are not and things that appear not are not only the same in law, but in all other affairs of the world. It should seem that the most impudent face is the best; for he that does the shamefulest thing most unconcerned is said to set a good face upon it, for the truth is, the face is but the outside of the mind, but all the craft is to know how 'tis

lined. Howsoever, he fancies himself as able as any man, but not being in a capacity to try the experiment, the hint-keeper of Gresham College is the only competent judge to decide the controversy. He may, for anything he knows, have as good a title to his pretences as another man; for judgment being not past in the case (which shall never be by his means), his title still stands fair All he can possibly attain to is but to be another thing than nature meant him, though a much worse. He makes that good that Pliny says of children, *Qui celerius fari cepere, tardius ingredi incipiunt.* The apter he is to smatter, the slower he is in making any advance in his pretences. He trusts words before he is thoroughly acquainted with them, and they commonly show him a trick before he is aware; and he shows at the same time his ignorance to the learned and his learning to the ignorant.

A Newsmonger

Is a retailer of rumour that takes up upon trust and sells as cheap as he buys. He deals in a perishable commodity that will not keep; for if it be not fresh it lies upon his hands and will yield nothing. True or false is all one to him; for novelty being the grace of both, a truth grows stale as soon as a lie, and as a slight suit will last as well as a better while the fashion holds, a lie serves as well as truth till new ones come up He is little concerned whether it be good or bad, for that does not make it more or less news, and, if there be any difference, he loves the bad best, because it is said to come soonest, for he would willingly bear his share in any public calamity to have the pleasure of hearing and telling it He is deeply read in diurnals, and can give as good an account of Rowland Pepin, if need be, as another man. He tells news, as men do money, with his fingers, for he assures them it comes from very good hands. The whole business of his life is, like that of a spaniel, to fetch and carry news, and when he does it well he is clapped on the back and fed for it; for he does not take to it altogether, like a gentleman, for his pleasure, but when he lights on a considerable

parcel of news, he knows where to put it off for a dinner, and quarter himself upon it until he has eaten it out; and by this means he drives a trade, by retrieving the first news to truck it for the first meat in season, and, like the old Roman luxury, ransacks all seas and lands to please his palate; for he imports his narratives from all parts within the geography of a diurnal, and eats as well upon the Russ and Polander as the English and Dutch. By this means his belly is provided for, and nothing lies upon his hands but his back, which takes other courses to maintain itself by weft and stray silver spoons, straggling hoods and scarfs, pimping, and sets at *L'Ombre.*

A Modern Critic

Is a corrector of the press gratis, and as he does it for nothing, so it is to no purpose He fancies himself clerk of Stationers' Hall, and nothing must pass current that is not entered by him. He is very severe in his supposed office, and cries, "Woe to ye scribes!" right or wrong He supposes all writers to be malefactors without clergy that claim the privilege of their books, and will not allow it where the law of the land and common justice does He censures in gross, and condemns all without examining particulars If they will not confess and accuse themselves, he will rack them until they do. He is a committee-man in the commonwealth of letters, and as great a tyrant, so is not bound to proceed but by his own rules, which he will not endure to be disputed. He has been an apocryphal scribbler himself; but his writings wanting authority, he grew discontent and turned apostate, and thence becomes so severe to those of his own profession. He never commends anything but in opposition to something else to at he would undervalue, and commonly sides with the weakest, appeai is generous anywhere but in judging. He is worse than of the wo. *expurgatorius;* for he blots out all, and when he cannot best; for he makes one He demurs to all writers, and when he is said to set all run into contempt. He is always bringing writs but the outside opettifogger, and reversing of judgments, though

the case be never so plain. He is a mountebank that is always quacking of the infirm and diseased parts of books, to show his skill, but has nothing at all to do with the sound. He is a very ungentle reader, for he reads sentence on all authors that have the unhappiness to come before him; and therefore pedants, that stand in fear of him, always appeal from him beforehand, by the name of Momus and Zoilus, complain sorely of his extra-judicial proceedings, and protest against him as corrupt, and his judgment void and of none effect, and put themselves in the protection of some powerful patron, who, like a knight-errant, is to encounter with the magician and free them from his enchantments.

A Busy Man

Is one that seems to labour in every man's calling but his own, and, like Robin Goodfellow, does any man's drudgery that will let him. He is like an ape, that loves to do whatsoever he sees others do, and is always as busy as a child at play. He is a great undertaker, and commonly as great an underperformer. His face is like a lawyer's buckram rag, that has always business in it, and as he trots about his head travels as fast as his feet. He covets his neighbour's business, and his own is to meddle, not do. He is very lavish of his advice, and gives it freely, because it is worth nothing, and he knows not what to do with it himself. He is a common-barreter for his pleasure, that takes no money, but pettifogs gratis He is very inquisitive after every man's occasions, and charges himself with them like a public notary He is a great overseer of State affairs, and can judge as well of them before he understands the reasons as afterwards. He is excellent at preventing inconveniences and finding out remedies when 'tis too late; for, like prophecies, they are never heard of till it is to no purpose. He is a great reformer, always contriving of expedients, and will press them with as much earnestness as if himself and every man he meets had power to impose them on the nation. He is always giving aim to State affairs, and believes by screwing of his body he can make them shoot which way he

tavern; that they understand the scale as well as the best scholar that ever learned to compose by the mathematics; and that when he winds his horn to them 'tis the very same thing with a cornet in a quire; that they will run down the hare with a fugue, and a double do-sol-re-dog hunt a thorough-base to them all the while; that when they are at a loss they do but rest, and then they know by turns who are to continue a dialogue between two or three of them, of which he is commonly one himself. He takes very great pains in his way, but calls it game and sport because it is to no purpose; and he is willing to make as much of it as he can, and not be thought to bestow so much labour and pains about nothing. Let the hare take which way she will, she seldom fails to lead him at long-running to the alehouse, where he meets with an after-game of delight in making up a narrative how every dog behaved himself, which is never done without long dispute, every man inclining to favour his friend as far as he can; and if there be anything remarkable to his thinking in it, he preserves it to please himself and, as he believes, all people else with, during his natural life, and after leaves it to his heirs male entailed upon the family, with his bugle-horn and seal-ring

AN AFFECTED MAN

Carries himself like his dish (as the proverb says), very uprightly, without spilling one drop of his humour. He is an orator and rhetorician, that delights in flowers and ornaments of his own devising to please himself and others that laugh at him. He is of a leaden, dull temper, that stands stiff, as it is bent, to all crooked lines, but never to the right When he thinks to appear most graceful, he adorns himself most ill-favouredly, like an Indian that wears jewels in his lips and nostrils. His words and gestures are all as stiff as buckram, and he talks as if his lips were turned up as well as his beard. All his motions are regular, as if he went by clockwork, and he goes very true to the nick as he is set. He has certain favourite words and expressions, which he makes very much of, as he has reason to do, for they serve him upon all

occasions and are never out of the way when he has use of them, as they have leisure enough to do, for nobody else has any occasion for them but himself. All his affectations are forced and stolen from others; and though they become some particular persons where they grow naturally, as a flower does on its stalk, he thinks they will do so by him when they are pulled and dead. He puts words and language out of its ordinary pace and breaks it to his own fancy, which makes it go so uneasy in a shuffle, which it has not been used to. He delivers himself in a forced way, like one that sings with a feigned voice beyond his natural compass. He loves the sound of words better than the sense, and will rather venture to incur nonsense than leave out a word that he has a kindness for. If he be a statesman, the slighter and meaner his employments are the bigger he looks, as an ounce of tin swells and looks bigger than an ounce of gold; and his affectations of gravity are the most desperate of all, as the aphorism says—Madness of study and consideration are harder to be cured than those of lighter and more fantastic humour.

A Medicine-taker

Has a sickly mind and believes the infirmity is in his body, like one that draws the wrong tooth and fancies his pain in the wrong place. The less he understands the reason of physic the stronger faith he has in it, as it commonly fares in all other affairs of the world. His disease is only in his judgment, which makes him believe a doctor can fetch it out of his stomach or his belly, and fright those worms out of his guts that are bred in his brain. He believes a doctor is a kind of conjurer that can do strange things, and he is as willing to have him think so; for by that means he does not only get his money, but finds himself in some possibility by complying with that fancy to do him good for it, which he could never expect to do any other way; for, like those that have been cured by drinking their own water, his own imagination is a better medicine than any the doctor knows how to prescribe, even as the weapon-salve cures a wound by being applied to that which

A Swearer

Is one that sells the devil the best pennyworth that he meets with anywhere, and, like the Indians that part with gold for glass beads, he damns his soul for the slightest trifles imaginable. He betroths himself oftener to the devil in one day than Mecænas did in a week to his wife, that he was married a thousand times to. His discourse is inlaid with oaths as the gallows is with nails, to fortify it against the assaults of those whose friends have made it their deathbed. He takes a preposterous course to be believed and persuade you to credit what he says, by saying that which at the best he does not mean; for all the excuse he has for his voluntary damning of himself is, that he means nothing by it. He is as much mistaken in what he does intend really, for that which he takes for the ornament of his language renders it the most odious and abominable. His custom of swearing takes away the sense of his saying. His oaths are but a dissolute formality of speech and the worst kind of affectation. He is a Knight-Baronet of the Post, or gentleman blasphemer, that swears for his pleasure only; a lay-affidavit man, *in voto* only and not in orders. He learned to swear, as magpies do to speak, by hearing others. He talks nothing but bell, book, and candle, and delivers himself over to Satan oftener than a Presbyterian classis would do. He plays with the devil for sport only, and stakes his soul to nothing. He overcharges his oaths till they break and hurt himself only. He discharges them as fast as a gun that will shoot nine times with one loading. He is the devil's votary, and fails not to commend himself into his tuition upon all occasions. He outswears an exorcist, and outlies the legend. His oaths are of a wider bore and louder report than those of an ordinary perjurer, but yet they do not half the execution. Sometimes he resolves to leave it, but not too suddenly, lest it should prove unwholesome and injurious to his health, but by degrees as he took it up Swearing should appear to be the greatest of sins, for though the Scripture says, "God sees no sin in His children," it does not say He hears none.

keep off his hat with equal respect both to it and their ladyships, that neither may have cause to take any just offence, but continue him in their good graces. When he squires a lady he takes her by the handle of her person, the elbow, and steers it with all possible caution, lest his own foot should, upon a tack, for want of due circumspection, unhappily fall foul on the long train she carries at her stern. This makes him walk upon his toes and tread as lightly as if he were leading her a dance. He never tries any experiment solitary with her, but always in consort, and then he acts the woman's part and she the man's, talks loud and laughs, while he sits demurely silent, and simpers or bows, and cries, "Anon, Madam, excellently good!" &c &c. He is a kind of hermaphrodite, for his body is of one sex and his mind of another, which makes him take no delight in the conversation or actions of men, because they do so by his, but apply himself to women, to whom the sympathy and likeness of his own temper and wit naturally inclines him, where he finds an agreeable reception for want of a better, for they, like our Indian planters, value their wealth by the number of their slaves. All his business in the morning is to dress himself, and in the afternoon to show his workmanship to the ladies, who after serious consideration approve or disallow of his judgment and abilities accordingly, and he as freely delivers his opinion of theirs The glass is the only author he studies, by which his actions and gestures are all put on like his clothes, and by that he practices how to deliver what he has prepared to say to the dames, after he has laid a train to bring it in.

AN HYPOCRITE

Is a saint that goes by clockwork, a machine made by the devil's geometry, which he winds and nicks to go as he pleases. He is the devil's finger-watch, that never goes true, but too fast or too slow as he sets him. His religion goes with wires, and he serves the devil for an idol to seduce the simple to worship and believe in him. He puts down the true saint with his copper-lace devotion, as ladies that use art paint fairer than the life. He is a great

bustler in reformation, which is always most proper to his talent, especially if it be tumultuous; for pockets are nowhere so easily and safely picked as in jostling crowds. And as change and alterations are most agreeable to those who are tied to nothing, he appears more zealous and violent for the cause than such as are retarded by conscience or consideration. His religion is a mummery, and his Gospel-walkings nothing but dancing a masquerade He never wears his own person, but assumes a shape, as his master, the devil, does when he appears. He wears counterfeit hands (as the Italian pickpocket did), which are fastened to his breast as if he held them up to heaven, while his natural fingers are in his neighbour's pocket. The whole scope of all his actions appears to be directed, like an archer's arrow, at heaven, while the clout he aims at sticks in the earth. The devil baits his hook with him when he fishes in troubled waters He turns up his eyes to heaven like birds that have no upper lid. He is a weathercock upon the steeple of the church, that turns with every wind that blows from any point of the compass He sets his words and actions like a printer's letters, and he that will understand him must read him backwards. He is much more to be suspected than one that is no professor, as a stone of any colour is easier counterfeited than a diamond that is of none The inside of him tends quite cross to the outside, like a spring that runs upward within the earth and down without He is an operator for the soul, and corrects other men's sins with greater of his own, as the Jews were punished for their idolatry by greater idolaters than themselves He is a spiritual highwayman that robs on the road to heaven. His professions and his actions agree like a sweet voice and a stinking breath.

An Opinionater

Is his own confidant, that maintains more opinions than he is able to support. They are all bastards commonly and unlawfully begotten, but being his own, he had rather, out of natural affection, take any pains, or beg, than they should want a subsistence. The

eagerness and violence he uses to defend them argues they are weak, for if they were true they would not need it. How false soever they are to him, he is true to them; and as all extraordinary affections of love or friendship are usually upon the meanest accounts, he is resolved never to forsake them, how ridiculous soever they render themselves and him to the world. He is a kind of a knight-errant that is bound by his order to defend the weak and distressed, and deliver enchanted paradoxes, that are bewitched and held by magicians and conjurers in invisible castles. He affects to have his opinions as unlike other men's as he can, no matter whether better or worse, like those that wear fantastic clothes of their own devising. No force of argument can prevail upon him; for, like a madman, the strength of two men in their wits is not able to hold him down. His obstinacy grows out of his ignorance, for probability has so many ways that whosoever understands them will not be confident of any one. He holds his opinions as men do their lands, and though his tenure be litigious, he will spend all he has to maintain it. He does not so much as know what opinion means, which, always supposing uncertainty, is not capable of confidence. The more implicit his obstinacy is, the more stubborn it renders him; for implicit faith is always more pertinacious than that which can give an account of itself, and as cowards that are well backed will appear boldest, he that believes as the Church believes is more violent, though he knows not what it is, than he that can give a reason for his faith. And as men in the dark endeavour to tread firmer than when they are in the light, the darkness of his understanding makes him careful to stand fast wheresoever he happens, though it be out of his way.

A Choleric Man

Is one that stands for madman, and has as many voices as another. If he miss he has very hard dealing; for if he can but come to a fair polling of his fits against his intervals, he is sure to carry it. No doubt it would be a singular advantage to him, for, as his present condition stands, he has more full moons in a week than

a lunatic has in a year His passion is like tinder, soon set on fire and as soon out again The smallest occasion imaginable puts him in his fit, and then he has no respect of persons, strikes up the heels of stools and chairs, tears cards limbmeal without regard of age, sex, or quality, and breaks the bones of dice, and makes them a dreadful example to deter others from daring to take part against him. He is guilty but of misprision of madness, and if the worst come to the worst, can but forfeit estate and suffer perpetual liberty to say what he pleases. 'Tis true he is but a candidate of Bedlam, and is not yet admitted fellow, but has the license of the College to practise, and in time will not fail to come in according to his seniority. He has his grace for madman, and has done his exercises, and nothing but his good manners can put him by his degree He is, like a foul chimney, easily set on fire, and then he vapours and flashes as if he would burn the house, but is presently put out with a greater huff, and the mere noise of a pistol reduces him to a quiet and peaceable temper. His temper is, like that of a meteor, an imperfect mixture, that sparkles and flashes until it has spent itself All his parts are irascible, and his gall is too big for his liver His spleen makes others laugh at him, and as soon as his anger is over with others he begins to be angry with himself and sorry. He is sick of a preposterous ague, and has his hot fit always before his cold. The more violent his passion is the sooner it is out, like a running knot, that strains hardest, but is easiest loosed. He is never very passionate but for trifles, and is always most temperate where he has least cause, like a nettle that stings worst when it is touched with soft and gentle fingers, but when it is bruised with rugged, hardened hands returns no harm at all.

A Superstitious Man

Is more zealous in his false, mistaken piety than others are in the truth; for he that is in an error has farther to go than one that is in the right way, and therefore is concerned to bestir himself and make the more speed. The practice of his religion is, like the

Schoolmen's speculations, full of niceties and tricks, that take up his whole time and do him more hurt than good. His devotions are labours, not exercises, and he breaks the Sabbath in taking too much pains to keep it. He makes a conscience of so many trifles and niceties, that he has not leisure to consider things that are serious and of real weight. His religion is too full of fears and jealousies to be true and faithful, and too solicitous and unquiet to continue in the right, if it were so. And as those that are bunglers and unskilful in any art take more pains to do nothing, because they are in a wrong way, than those that are ready and expert to do the excellentest things, so the errors and mistakes of his religion engage him in perpetual troubles and anxieties, without any possibility of improvement until he unlearn all and begin again upon a new account. He talks much of the justice and merits of his cause, and yet gets so many advocates that it is plain he does not believe himself, but having pleaded not guilty, he is concerned to defend himself as well as he can, while those that confess and put themselves upon the mercy of the Court have no more to do. His religion is too full of curiosities to be sound and useful, and is fitter for a hypocrite than a saint; for curiosities are only for show and of no use at all. His conscience resides more in his stomach than his heart, and howsoever he keeps the commandments, he never fails to keep a very pious diet, and will rather starve than eat erroneously or taste anything that is not perfectly orthodox and apostolical, and if living and eating are inseparable, he is in the right, and lives because he eats according to the truly ancient primitive Catholic faith in the purest times.

A Droll

Plays his part of wit readily at first sight, and sometimes better than with practice. He is excellent at voluntary and prelude, but has no skill in composition. He will run divisions upon any ground very dexterously, but now and then mistakes a flat for a sharp. He has a great deal of wit, but it is not at his own

disposing, nor can he command it when he pleases unless it be in the humour. His fancy is counterchanged between jest and earnest, and the earnest lies always in the jest, and the jest in the earnest He treats of all matters and persons by way of exercitation, without respect of things, time, place, or occasion, and assumes the liberty of a free-born Englishman, as if he were called to the long robe with long ears He imposes a hard task upon himself as well as those he converses with, and more than either can bear without a convenient stock of confidence. His whole life is nothing but a merrymaking, and his business the same with a fiddler's, to play to all companies where he comes, and take what they please to give him either of applause or dislike, for he can do little without some applauders, who by showing him ground make him outdo his own expectation many times, and theirs too; for they that laugh on his side and cry him up give credit to his confidence, and sometimes contribute more than half the wit by making it better than he meant. He is impregnable to all assaults but that of a greater impudence, which, being stick-free, puts him, like a rough fencer, out of his play, and after passes upon him at pleasure, for when he is once routed he never rallies again. He takes a view of a man as a skilful commander does of a town he would besiege, to discover the weakest places where he may make his approaches with the least danger and most advantages, and when he finds himself mistaken, draws off his forces with admirable caution and consideration; for his business being only wit, he thinks there is very little of that shown in exposing himself to any inconvenience.

THE OBSTINATE MAN

Does not hold opinions, but they hold him; for when he is once possessed with an error, 'tis, like the devil, not to be cast out but with great difficulty. Whatsoever he lays hold on, like a drowning man, he never loses, though it do but help to sink him the sooner. His ignorance is abrupt and inaccessible, impregnable both by art and nature, and will hold out to the last though it

has nothing but rubbish to defend. It is as dark as pitch, and sticks as fast to anything it lays hold on. His skull is so thick that it is proof against any reason, and never cracks but on the wrong side, just opposite to that against which the impression is made, which surgeons say does happen very frequently. The slighter and more inconsistent his opinions are the faster he holds them, otherwise they would fall asunder of themselves; for opinions that are false ought to be held with more strictness and assurance than those that are true, otherwise they will be apt to betray their owners before they are aware. If he takes to religion, he has faith enough to save a hundred wiser men than himself, if it were right; but it is too much to be good; and though he deny supererogation and utterly disclaim any overplus of merits, yet he allows superabundant belief, and if the violence of faith will carry the kingdom of heaven, he stands fair for it. He delights most of all to differ in things indifferent; no matter how frivolous they are, they are weighty enough in proportion to his weak judgment, and he will rather suffer self-martyrdom than part with the least scruple of his freehold, for it is impossible to dye his dark ignorance into a lighter colour. He is resolved to understand no man's reason but his own, because he finds no man can understand his but himself. His wits are like a sack which, the French proverb says, is tied faster before it is full than when it is; and his opinions are like plants that grow upon rocks, that stick fast though they have no rooting. His understanding is hardened like Pharaoh's heart, and is proof against all sorts of judgments whatsoever.

A Zealot

Is a hot-headed brother that has his understanding blocked up on both sides, like a fore-horse's eyes, that he sees only straightforwards and never looks about him, which makes him run on according as he is driven with his own caprice He starts and stops (as a horse does) at a post only because he does not know what it is, and thinks to run away from the spur while he carries it with him He is very violent, as all things that tend downward

naturally are; for it is impossible to improve or raise him above his own level. He runs swiftly before any wind, like a ship that has neither freight nor ballast, and is as apt to overset. When his zeal takes fire it cracks and flies about like a squib until the idle stuff is spent, and then it goes out of itself He is always troubled with small scruples, which his conscience catches like the itch, and the rubbing of these is both his pleasure and his pain. But for things of greater moment he is unconcerned, as cattle in the summer-time are more pestered with flies that vex their sores than creatures more considerable, and dust and motes are apter to stick in blear-eyes than things of greater weight. His charity begins and ends at home, for it never goes farther nor stirs abroad. David was eaten up with the zeal of God's house, but his zeal, quite contrary, eats up God's house, and as the words seem to intimate that David fed and maintained the priests, so he makes the priests feed and maintain him; and hence his zeal is never so vehement as when it concurs with his interest, for, as he styles himself a professor, it fares with him, as with men of other professions, to live by his calling and get as much as he can by it. He is very severe to other men's sins that his own may pass unsuspected, as those that were engaged in the conspiracy against Nero were most cruel to their own confederates, or as one says—

"Compounds for sins he is inclined to
By damning those he has no mind to."

The Overdoer

Always throws beyond the jack and is gone a mile He is no more able to contain himself than a bowl is when he is commanded to rub with the greatest power and vehemence imaginable, and nothing lights in his way. He is a conjurer that cannot keep within the compass of his circle, though he were sure the devil would fetch him away for the least transgression. He always overstocks his ground and starves instead of feeding, destroys whatsoever he has an extraordinary care for, and, like

an ape, hugs the whelp he loves most to death. All his designs are greater than the life, and he laughs to think how Nature has mistaken her match, and given him so much odds that he can easily outrun her. He allows of no merit but that which is superabundant. All his actions are superfœtations, that either become monsters or twins; that is, too much, or the same again; for he is but a supernumerary and does nothing but for want of a better. He is a civil Catholic, that holds nothing more steadfastly than supererogation in all that he undertakes, for he undertakes nothing but what he overdoes. He is insatiable in all his actions, and, like a covetous person, never knows when he has done enough until he has spoiled all by doing too much. He is his own antagonist, and is never satisfied until he has outdone himself as well as that which he proposed, for he loves to be better than his word (though it always falls out worse) and deceive the world the wrong way. He believes the mean to be but a mean thing, and therefore always runs into extremities as the more excellent, great, and transcendent He delights to exceed in all his attempts, for he finds that a goose that has three legs is more remarkable than a hundred that have but two apiece, and has a greater number of followers, and that all monsters are more visited and applied to than other creatures that Nature has made perfect in their kind. He believes he can never bestow too much pains upon anything; for his industry is his own and costs him nothing; and if it miscarry he loses nothing, for he has as much as it was worth. He is like a foolish musician that sets his instrument so high that he breaks his strings for want of understanding the right pitch of it, or an archer that breaks his with overbending; and all he does is forced, like one that sings above the reach of his voice.

The Rash Man

Has a fever in his brain, and therefore is rightly said to be hot-headed His reason and his actions run downhill, borne headlong by his unstaid will. He has not patience to consider, and perhaps it would not be the better for him if he had, for he is so possessed

with the first apprehension of anything, that whatsoever comes after loses the race and is prejudged All his actions, like sins, lead him perpetually to repentance, and from thence to the place from whence they came, to make more work for repentance; for though he be corrected never so often, he is never amended, nor will his haste give him time to call to mind where it made him stumble before; for he is always upon full speed, and the quickness of his motions takes away and dazzles the eyes of his understanding. All his designs are like diseases, with which he is taken suddenly before he is aware, and whatsoever he does is extempore, without premeditation, for he believes a sudden life to be the best of all, as some do a sudden death. He pursues things as men do an enemy upon a retreat, until he is drawn into an ambush for want of heed and circumspection. He falls upon things as they lie in his way, as if he stumbled at them, or his foot slipped and cast him upon them, for he is commonly foiled and comes off with bruises. He engages in business as men do in duels, the sooner the better, that, if any evil come of it, they may not be found to have slept upon it, or consulted with an effeminate pillow in point of honour and courage. He strikes when he is hot himself, not when the iron is so which he designs to work upon. His tongue has no retentive faculty, but is always running like a fool's drivel. He cannot keep it within compass, but it will be always upon the ramble and playing of tricks upon a frolic, fancying of passes upon religion, State, and the persons of those that are in present authority, no matter how, to whom, or where, for his discretion is always out of the way when he has occasion to make use of it.

The Affected or Formal

Is a piece of clockwork, that moves only as it is wound up and set, and not like a voluntary agent. He is a mathematical body, nothing but *punctum, linea, et superficies*, and perfectly abstract from matter. He walks as stiffly and uprightly as a dog that is taught to go on his hinder legs, and carries his hands as the

kitchen at a breakfast. He wears the furniture of his house on his back, and a whole feather-bed in his hat, drinks down his plate, and eats his dishes up. He is not clothed, but hung. He'll fancy dancers cattle, and present his lady with messuage and tenement. He sets his horses at inn and inn, and throws himself out of his coach at come the caster. He should be a good husband, for he has made more of his estate in one year than his ancestors did in twenty. He dusts his estate as they do a stand of ale in the north. His money in his pocket (like hunted venison) will not keep; if it be not spent presently it grows stale, and is thrown away. He possesses his estate as the devil did the herd of swine, and is running it into the sea as fast as he can He has shot it with a zampatan, and it will presently fall all to dust. He has brought his acres into a consumption, and they are strangely fallen away; nothing but skin and bones left of a whole manor. He will shortly have all his estate in his hands; for, like bias, he may carry it about him. He lays up nothing but debts and diseases, and at length himself in a prison. When he has spent all upon his pleasures, and has nothing left for sustenance, he espouses a hostess dowager, and resolves to lick himself whole again out of ale, and make it pay him back all the charges it has put him to.

The Inconstant

Has a vagabond soul without any settled place of abode, like the wandering Jew. His head is unfixed, out of order, and utterly unserviceable upon any occasion. He is very apt to be taken with anything, but nothing can hold him, for he presently breaks loose and gives it the slip His head is troubled with a palsy, which renders it perpetually wavering and incapable of rest. His head is like an hour-glass; that part that is uppermost always runs out until it is turned, and then runs out again. His opinions are too violent to last, for, like other things of the same kind in Nature, they quickly spend themselves and fall to nothing. All his opinions are like wefts and strays that are apt to straggle from

their owners and belong to the lord of the manor where they are taken up His soul has no retentive faculty, but suffers everything to run from him as fast as he receives it His whole life is like a preposterous ague in which he has his hot fit always before his cold one, and is never in a constant temper. His principles and resolves are but a kind of movables, which he will not endure to be fastened to any freehold, but left loose to be conveyed away at pleasure as occasion shall please to dispose of him. His soul dwells, like a Tartar, in a hoord, without any settled habitation, but is always removing and dislodging from place to place. He changes his head oftener than a deer, and when his imaginations are stiff and at their full growth, he casts them off to breed new ones, only to cast off again the next season. All his purposes are built on air, the chamelion's diet, and have the same operation to make him change colour with every object he comes near. He pulls off his judgment as commonly as his hat to every one he meets with. His word and his deed are all one, for when he has given his word he has done, and never goes farther. His judgment, being unsound, has the same operation upon him that a disease has upon a sick man, that makes him find some ease in turning from side to side, and still the last is the most uneasy.

A Glutton

Eats his children, as the poets say Saturn did, and carries his felicity and all his concernments in his paunch. If he had lived when all the members of the body rebelled against the stomach there had been no possibility of accommodation. His entrails are like the sarcophagus, that devours dead bodies in a small space, or the Indian zampatan, that consumes flesh in a moment. He is a great dish made on purpose to carry meat He eats out his own head, and his horses' too, he knows no grace but grace before meat, nor mortification but in fasting. If the body be the tabernacle of the soul, he lives in a sutler's hut. He celebrates mass, or rather mess, to the idol in his belly, and, like a papist, eats his adoration A third course is the third heaven to him, and he is ravished into it. A feast is a good conscience to him,

consent, the enmity continues, and all advantages by treachery or breach of faith are very lawful; that there is no difference between virtue and fraud among friends as well as enemies, nor anything unjust that a man can do without damage to his own safety or interest; that oaths are but springes to catch woodcocks withal, and bind none but those that are too weak and feeble to break them when they become ever so small an impediment to their advantages; that conscience is the effect of ignorance, and the same with that foolish fear which some men apprehend when they are in the dark and alone; that honour is but the word which a prince gives a man to pass his guards withal and save him from being stopped by law and justice, the sentinels of governments, when he has not wit nor credit enough to pass of himself; that to show respect to worth in any person is to appear a stranger to it, and not so familiarly acquainted with it as those are who use no ceremony, because it is no new thing to them, as it would appear if they should take notice of it; that the easiest way to purchase a reputation of wisdom and knowledge is to slight and undervalue it, as the readiest way to buy cheap is to bring down the price, for the world will be apt to believe a man well provided with any necessary or useful commodity which he sets a small value upon; that to oblige a friend is but a kind of casting him in prison, after the old Roman way or modern Chinese, that chains the keeper and prisoner together, for he that binds another man to himself binds himself as much to him and lays a restraint upon both For as men commonly never forgive those that forgive them, and always hate those that purchase their estates (though they pay dear and more than any man else would give) so they never willingly endure those that have laid any engagement upon them, or at what rate soever purchased the least part of their freedom, and as partners for the most part cheat or suspect one another, so no man deals fairly with another that goes the least share in his freedom.

To propose any measure to wealth or power is to be ignorant of the nature of both, for as no man can ever have too much of either, so it is impossible to determine what is enough; and he

that limits his desires by proposing to himself the enjoyment of any other pleasure but that of gaining more shows he has but a dull inclination that will not hold out to his journey's end. And therefore he believes that a courtier deserves to be begged himself that is ever satisfied with begging; for fruition without desire is but a dull entertainment, and that pleasure only real and substantial that provokes and improves the appetite and increases in the enjoyment; and all the greatest masters in the several arts of thriving concur unanimously that the plain downright pleasure of gaining is greater and deserves to be preferred far before all the various delights of spending which the curiosity, wit, or luxury of mankind in all ages could ever find out.

He believes there is no way of thriving so easy and certain as to grow rich by defrauding the public, for public thieveries are more safe and less prosecuted than private, like robberies committed between sun and sun, which the county pays and no one is greatly concerned in, and as the monster of many heads has less wit in them all than any one reasonable person, so the monster of many purses is easier cheated than any one indifferent, crafty fool. For all the difficulty lies in being trusted, and when he has obtained that, the business does itself, and if he should happen to be questioned and called to an account, a pardon is as cheap as a paymaster's fee, not above fourteenpence in the pound.

He thinks that when a man comes to wealth or preferment, and is to put on a new person, his first business is to put off all his old friendships and acquaintances, as things below him and no way consistent with his present condition, especially such as may have occasion to make use of him or have reason to expect any civil returns from him; for requiting of obligations received in a man's necessity is the same thing with paying of debts contracted in his minority when he was under age, for which he is not accountable by the laws of the land. These he is to forget as fast as he can, and by little neglects remove them to that distance that they may at length by his example learn to forget him, for men who travel together in company when their occasions lie several ways ought to take leave and part. It is a hard

matter for a man that comes to preferment not to forget himself, and therefore he may very well be allowed to take the freedom to forget others; for advancement, like the conversion of a sinner, gives a man new values of things and persons, so different from those he had before that that which was wont to be most dear to him does commonly after become the most disagreeable; and as it is accounted noble to forget and pass over little injuries, so it is to forget little friendships, that are no better than injuries when they become disparagements, and can only be importune and troublesome instead of being useful, as they were before. All Acts of Oblivion have, of late times, been found to extend rather to loyal and faithful services done than rebellion and treasons committed For benefits are like flowers, sweet only and fresh when they are newly gathered, but stink when they grow stale and wither; and he only is ungrateful who makes returns of obligations, for he does it merely to free himself from owing so much as thanks. Fair words are all the civility and humanity that one man owes to another, for they are obliging enough of themselves, and need not the assistance of deeds to make them good; for he that does not believe them has already received too much, and he that does ought to expect no more. And therefore promises ought to oblige those only to whom they are made, not those who make them; for he that expects a man should bind himself is worse than a thief, who does that service for him after he has robbed him on the highway. Promises are but words, and words air, which no man can claim a propriety in, but is equally free to all and incapable of being confined; and if it were not, yet he who pays debts which he can possibly avoid does but part with his money for nothing, and pays more for the mere reputation of honesty and conscience than it is worth.

He prefers the way of applying to the vices and humours of great persons before all other methods of getting into favour; for he that can be admitted into these offices of privacy and trust seldom fails to arrive at greater, and with greater ease and certainty than those who take the dull way of plain fidelity and merit For vices, like beasts, are fond of none but those that

feed them, and where they once prevail all other considerations go for nothing. They are his own flesh and blood, born and bred out of him, and he has a stronger natural affection for them than all other relations whatsoever; and he that has an interest in these has a greater power over him than all other obligations in the world; for though they are but his imperfections and infirmities, he is the more tender of them, as a lame member or diseased limb is more carefully cherished than all the rest that are sound and in perfect vigour. All offices of this kind are the greatest endearments, being real flatteries enforced by deeds and actions, and therefore far more prevalent than those that are performed but by words and fawning, though very great advantages are daily obtained that way; and therefore he esteems flattery as the next most sure and successful way of improving his interests For flattery is but a kind of civil idolatry, that makes images to itself of virtue, worth, and honour in some person that is utterly void of all, and then falls down and worships them, and the more dull and absurd these applications are, the better they are always received; for men delight more to be presented with those things they want than such as they have no need nor use of. And though they condemn the realities of those honours and renowns that are falsely imputed to them, they are wonderfully affected with their false pretences; for dreams work more upon men's passions than any waking thoughts of the same kind, and many, out of an ignorant superstition, give more credit to them than the most rational of all their vigilant conjectures, how false soever they prove in the event. No wonder, then, if those who apply to men's fancies and humours have a stronger influence upon them than those that seek to prevail upon their reason and understandings, especially in things so delightful to them as their own praises, no matter how false and apparently incredible; for great persons may wear counterfeit jewels of any carat with more confidence and security from being discovered than those of meaner quality, in whose hands the greatness of their value (if they were true) is more apt to render them suspected. A flatterer is like Mahomet's pigeon, that picks his food out of his master's

ear, who is willing to have it believed that he whispers oracles into it, and accordingly sets a high esteem upon the service he does him, though the impostor only designs his own utilities; for men are for the most part better pleased with other men's opinions, though false, of their happiness than their own experiences, and find more pleasure in the dullest flattery of others than all the vast imaginations they can have of themselves, as no man is apt to be tickled with his own fingers; because the applauses of others are more agreeable to those high conceits they have of themselves, which they are glad to find confirmed, and are the only music that sets them a-dancing, like those that are bitten with a tarantula.

He accounts it an argument of great discretion, and as great temper, to take no notice of affronts and indignities put upon him by great persons, for he that is insensible of injuries of this nature can receive none, and if he lose no confidence by them, can lose nothing else, for it is greater to be above injuries than either to do or revenge them, and he that will be deterred by those discouragements from prosecuting his designs will never obtain what he proposes to himself. When a man is once known to be able to endure insolences easier than others can impose them, they will raise the siege and leave him as impregnable, and therefore he resolves never to omit the least opportunity of pressing his affairs, for fear of being baffled and affronted; for if he can at any rate render himself master of his purposes, he would not wish an easier nor a cheaper way, as he knows how to repay himself and make others receive those insolences of him for good and current payment which he was glad to take before, and he esteems it no mean glory to show his temper of such a compass as is able to reach from the highest arrogance to the meanest and most dejected submissions. A man that has endured all sorts of affronts may be allowed, like an apprentice that has served out his time, to set up for himself and put them off upon others, and if the most common and approved way of growing rich is to gain by the ruin and loss of those who are in necessity, why should not a man be allowed as well to make

himself appear great by debasing those that are below him? For insolence is no inconsiderable way of improving greatness and authority in the opinion of the world. If all men are born equally fit to govern, as some late philosophers affirm, he only has the advantage of all others who has the best opinion of his own abilities, how mean soever they really are; and, therefore, he steadfastly believes that pride is the only great, wise, and happy virtue that a man is capable of, and the most compendious and easy way to felicity; for he that is able to persuade himself impregnably that he is some great and excellent person, how far short soever he falls of it, finds more delight in that dream than [illegible] were really so; and the less he is of what he fancies himself be the better he is pleased, as men covet those things that are forbidden and denied them more greedily than those that are in their power to obtain; and he that can enjoy all the best rewards of worth and merit without the pains and trouble that attend it has a better bargain than he who pays as much for it as it is worth. This he performs by an obstinate, implicit believing as well as he can of himself, and as meanly of all other men, for he holds it a kind of self-preservation to maintain a good estimation of himself; and as no man is bound to love his neighbour better than himself, so he ought not to think better of him than he does of himself, and he that will not afford himself a very high esteem will never spare another man any at all. He who has made so absolute a conquest over himself (which philosophers say is the greatest of all victories) as to be received for a prince within himself, is greater and more arbitrary within his own dominions than he that depends upon the uncertain loves or fears of other men without him; and since the opinion of the world is vain and for the most part false, he believes it is not to be attempted but by ways as false and vain as itself, and therefore to appear and seem is much better and wiser than really to be whatsoever is well esteemed in the general value of the world.

Next pride, he believes ambition to be the only generous and heroical virtue in the world that mankind is capable of, for, as Nature gave man an erect figure to raise him above the grovelling

condition of his fellow-creatures the beasts, so he that endeavours to improve that and raise himself higher seems best to comply with the design and intention of Nature. Though the stature of man is confined to a certain height, yet his mind is unlimited, and capable of growing up to heaven; and as those who endeavour to arrive at that perfection are adored and reverenced by all, so he that endeavours to advance himself as high as possibly he can in this world comes nearest to the condition of those holy and divine aspirers. All the purest parts of Nature always tend upwards, and the more dull and heavy downwards; so in the little world the noblest faculties of man, his reason and understanding, that give him a prerogative above all other earthly creatures, mount upwards, and therefore he who takes that course, and still aspires in all his undertakings and designs, does but conform to that which Nature dictates. Are not the reason and the will, the two commanding faculties of the soul, still striving which shall be uppermost? Men honour none but those that are above them, contest with equals, and disdain inferiors The first thing that God gave man was dominion over the rest of his inferior creatures; but he that can extend that over man improves his talent to the best advantage. How are angels distinguished but by dominions, powers, thrones, and principalities? Then he who still aspires to purchase those comes nearest to the nature of those heavenly ministers, and in all probability is most like to go to heaven, no matter what destruction he makes in his way, if he does but attain his end; for nothing is a crime that is too great to be punished; and when it is once arrived at that perfection, the most horrid actions in the world become the most admired and renowned. Birds that build highest are most safe; and he that can advance himself above the envy or reach of his inferiors is secure against the malice and assaults of fortune. All religions have ever been persecuted in their primitive ages, when they were weak and impotent, but when they propagated and grew great, have been received with reverence and adoration by those who otherwise had proved their cruellest enemies, and those that afterwards

opposed them have suffered as severely as those that first professed them So thieves that rob in small parties and break houses, when they are taken, are hanged, but when they multiply and grow up into armies and are able to take towns, the same things are called heroic actions, and acknowledged for such by all the world. Courts of justice, for the most part, commit greater crimes than they punish, and do those that sue in them more injuries than they can possibly receive from one another, and yet they are venerable, and must not be told so, because they have authority and power to justify what they do, and the law (that is, whatsoever they please to call so) ready to give judgment for them. Who knows when a physician cures or kills? And yet he is equally rewarded for both, and the profession esteemed never the less worshipful; and therefore he accounts it a ridiculous vanity in any man to consider whether he does right or wrong in anything he attempts, since the success is only able to determine and satisfy the opinion of the world which is the one and which the other. As for those characters and marks of distinction which religion, law, and morality fix upon both, they are only significant and valid when their authority is able to command obedience and submission; but when the greatness, numbers, or interest of those who are concerned outgrows that, they change their natures, and that which was injury before becomes justice, and justice injury. It is with crimes as with inventions in the mechanics, that will frequently hold true to all purposes of the design while they are tried in little, but when the experiment is made in great prove false in all particulars to what is promised in the model. so iniquities and vices may be punished and corrected, like children, while they are little and impotent, but when they are great and sturdy they become incorrigible and proof against all the power of justice and authority.

Among all his virtues there is none which he sets so high an esteem upon as impudence, which he finds more useful and necessary than a vizard is to a highwayman; for he that has but a competent stock of this natural endowment has an interest

in any man he pleases, and is able to manage it with greater advantages than those who have all the real pretences imaginable, but want that dexterous way of soliciting by which, if the worst fall out, he is sure to lose nothing if he does not win He that is impudent is shot-free, and if he be ever so much overpowered can receive no hurt, for his forehead is impenetrable, and of so excellent a temper that nothing is able to touch it, but turns edge and is blunted. His face holds no correspondence with his mind, and therefore whatsoever inward sense or conviction he feels, there is no outward appearance of it in his looks to give evidence against him; and in any difficulty that can befall him, impudence is the most infallible expedient to fetch him off, that is always ready, like his angel guardian, to relieve and rescue him in his greatest extremities; and no outward impression, nor inward neither, though his own conscience take part against him, is able to beat him from his guards. Though innocence and a good conscience be said to be a brazen wall, a brazen confidence is more impregnable and longer able to hold out; for it is a greater affliction to an innocent man to be suspected than it is to one that is guilty and impudent to be openly convicted of an apparent crime. And in all the affairs of mankind, a brisk confidence, though utterly void of sense, is able to go through matters of difficulty with greater ease than all the strength of reason less boldly enforced, as the Turks are said by a small, slight handling of their bows to make an arrow without a head pierce deeper into hard bodies than guns of greater force are able to do a bullet of steel; and though it be but a cheat and imposture, that has neither truth nor reason to support it, yet it thrives better in the world than things of greater solidity, as thorns and thistles flourish on barren grounds where nobler plants would starve And he that can improve his barren parts by this excellent and most compendious method deserves much better, in his judgment, than those who endeavour to do the same thing by the more studious and difficult way of downright industry and drudging. For impudence does not only supply all defects, but gives them a greater grace than if they had needed no art, as all other orna-

ments are commonly nothing else but the remedies or disguises of imperfections; and therefore he thinks him very weak that is unprovided of this excellent and most useful quality, without which the best natural or acquired parts are of no more use than the Guanches' darts, which, the virtuosos say, are headed with butter hardened in the sun. It serves him to innumerable purposes to press on and understand no repulse, how smart or harsh soever, for he that can fail nearest the wind has much the advantage of all others, and such is the weakness or vanity of some men, that they will grant that to obstinate importunity which they would never have done upon all the most just reasons and considerations imaginable, as those that watch witches will make them confess that which they would never have done upon any other account.

He believes a man's words and his meaning should never agree together, for he that says what he thinks lays himself open to be expounded by the most ignorant, and he who does not make his words rather serve to conceal than discover the sense of his heart deserves to have it pulled out, like a traitor's, and shown publicly to the rabble; for as a king, they say, cannot reign without dissembling, so private men, without that, cannot govern themselves with any prudence or discretion imaginable. This is the only politic magic that has power to make a man walk invisible, give him access into all men's privacies, and keep all others out of his, which is as great an odds as it is to discover what cards those he plays with have in their hands, and permit them to know nothing of his, and, therefore, he never speaks his own sense, but that which he finds comes nearest to the meaning of those he converses with, as birds are drawn into nets by pipes that counterfeit their own voices. By this means he possesses men, like the devil, by getting within them before they are aware, turns them out of themselves, and either betrays or renders them ridiculous, as he finds it most agreeable either to his humour or his occasions.

As for religion, he believes a wise man ought to possess it only that he may not be observed to have freed himself from the

frequently arrive at very great wealth, and as great success in all their undertakings. For all fools are but feeble and impotent knaves, that have as strong and vehement inclinations to all sorts of dishonesty as the most notorious of those engineers, but want abilities to put them in practice; and as they are always found to be the most obstinate and intractable people to be prevailed upon by reason or conscience, so they are as easy to submit to their superiors—that is, knaves—by whom they are always observed to be governed, as all corporations are wont to choose their magistrates out of their own members. As for knaves, they are commonly true enough to their own interests, and while they gain by their employments, will be careful not to disserve those who can turn them out when they please, what tricks soever they put upon others, and therefore such men prove more useful to them in their designs of gain and profit than those whose consciences and reason will not permit them to take that latitude.

And since buffoonery is, and has always been, so delightful to great persons, he holds him very improvident that is to seek in a quality so inducing that he cannot at least serve for want of a better, especially since it is so easy that the greatest part of the difficulty lies in confidence; and he that can but stand fair and give aim to those that are gamesters does not always lose his labour, but many times becomes well esteemed for his generous and bold demeanour, and a lucky repartee hit upon by chance may be the making of a man This is the only modern way of running at tilt, with which great persons are so delighted to see men encounter one another and break jests, as they did lances heretofore; and he that has the best beaver to his helmet has the greatest advantage, and as the former passed upon the account of valour, so does the latter on the score of wit, though neither, perhaps, have any great reason for their pretences, especially the latter, that depends much upon confidence, which is commonly a great support to wit, and therefore believed to be its betters, that ought to take place of it, as all men are greater than their dependents; so pleasant it is to see men lessen one another and strive who shall show himself the most ill-natured

and ill-mannered. As in cuffing all blows are aimed at the face, so it fares in these rencounters, where he that wears the toughest leather on his visage comes off with victory though he has ever so much the disadvantage upon all other accounts. For a buffoon is like a mad dog that has a worm in his tongue, which makes him bite at all that light in his way; and as he can do nothing alone, but must have somebody to set him that he may throw at, he that performs that office with the greatest freedom and is contented to be laughed at to give his patron pleasure cannot but be understood to have done very good service, and consequently deserves to be well rewarded, as a mountebank's pudding, that is content to be cut and slashed and burnt and poisoned, without which his master can show no tricks, deserves to have a considerable share in his gains.

As for the meanness of these ways, which some may think too base to be employed to so excellent an end, that imports nothing; for what dislike soever the world conceives against any man's undertakings, if they do but succeed and prosper, it will easily recant its error and applaud what it condemned before, and therefore all wise men have ever justly esteemed it a great virtue to disdain the false values it commonly sets upon all things and which itself is so apt to retract. For as those who go uphill use to stoop and bow their bodies forward, and sometimes creep upon their hands, and those that descend to go upright, so the lower a man stoops and submits in these endearing offices, the more sure and certain he is to rise, and the more upright he carries himself in other matters, the more like, in probability, to be ruined. And this he believes to be a wiser course for any man to take than to trouble himself with the knowledge of arts or arms, for the one does but bring a man an unnecessary trouble, and the other as unnecessary danger; and the shortest and more easy way to attain to both is to despise all other men and believe as steadfastly in himself as he can—a better and more certain course than that of merit.

What he gains wickedly he spends as vainly, for he holds it the greatest happiness that a man is capable of to deny himself

tinual wine, women, and music put false values upon things which by custom become habitual, and debauch his understanding so that he retains no right notion nor sense of things; and as the same dose of the same physic has no operation on those that are much used to it, so his pleasures require a larger proportion of excess and variety to render him sensible of them. He rises, eats, and goes to bed by the Julian account, long after all others that go by the new style, and keeps the same hours with owls and the antipodes. He is a great observer of the Tartars' customs, and never eats till the great Cham, having dined, makes *proclamation that all the world may go to dinner. He does not* dwell in his house, but haunts it like an evil spirit that walks all night to disturb the family, and never appears by day. He lives perpetually benighted, runs out of his life, and loses his time, as men do their ways, in the dark, and as blind men are led by their dogs, so is he governed by some mean servant or other that relates to his pleasures. He is as inconstant as the moon which he lives under; and although he does nothing but advise with his pillow all day, he is as great a stranger to himself as he is to the rest of the world. His mind entertains all things very freely that come and go, but, like guests and strangers, they are not welcome if they stay long. This lays him open to all cheats, quacks, and impostors, who apply to every particular humour while it lasts, and afterwards vanish. Thus, with St. Paul, though in a different sense, he dies daily, and only lives in the night. He deforms Nature while he intends to adorn her, like Indians that hang jewels in their lips and noses. His ears are perpetually drilled with a fiddlestick. He endures pleasures with less *patience than other men do their pains.*

A Fantastic

Is one that wears his feather on the inside of his head. His brain is like quicksilver, apt to receive any impression but retain none. His mind is made of changeable stuff, that alters colour with every motion towards the light. He is a cormorant that has

but one gut, devours everything greedily, but it runs through him immediately. He does not know so much as what he would be, and yet would be everything he knows. He is like a paper-lantern, that turns with the smoke of a candle. He wears his clothes as the ancient laws of the land have provided, according to his quality, that he may be known what he is by them; and it is as easy to decipher him by his habit as a pudding. He is rigged with ribbon, and his garniture is his tackle; all the rest of him is hull. He is sure to be the earliest in the fashion, and lays out for it like the first peas and cherries. He is as proud of leading a fashion as others are of a faction, and glories as much to be in the head of a mode as a soldier does to be in the head of an army. He is admirably skilful in the mathematics of clothes, and can tell, at the first view, whether they have the right symmetry. He alters his gait with the times, and has not a motion of his body that (like a dottrel) he does not borrow from somebody else. He exercises his limbs like a pike and musket, and all his postures are practised Take him altogether, and he is nothing but a translation, word for word, out of French, an image cast in plaster-of-Paris, and a puppet sent over for others to dress themselves by. He speaks French as pedants do Latin, to show his breeding, and most naturally where he is least understood. All his non-naturals, on which his health and diseases depend, are *stile nuovo.* French is his holiday language, that he wears for his pleasure and ornament, and uses English only for his business and necessary occasions. He is like a Scotchman, though he is born a subject of his own nation, he carries a French faction within him.

He is never quiet, but sits as the wind is said to do when it is most in motion. His head is as full of maggots as a pastoral poet's flock. He was begotten, like one of Pliny's Portuguese horses, by the wind. The truth is, he ought not to have been reared, for, being calved in the increase of the moon, his head is troubled with a——

N.B.—The last word not legible.

as he can possibly come by until he has received for them, and then turns them off and retains only those that are to the purpose. This he calls drawing of breviates. All that appears of his studies is, in short, time converted into waste-paper, tailor's measures, and heads for children's drums He appears very violent against the other side, and rails to please his client as they do children, "Give me a blow and I'll strike him, ah, naughty!" &c. This makes him seem very zealous for the good of his client, and though the cause go against him he loses no credit by it, especially if he fall foul on the counsel of the other side, which goes for no more among them than it does with those virtuous persons that quarrel and fight in the streets to pick the pockets of those that look on. He hangs men's estates and fortunes on the slightest curiosities and feeblest niceties imaginable, and undoes them like the story of breaking a horse's back with a feather or sinking a ship with a single drop of water, as if right and wrong were only notional and had no relation at all to practice (which always requires more solid foundations), or reason and truth did wholly consist in the right spelling of letters, whenas the subtler things are the nearer they are to nothing, so the subtler words and notions are the nearer they are to nonsense. He overruns Latin and French with greater barbarism than the Goths did Italy and France, and makes as mad a confusion of language by mixing both with English Nor does he use English much better, for he clogs it so with words that the sense becomes as thick as puddle, and is utterly lost to those that have not the trick of skipping over where it is impertinent He has but one termination for all Latin words, and that's a dash He is very just to the first syllables of words, but always bobtails the last, in which the sense most of all consists, like a cheat that does a man all right at the first that he may put a trick upon him in the end. He is an apprentice to the law without a master, is his own pupil, and has no tutor but himself, that is a fool. He will screw and wrest law as unmercifully as a tumbler does his body to lick up money with his tongue. He is a Swiss that professes mercenary arms, will fight for him that gives him best pay, and, like an Italian

bravo, will fall foul on any man's reputation that he receives a retaining fee against. If he could but maintain his opinions as well as they do him, he were a very just and righteous man; but when he has made his most of it, he leaves it, like his client, to shift for itself. He fetches money out of his throat like a juggler; and as the rabble in the country value gentlemen by their housekeeping and their eating, so is he supposed to have so much law as he has kept commons, and the abler to deal with clients by how much the more he has devoured of Inns-of-Court mutton; and it matters not whether he keep his study so he has but kept commons. He never ends a suit, but prunes it that it may grow the faster and yield a greater increase of strife The wisdom of the law is to admit of all the petty, mean, real injustices in the world, to avoid imaginary possible great ones that may perhaps fall out. His client finds the Scripture fulfilled in him, that it is better to part with a coat too than go to law for a cloak; for, as the best laws are made of the worst manners, even so are the best lawyers of the worst men. He hums about Westminster Hall, and returns home with his pockets like a bee with his thighs laden; and that which Horace says of an ant, *Ore trahit quodcunque potest, atque addit acervo*, is true of him, for he gathers all his heap with the labour of his mouth rather than his brain and hands He values himself, as a carman does his horse, by the money he gets, and looks down upon all that gain less as scoundrels The law is like that double-formed, ill-begotten monster that was kept in an intricate labyrinth and fed with men's flesh, for it devours all that come within the mazes of it and have not a clue to find the way out again He has as little kindness for the Statute Law as Catholics have for the Scripture, but adores the Common Law as they do tradition, and both for the very same reason, for the Statute Law being certain, written and designed to reform and prevent corruptions and abuses in the affairs of the world (as the Scriptures are in matters of religion), he finds it many times a great obstruction to the advantage and profit of his practice; whereas the Common Law, being unwritten, or written in an unknown language which very few understand but himself, is the more pliable and

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He gives his opinion the somersault and turns the wrong side of it outwards. He does not mend his manners, but botch them with patches of another stuff and colour. Change of religion, being for the most part used by those who understand not why one religion is better than another, is like changing of money two sixpences for a shilling, both are of equal value, but the change is for convenience or humour. There is nothing more difficult than a change of religion for the better, for as all alterations in judgment are derived from a precedent confessed error, that error is more probably like to produce another than anything of so different a nature as truth. He imposes upon himself in believing the infirmity of his nature to be the strength of his judgment, and thinks he changes his religion when he changes himself, and turns as naturally from one thing to another as a maggot does to a fly He is a kind of freebooty and plunder, or one head of cattle driven by the priests of one religion out of the quarters of another, and they value him above two of their own; for, beside the glory of the exploit, they have a better title to him (as he that is conquered is more in the power of him that subdued him than he that was born his subject), and they expect a freer submission from one that takes quarter than from those that were under command before His weakness or ignorance, or both, are commonly the chief causes of his conversion; for if he be a man of a profession that has no hopes to thrive upon the account of mere merit, he has no way so easy and certain as to betake himself to some forbidden church, where, for the common cause's sake, he finds so much brotherly love and kindness, that they will rather employ him than one of another persuasion though more skilful, and he gains by turning and winding his religion as tradesmen do by their stocks. The priest has commonly the very same design upon him, for he that is not able to go to the charges of his conversion may live free enough from being attacked by any side. He was troubled with a vertigo in his conscience, and nothing but change of religion, like change of air, could cure him He is like a sick man that can neither lie still in his bed nor turn himself but as he is helped by others

approaches to the mistress. He can tell readily what the difference is between jointure with tuition of infant, land, and money of any value, and what the odds is to a penny between them all, either to take or leave. He does not so much go a-wooing as put in his claim, as if all men of fortune had a fair title to all women of the same quality, and therefore are said to demand them in marriage. But if he be a wooer of fortune, that designs to raise himself by it, he makes wooing his vocation, deals with all matchmakers, that are his setters, is very painful in his calling, and if his business succeed, steals her away and commits matrimony with a felonious intent. He has a great desire to beget money on the body of a woman, and as for other issue is very indifferent, and cares not how old she be so she be not past money-bearing

An Impudent Man

Is one whose want of money and want of wit have engaged him beyond his abilities. The little knowledge he has of himself, being suitable to the little he has in his profession, has made him believe himself fit for it. This double ignorance has made him set a value upon himself, as he that wants a great deal appears in a better condition than he that wants a little This renders him confident and fit for any undertaking, and sometimes (such is the concurrent ignorance of the world) he prospers in it, but oftener miscarries and becomes ridiculous; yet this advantage he has, that as nothing can make him see his error, so nothing can discourage him that way, for he is fortified with his ignorance, as barren and rocky places are by their situation, and he will rather believe that all men want judgment than himself. For, as no man is pleased that has an ill opinion of himself, Nature, that finds out remedies herself, and his own ease, render him insensible of his defects. From hence he grows impudent; for, as men judge by comparison, he knows as little what it is to be defective as what it is to be excellent Nothing renders men modest but a just knowledge how to compare themselves with others, and where that is wanting impudence supplies the place of it, for there is no

vacuum in the minds of men, and commonly, like other things in Nature, they swell more with rarefaction than condensation. The more men know of the world, the worse opinion they have of it; and the more they understand of truth, they are better acquainted with the difficulties of it, and consequently are the less confident in their assertions, especially in matters of probability, which commonly is squint-eyed and looks nine ways at once It is the office of a just judge to hear both parties, and he that considers but the one side of things can never make a just judgment, though he may by chance a true one. Impudence is the bastard of ignorance, not only unlawfully but incestuously begotten by a man upon his own understanding, and laid by himself at his own door, a monster of unnatural production, for shame is as much the propriety of human nature, though overseen by the philosophers, and perhaps more than reason, laughing, or looking asquint, by which they distinguish man from beasts, and the less men have of it the nearer they approach to the nature of brutes Modesty is but a noble jealousy of honour, and impudence the prostitution of it, for he whose face is proof against infamy must be as little sensible of glory His forehead, like a voluntary cuckold's, is by his horns made proof against a blush Nature made man barefaced, and civil custom has preserved him so, but he that's impudent does wear a vizard more ugly and deformed than highway thieves disguise themselves with. Shame is the tender moral conscience of good men When there is a crack in the skull, Nature herself, with a tough horny callous repairs the breach, so a flawed intellect is with a brawny callous face supplied. The face is the dial of the mind, and where they do not go together, 'tis a sign that one or both are out of order. He that is impudent is like a merchant that trades upon his credit without a stock, and if his debts were known would break immediately. The inside of his head is like the outside, and his peruke as naturally of his own growth as his wit He passes in the world like a piece of counterfeit coin, looks well enough until he is rubbed and worn with use, and then his copper complexion begins to appear, and nobody will take him but by owl-light.

AN IMITATOR

Is a counterfeit stone, and the larger and fairer he appears the more apt he is to be discovered; whilst small ones, that pretend to no great value, pass unsuspected. He is made like a man in arras-hangings, after some great master's design, though far short of the original. He is like a spectrum or walking spirit, that assumes the shape of some particular person and appears in the likeness of something that he is not because he has no shape of his own to put on. He has a kind of monkey and baboon wit, that takes after some man's way whom he endeavours to imitate, but does it worse than those things that are naturally his own; for he does not learn, but take his pattern out, as a girl does her sampler. His whole life is nothing but a kind of education, and he is always learning to be something that he is not nor ever will be. For Nature is free, and will not be forced out of her way, nor compelled to do anything against her own will and inclination. He is but a retainer to wit and a follower of his master, whose badge he wears everywhere, and therefore his way is called servile imitation. His fancy is like the innocent lady's, who, by looking on the picture of a Moor that hung in her chamber, conceived a child of the same complexion; for all his conceptions are produced by the pictures of other men's imaginations, and by their features betray whose bastards they are. His Muse is not inspired, but infected with another man's fancy; and he catches his wit, like the itch, of somebody else that had it before, and when he writes he does but scratch himself. His head is, like his hat, fashioned upon a block and wrought in a shape of another man's invention. He melts down his wit and casts it in a mould; and as metals melted and cast are not so firm and solid as those that are wrought with the hammer, so those compositions that are founded and run in other men's moulds are always more brittle and loose than those that are forged in a man's own brain He binds himself apprentice to a trade which he has no stock to set up with, if he should serve out his time and live to be made free. He runs a-whoring after another

top, and then it is the dog-days with him; from whence he falls down again until his liquor is at the bottom, and then he lies quiet and is frozen up.

A JUGGLER

Is an artificial magician, that with his fingers casts a mist before the eyes of the rabble and makes his balls walk invisible which way he pleases He does his feats behind a table, like a Presbyterian in a conventicle, but with much more dexterity and cleanliness, and therefore all sorts of people are better pleased with him. Most professions and mysteries derive the practice of all their faculties from him, but use them with less ingenuity and candour; for the more he deceives those he has to do with the better he deals with them; while those that imitate him in a lawful calling are far more dishonest, for the more they impose the more they abuse All his cheats are primitive, and therefore more innocent and of greater purity than those that are by tradition from hand to hand derived to them, for he conveys money out of one man's pocket into another's with much more sincerity and ingenuity than those that do it in a legal way, and for a less considerable, though more conscientious, reward. He will fetch money out of his own throat with a great deal more of delight and satisfaction to those that pay him for it than any haranguer whatsoever, and make it chuck in his throat better than a lawyer that has talked himself hoarse, and swallowed so many fees that he is almost choked. He will spit fire and blow smoke out of his mouth with less harm and inconvenience to the Government than a seditious holder-forth, and yet all these disown and scorn him, even as men that are grown great and rich despise the meanness of their originals He calls upon "Presto begone," and the Babylonian's tooth, to amuse and divert the rabble from looking too narrowly into his tricks, while a zealous hypocrite, that calls heaven and earth to witness his, turns up the eye and shakes the head at his idolatry and profanation He goes the circuit to all country fairs, where he meets with good strolling practice, and comes up to Bartholomew Fair as his Michaelmas term; after

which he removes to some great thoroughfare, where he hangs out himself in effigy, like a Dutch malefactor, that all those that pass by may for their money have a trial of his skill. He endeavours to plant himself as near as he can to some puppet-play, monster, or mountebank, as the most convenient situation, and when trading grows scant they join all their forces together and make up one grand show, and admit the cutpurse and ballad-singer to trade under them, as orange-women do at a playhouse.

A Romance-Writer

Pulls down old histories to build them up finer again, after a new model of his own designing. He takes away all the lights of truth in history to make it the fitter tutoress of life; for Truth herself has little or nothing to do in the affairs of the world, although all matters of the greatest weight and moment are pretended and done in her name, like a weak princess that has only the title, and falsehood all the power He observes one very fit decorum in dating his histories in the days of old and putting all his own inventions upon ancient times; for when the world was younger, it might perhaps love and fight, and do generous things at the rate he describes them, but since it is grown old, all these heroic feats are laid by and utterly given over, nor ever like to come in fashion again, and therefore all his images of those virtues signify no more than the statues upon dead men's tombs, that will never make them live again. He is like one of Homer's gods, that sets men together by the ears and fetches them off again how he pleases, brings armies into the field like Janello's leaden soldiers; leads up both sides himself, and gives the victory to which he pleases, according as he finds it fit the design of his story, makes love and lovers too, brings them acquainted, and appoints meetings when and where he pleases, and at the same time betrays them in the height of all their felicity to miserable captivity, or some other horrid calamity, for which he makes them rail at the gods and curse their own innocent stars when he only has done them all the injury, makes men villains,

compels them to act all barbarous inhumanities by his own directions, and after inflicts the cruellest punishments upon them for it. He makes all his knights fight in fortifications, and storm one another's armour before they can come to encounter body for body, and always matches them so equally one with another that it is a whole page before they can guess which is likely to have the better; and he that has it is so mangled that it had been better for them both to have parted fair at first; but when they encounter with those that are no knights, though ever so well armed and mounted, ten to one goes for nothing As for the ladies, they are every one the most beautiful in the whole world, and that's the reason why no one of them, nor all together with all their charms, have power to tempt away any knight from another He differs from a just historian as a joiner does from a carpenter; the one does things plainly and substantially for use, and the other carves and polishes merely for show and ornament.

A LIBELLER

Is a certain classic author that handles his subject-matter very ruggedly, and endeavours with his own evil words to corrupt another man's good manners All his works treat but of two things, his own malice and another man's faults, both which he describes in very proper and pertinent language. He is not much concerned whether what he writes be true or false; that's nothing to his purpose, which aims only at filthy and bitter, and therefore his language is, like pictures of the devil, the fouler the better. He robs a man of his good name, not for any good it will do him (for he dares not own it), but merely, as a jackdaw steals money, for his pleasure His malice has the same success with other men's charity, to be rewarded in private; for all he gets is but his own private satisfaction and the testimony of an evil conscience, for which, if it be discovered, he suffers the worst kind of martyrdom and is paid with condign punishment, so that at the best he has but his labour for his pains. He deals with a man as the Spanish Inquisition does with heretics, clothes

him in a coat painted with hellish shapes of fiends, and so shows him to the rabble to render him the more odious. He exposes his wit like a bastard, for the next comer to take up and put out to nurse, which it seldom fails of, so ready is every man to contribute to the infamy of another. He is like the devil, that sows tares in the dark, and while a man sleeps plants weeds among his corn. When he ventures to fall foul on the Government or any great persons, if he has not a special care to keep himself, like a conjurer, safe in his circle, he raises a spirit that falls foul on himself and carries him to limbo, where his neck is clapped up in the hole, out of which it is never released until he has paid his ears down on the nail for fees He is in a worse condition than a schoolboy, for when he is discovered he is whipped for his exercise, whether it be well or ill done; so that he takes a wrong course to show his wit, when his best way to do so is to conceal it; otherwise he shows his folly instead of his wit, and pays dear for the mistake.

A Factious Member

Is sent out laden with the wisdom and politics of the place he serves for, and has his own freight and custom free. He is trusted like a factor to trade for a society, but endeavours to turn all the public to his own private advantages. He has no instructions but his pleasure, and therefore strives to have his privileges as large. He is very wise in his politic capacity as having a full share in the House and an implicit right to every man's reason, though he has none of his own, which makes him appear so simple out of it. He believes all reason of State consists in faction, as all wisdom in haranguing, of which he is so fond that he had rather the nation should perish than continue ignorant of his great abilities that way; though he that observes his gestures, words, and delivery will find them so perfectly agreeable to the rules of the House that he cannot but conclude he learnt his oratory the very same way that jackdaws and parrots practise by; for he coughs and spits and blows his nose with that discreet and prudent caution that you would think he had buried his

talent in a handkerchief, and were now pulling it out to dispose of it to a better advantage. He stands and presumes so much upon the privileges of the House, as if every member were a tribune of the people and had as absolute power as they had in Rome, according to the lately established fundamental custom and practice of their quartered predecessors of unhappy memory. He endeavours to show his wisdom in nothing more than in appearing very much unsatisfied with the present manage of State affairs, although he knows nothing of the reasons. So much the better, for the thing is the more difficult, and argues his judgment and insight the greater; for any man can judge that understands the reasons of what he does, but very few know how to judge mechanically without understanding why or wherefore It is sufficient to assure him that the public money has been diverted from the proper uses it was raised for because he has had no share of it himself, and the government ill managed because he has no hand in it, which, truly, is a very great grievance to the people, that understand, by himself and his party, that are their representatives, and ought to understand for them how able he is for it. He fathers all his own passions and concerns, like bastards, on the people, because, being entrusted by them without articles or conditions, they are bound to acknowledge whatsoever he does as their own act and deed.

A PLAY-WRITER

Of our times is like a fanatic, that has no wit in ordinary easy things, and yet attempts the hardest task of brains in the whole world, only because, whether his play or work please or displease, he is certain to come off better than he deserves, and find some of his own latitude to applaud him, which he could never expect any other way, and is as sure to lose no reputation, because he has none to venture —

Like gaming rooks, that never stick
To play for hundreds upon tick,

'Cause, if they chance to lose at play,
They've not one halfpenny to pay;
And, if they win a hundred pound,
Gain, if for sixpence they compound.

Nothing encourages him more in his undertaking than his ignorance, for he has not wit enough to understand so much as the difficulty of what he attempts; therefore he runs on boldly like a foolhardy wit, and Fortune, that favours fools and the bold, sometimes takes notice of him for his double capacity, and receives him into her good graces. He has one motive more, and that is the concurrent ignorant judgment of the present age, in which his sottish fopperies pass with applause, like Oliver Cromwell's oratory among fanatics of his own canting inclination. He finds it easier to write in rhyme than prose, for the world being overcharged with romances, he finds his plots, passions, and repartees ready made to his hand, and if he can but turn them into rhyme the thievery is disguised, and they pass for his own wit and invention without question, like a stolen cloak made into a coat or dyed into another colour. Besides this, he makes no conscience of stealing anything that lights in his way, and borrows the advice of so many to correct, enlarge, and amend what he has ill-favouredly patched together, that it becomes like a thing drawn by counsel, and none of his own performance, or the son of a whore that has no one certain father. He has very great reason to prefer verse before prose in his compositions, for rhyme is like lace, that serves excellently well to hide the piecing and coarseness of a bad stuff, contributes mightily to the bulk, and makes the less serve by the many impertinences it commonly requires to make way for it, for very few are endowed with abilities to bring it in on its own account This he finds to be good husbandry and a kind of necessary thrift, for they that have but a little ought to make as much of it as they can. His prologue, which is commonly none of his own, is always better than his play, like a piece of cloth that's fine in the beginning and coarse afterwards, though it has but one topic, and that's the same that is used by malefactors,

when they are to be tried, to except against as many of the jury as they can.

A Mountebank

Is an epidemic physician, a doctor-errant, that keeps himself up by being, like a top, in motion, for if he should settle he would fall to nothing immediately. He is a pedlar of medicines, a petty chapman of cures, and tinker empirical to the body of man. He strolls about to markets and fairs, where he mounts on the top of his shop, that is his bank, and publishes his medicines as universal as himself; for everything is for all diseases, as himself is of all places—that is to say, of none. His business is to show tricks and impudence. As for the cure of diseases, it concerns those that have them, not him, further than to get their money. His pudding is his setter that lodges the rabble for him, and then slips him, who opens with a deep mouth, and has an ill day if he does not run down some. He baits his patient's body with his medicines, as a rat-catcher does a room, and either poisons the disease or him. As soon as he has got all the money and spent all the credit the rabble could spare him, he then removes to fresh quarters where he is less known and better trusted. If but one in twenty of his medicines hit by chance, when nature works the cure, it saves the credit of all the rest, that either do no good or hurt, for whosoever recovers in his hands, he does the work under God, but if he die, God does it under him: his time was come, and there's an end. A velvet jerkin is his prime qualification, by which he is distinguished from his pudding, as he is with his cap from him. This is the usher of his school, that draws the rabble together, and then he draws their teeth. He administers physic with a farce, and gives his patients a preparative of dancing on the rope, to stir the humours and prepare them for evacuation. His fool serves for his foil, and sets him off as well as his bragging and lying The first thing he vents is his own praise, and then his medicines wrapped up in several papers and lies He mounts his bank as a vaulter does his wooden horse, and then shows tricks for his patients, as apes do for the

King of Spain. He casts the nativity of urinals, and tries diseases, like a witch, by water. He bails the place with a jig, draws the rabble together, and then throws his hook among them. He pretends to universal medicines; that is, such as, when all men are sick together, will cure them all, but till then no one in particular.

A Wittol

Is a person of great complaisance, and very civil to all that have occasion to make use of his wife. He married a wife as a common proxy for the service of all those that are willing to come in for their shares; he engrossed her first by wholesale, and since puts her off by retail, he professes a form of matrimony, but utterly denies the power thereof. They that tell tales are very unjust, for, having not put in their claims before marriage, they are bound for ever after to hold their tongues. The reason why citizens are commonly wittols is, because men that drive a trade and are dealers in the world seldom provide anything for their own uses which they will not very willingly put off again for considerable profit. He believes it to be but a vulgar error and no such disparagement as the world commonly imagines to be a cuckold, for man, being the epitomy and representation of all creatures, cannot be said to be perfect while he wants that badge and character which so many several species wear both for their defence and ornament. He takes the only wise and sure course that his wife should do him no injury; for, having his own free consent, it is not in her power that way to do him any wrong at all His wife is, like Eve in Paradise, married to all mankind, and yet is unsatisfied that there are no more worlds, as Alexander the Great was. She is a person of public capacity, and rather than not serve her country would suffer an army to march over her, as Sir Rice ap Thomas did. Her husband and she give and take equal liberty, which preserves a perfect peace and good understanding between both, while those that are concerned in one another's love and honour are never quiet, but always caterwauling. He differs from a jealous man as a valiant man

does from a coward, that trembles at a danger which the other scorns and despises. He is of a true philosophical temper, and suffers what he knows not how to avoid with a more than stoical resolution. He is one of those the poet speaks of:—

"Qui ferre incommoda vitæ,
Nec jactare jugum, vita didicere magistra."

He is as much pleased to see many men approve his choice of his wife, and has as great a kindness for them, as opiniasters have for all those whom they find to agree with themselves in judgment and approve the abilities of their understandings.

A Litigious Man

Goes to law, as men do to bad houses, to spend his money and satisfy his concupiscence of wrangling. He is a constant customer to the old reverend gentlewoman Law, and believes her to be very honest, though she picks his pockets and puts a thousand tricks and gulleries upon him. He has a strange kindness for an action of the case, but a most passionate loyalty for the King's writ. A well-drawn bill and answer will draw him all the world over, and a breviate as far as the Line He enters the lists at Westminster like an old tilter, runs his course in law, and breaks an oath or two instead of a lance, and if he can but unhorse the defendant and get the sentence of the judges on his side, he marches off in triumph. He prefers a cry of lawyers at the Bar before any pack of the best-mouthed dogs in all the North. He has commonly once a term a trial of skill with some other professor of the noble science of contention at the several weapons of bill and answer, forgery, perjury, subornation, champarty, affidavit, common barretry, maintenance, &c., and though he come off with the worst, he does not greatly care so he can but have another bout for it. He fights with bags of money, as they did heretofore with sand-bags, and he that has the heaviest has the advantage and knocks down the other, right or wrong, and he suffers the penalties of the law for having no more money

to show in the case. He is a client by his order and votary of the long robe, and though he were sure the devil invented it to hide his cloven feet, he has the greater reverence for it; for, as evil manners produce good laws, the worse the inventor was the better the thing may be He keeps as many Knights of the Post to swear for him, as the King does poor knights at Windsor to pray for him. When he is defendant and like to be worsted in a suit, he puts in a cross bill and becomes plaintiff, for the plainant is eldest hand, and has not only that advantage, but is understood to be the better friend to the Court, and is considered for it accordingly.

A Humourist

Is a peculiar fantastic that has a wonderful natural affection to some particular kind of folly, to which he applies himself and in time becomes eminent 'Tis commonly some outlying whimsy of Bedlam, that, being tame and unhurtful, is suffered to go at liberty The more serious he is the more ridiculous he becomes, and at the same time pleases himself in earnest and others in jest. He knows no mean, for that is inconsistent with all humour, which is never found but in some extreme or other Whatsoever he takes to he is very full of, and believes every man else to be so too, as if his own taste were the same in every man's palate. If he be a virtuoso, he applies himself with so much earnestness to what he undertakes that he puts his reason out of joint and strains his judgment, and there is hardly anything in the world so slight or serious that some one or other has not squandered away his brains and time and fortune upon to no other purpose but to be ridiculous He is exempted from a dark room and a doctor, because there is no danger in his frenzy, otherwise he has as good a title to fresh straw as another Humour is but a crookedness of the mind, a disproportioned swelling of the brain, that draws the nourishment from the other parts to stuff an ugly and deformed crup-shoulder. If it have the luck to meet with many of its own temper, instead of being ridiculous it becomes a church, and from jest grows to earnest.

The Seditious Man

Is a civil mutineer, and as all mutinies for the most part are for pay, if it were not for that he would never trouble himself with it. His business is to kindle and blow up discontents against the Government, that, when they are inflamed, he may have the fairer opportunity to rob and plunder, while those that are concerned are employed in quenching it. He endeavours to raise tumults and, if he can, civil war—a remedy which no man that means well to his country can endure to think on though the disease were never so desperate. He is a State mountebank, whose business is to persuade the people that they are not well in health, that he may get their money to make them worse. If he be a preacher, he has the advantage of all others of his tribe, for he has a way to vent sedition by wholesale; and as the foulest purposes have most need of the fairest pretences, so when sedition is masked under the veil of piety, religion, conscience, and holy duty, it propagates wonderfully among the rabble, and he vents more in an hour from the pulpit than others by news and politics can do in a week Next him, writers and libellers are most pernicious, for though the contagion they disperse spreads slower and with less force than preaching, yet it lasts longer, and in time extends to more, and with less danger to the author, who is not easily discovered if he use any care to conceal himself. And therefore, as we see stinging-flies vex and provoke cattle most immediately before storms, so multitudes of those kinds of vermin do always appear to stir up the people before the beginning of all troublesome times, and nobody knows who they are or from whence they came, but only that they were printed the present year that they may not lose the advantage of being known to be new Some do it only out of humour and envy, or desire to see those that are above them pulled down and others raised in their places, as if they held it a kind of freedom to change their governors, though they continue in the same condition themselves still, only they are a little better pleased with it in observing the dangers greatness is exposed to. He delights in nothing so much

as civil commotions, and, like a porpoise, always plays before a storm. Paper and tinder are both made of the same material, rags, but he converts them both into the same again and makes his paper tinder.

The Rude Man

Is an Ostro-Goth or Northern Hun, that, wheresoever he comes, invades and all the world does overrun, without distinction of age, sex, or quality He has no regard to anything but his own humour, and that, he expects, should pass everywhere without asking leave or being asked wherefore, as if he had a safe-conduct for his rudeness. He rolls up himself like a hedgehog in his prickles, and is as intractable to all that come near him He is an ill-designed piece, built after the rustic order, and all his parts look too big for their height. He is so ill-contrived that that which should be the top in all regular structures—*i e.*, confidence—is his foundation. He has neither doctrine nor discipline in him, like a fanatic Church, but is guided by the very same spirit that dipped the herd of swine in the sea He was not bred, but reared; not brought up to hand, but suffered to run wild and take after his kind, as other people of the pasture do. He takes that freedom in all places, as if he were not at liberty, but had broken loose and expected to be tied up again He does not eat, but feed, and when he drinks goes to water. The old Romans beat the barbarous part of the world into civility, but if he had lived in those times he had been invincible to all attempts of that nature, and harder to be subdued and governed than a province He eats his bread, according to the curse, with the sweat of his brow, and takes as much pains at a meal as if he earned it, puffs and blows like a horse that eats provender, and crams his throat like a screwed gun with a bullet bigger than the bore. His tongue runs perpetually over everything that comes in its way, without regard of what, where, or to whom, and nothing but a greater rudeness than his own can stand before it, and he uses it to as slovenly purposes as a dog does that licks his sores and the dirt off his feet. He is the best instance of the truth of

Pythagoras's doctrine, for his soul passed through all sorts of brute beasts before it came to him, and still retains something of the nature of every one.

A Rabble

Is a congregation or assembly of the States-general sent from their several and respective shops, stalls, and garrets. They are full of controversy, and every one of a several judgment concerning the business under present consideration, whether it be mountebank, show, hanging, or ballad-singer. They meet, like Democritus's atoms, *in vacuo*, and by a fortuitous jostling together produce the greatest and most savage beast in the whole world; for though the members of it may have something of human nature while they are asunder, when they are put together they have none at all, as a multitude of several sounds make one great noise unlike all the rest, in which no one particular is distinguished. They are a great dunghill where all sorts of dirty and nasty humours meet, stink, and ferment, for all the parts are in a perpetual tumult. 'Tis no wonder they make strange Churches, for they take naturally to any imposture, and have a great antipathy to truth and order as being contrary to their original confusion. They are a herd of swine possessed with a dry devil that run after hanging instead of drowning Once a month they go on pilgrimage to the gallows, to visit the sepulchres of their ancestors, as the Turks do once a week. When they come there they sing psalms, quarrel, and return full of satisfaction and narrative. When they break loose they are like a public ruin, in which the highest parts lie undermost, and make the noblest fabrics heaps of rubbish. They are like the sea, that's stirred into a tumult with every blast of wind that blows upon it, till it become a watery Apennine, and heap mountain billows upon one another, as once the giants did in the war with heaven A crowd is their proper element, in which they make their way with their shoulders as pigs creep through hedges Nothing in the world delights them so much as the ruin of great persons or any calamity in which they have no share, though they get

nothing by it. They love nothing but themselves in the likeness of one another, and, like sheep, run all that way the first goes, especially if it be against their governors, whom they have a natural disaffection to.

A Knight of the Post

Is a retailer of oaths, a deposition-monger, an evidence-maker, that lives by the labour of his conscience. He takes money to kiss the Gospel, as Judas did Christ when he betrayed Him. As a good conscience is a continual feast, so an ill one is with him his daily food. He plies at a court of justice, as porters do at a market, and his business is to bear witness, as they do burdens for any man that will pay them for it He will swear his ears through an inch-board, and wears them merely by favour of the Court; for, being *amicus curiæ*, they are willing to let him keep the pillory out of possession, though he has forfeited his right never so often, for when he is once outed of his ears he is past his labour, and can do the commonwealth of practisers no more service. He is false weight in the balance of justice, and, as a lawyer's tongue is the tongue of the balance that inclines either way according as the weight of the bribe inclines it, so does his. He lays one hand on the Book, and the other is in the plaintiff's or defendant's pocket He feeds upon his conscience, as a monkey eats his tail. He kisses the Book to show he renounces and takes his leave of it Many a parting kiss has he given the Gospel. He pollutes it with his lips oftener than a hypocrite. He is a sworn officer of every court and a great practiser, is admitted within the Bar, and makes good what the rest of the counsel say. The attorney and solicitor fee and instruct him in the case, and he ventures as far for his client as any man to be laid by the ears He speaks more to the point than any other, yet gives false grounds to his brethren of the jury, that they seldom come near the jack. His oaths are so brittle that not one in twenty of them will hold the taking, but fly as soon as they are out. He is worse than an ill conscience, for that bears true witness, but his is always

false; and though his own conscience be said to be a thousand witnesses, he will outswear and outface them all. He believes it no sin to bear false witness for his neighbour that pays him for it, because it is not forbidden, but only to bear false witness against his neighbour.

An Undeserving Favourite

Is a piece of base metal with the King's stamp upon it, a fog raised by the sun to obscure his own brightness. He came to preferment by unworthy offices, like one that rises with his bum forwards, which the rabble hold to be fortunate. He got up to preferment on the wrong side, and sits as untoward in it. He is raised rather above himself than others, or as base metals are by the test of lead, while gold and silver continue still unmoved. He is raised and swells, like a pimple, to be an eyesore and deform the place he holds. He is borne like a cloud on the air of the Prince's favour, and keeps his light from the rest of his people. He rises, like the light end of a balance, for want of weight, or as dust and feathers do, for being light He gets into the Prince's favour by wounding it. He is a true person of honour, for he does but act it at the best; a lord made only to justify all the lords of May-poles, morrice-dances, and misrule; a thing that does not live, but lie in state before he's dead, such as the heralds dight at funerals. His Prince gives him honour out of his own stock, and estate out of his revenue, and lessens himself in both:—

> "He is like fern, that vile unuseful weed,
> That springs equivocally, without seed"

He was not made for honour, nor it for him, which makes it sit so unfavouredly upon him. The fore-part of himself and the hinder-part of his coach publish his distinction, as French lords, that have *haute justice*—that is, may hang and draw—distinguish their qualities by the pillars of their gallows He got his honour easily, by chance, without the hard, laborious way of merit, which makes him so prodigally lavish of it. He brings down the price

of honour, as the value of anything falls in mean hands. He looks upon all men in the state of knighthood and plain gentility as most deplorable, and wonders how he could endure himself when he was but of that rank. The greatest part of his honour consists in his well-sounding title, which he therefore makes choice of, though he has none to the place, but only a patent to go by the name of it. This appears at the end of his coach in the shape of a coronet, which his footmen set their bums against, to the great disparagement of the wooden representative. The people take him for a general grievance, a kind of public pressure or innovation, and would willingly give a subsidy to be redressed of him He is a strict observer of men's addresses to him, and takes a mathematical account whether they stoop and bow in just proportion to the weight of his greatness and allow full measure to their legs and cringes accordingly. He never uses courtship but in his own defence, that others may use the same to him, and, like a true Christian, does as he would be done unto He is intimate with no man but his pimp and his surgeon, with whom he keeps no state, but communicates all the states of his body. He is raised, like the market or a tax, to the grievance and curse of the people He that knew the inventory of him would wonder what slight ingredients go to the making up of a great person, howsoever, he is turned up trump, and so commands better cards than himself while the game lasts. He has much of honour according to the original sense of it, which among the ancients, Gellius says, signified injury. His prosperity was greater than his brain could bear, and he is drunk with it; and if he should take a nap as long as Epimenides or the Seven Sleepers he would never be sober again. He took his degree and went forth lord by mandamus, without performing exercises of merit. His honour's but an immunity from worth, and his nobility a dispensation for doing things ignoble. He expects that men's hats should fly off before him like a storm, and not presume to stand in the way of his prospect, which is always over their heads. All the advantage he has is but to go before or sit before, in which his nether parts take place of his upper, that continue still, in comparison, but

commoners. He is like an open summer-house, that has no furniture but bare seats. All he has to show for his honour is his patent, which will not be in season until the third or fourth generation, if it lasts so long. His very creation supposes him nothing before, and as tailors rose by the fall of Adam, and came in, like thorns and thistles, with the curse, so did he by the frailty of his master. His very face is his gentleman-usher, that walks before him in state, and cries "Give way!" He is as stiff as if he had been dipped in petrifying water and turned into his own statue. He is always taking the name of his honour in vain, and will rather damn it like a knighthood of the post than want occasion to pawn it for every idle trifle, perhaps for more than it is worth, or any man will give to redeem it; and in this he deals uprightly, though perhaps in nothing else.

A Malicious Man

Has a strange natural inclination to all ill intents and purposes. He bears nothing so resolutely as ill-will, which he takes naturally to, as some do to gaming, and will rather hate for nothing than sit out. He believes the devil is not so bad as he should be, and therefore endeavours to make him worse by drawing him into his own party offensive and defensive; and if he would but be ruled by him, does not doubt but to make him understand his business much better than he does. He lays nothing to heart but malice, which is so far from doing him hurt that it is the only cordial that preserves him. Let him use a man never so civilly to his face, he is sure to hate him behind his back. He has no memory for any good that is done him; but evil, whether it be done him or not, never leaves him, as things of the same kind always keep together. Love and hatred, though contrary passions, meet in him as a third and unite, for he loves nothing but to hate, and hates nothing but to love. All the truths in the world are not able to produce so much hatred as he is able to supply. He is a common enemy to the world, for being born to the hatred of it, Nature, that provides for everything she brings forth, has furnished him with a

competence suitable to his occasions, for all men together cannot hate him so much as he does them one by one. He loses no occasion of offence, but very thriftily lays it up and endeavours to improve it to the best advantage. He makes issues in his skin to vent his ill-humours, and is sensible of no pleasure so much as the itching of his sores. He hates death for nothing so much as because he fears it will take him away before he has paid all the ill-will he owes, and deprive him of all those precious feuds he has been scraping together all his lifetime. He is troubled to think what a disparagement it will be to him to die before those that will be glad to hear he is gone, and desires very charitably they might come to an agreement like good friends and go hand-in-hand out of the world together. He loves his neighbour as well as he does himself, and is willing to endure any misery so they may but take part with him, and undergo any mischief rather than they should want it. He is ready to spend his blood and lay down his life for theirs that would not do half so much for him, and rather than fail would give the devil suck, and his soul into the bargain, if he would but make him his plenipotentiary to determine all differences between himself and others. He contracts enmities, as others do friendships, out of likenesses, sympathies, and instincts; and when he lights upon one of his own temper, as contraries produce the same effects, they perform all the offices of friendship, have the same thoughts, affections, and desires of one another's destruction, and please themselves as heartily, and perhaps as securely, in hating one another as others do in loving. He seeks out enemies to avoid falling out with himself, for his temper is like that of a flourishing kingdom; if it have not a foreign enemy it will fall into a civil war and turn its arms upon itself, and so does but hate in his own defence. His malice is all sorts of gain to him, for as men take pleasure in pursuing, entrapping, and destroying all sorts of beasts and fowl, and call it sport, so would he do men, and if he had equal power would never be at a loss, nor give over his game without his prey; and in this he does nothing but justice, for as men take delight to destroy beasts, he, being a beast, does but do as he is done by in

endeavouring to destroy men. The philosopher said, "Man to man is a god and a wolf;" but he, being incapable of the first, does his endeavour to make as much of the last as he can, and shows himself as excellent in his kind as it is in his power to do.

A Knave

Is like a tooth-drawer, that maintains his own teeth in constant eating by pulling out those of other men. He is an ill moral philosopher, of villainous principles, and as bad practice. His tenets are to hold what he can get, right or wrong. His tongue and his heart are always at variance, and fall out like rogues in the street, to pick somebody's pocket. They never agree but, like Herod and Pilate, to do mischief His conscience never stands in his light when the devil holds a candle to him, for he has stretched it so thin that it is transparent. He is an engineer of treachery, fraud, and perfidiousness, and knows how to manage matters of great weight with very little force by the advantage of his trepanning screws. He is very skilful in all the mechanics of cheat, the mathematical magic of imposture, and will outdo the expectation of the most credulous to their own admiration and undoing He is an excellent founder, and will melt down a leaden fool and cast him into what form he pleases He is like a pike in a pond, that lives by rapine, and will sometimes venture on one of his own kind, and devour a knave as big as himself. He will swallow a fool a great deal bigger than himself, and, if he can but get his head within his jaws, will carry the rest of him hanging out at his mouth, until by degrees he has digested him all He has a hundred tricks to slip his neck out of the pillory without leaving his ears behind. As for the gallows, he never ventures to show his tricks upon the high-rope for fear of breaking his neck. He seldom commits any villainy but in a legal way, and makes the law bear him out in that for which it hangs others. He always robs under the vizard of law, and picks pockets with tricks in equity By his means the law makes more knaves than it hangs, and, like the Inns-of-Court, protects offenders against

itself He gets within the law and disarms it. His hardest labour is to wriggle himself into trust, which if he can but compass his business is done, for fraud and treachery follow as easily as a thread does a needle He grows rich by the ruin of his neighbours, like grass in the streets in a great sickness. He shelters himself under the covert of the law, like a thief in a hemp-plot, and makes that secure him which was intended for his destruction

APPENDIX.



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Wrote "The Character of the Happy Warrior" in 1806. *It was suggested by the death of Nelson at Trafalgar on the* 21*st of October* 1805. *Wordsworth did not connect the poem with the name of Nelson because there was a stain upon his public life, in his relations with Lady Hamilton, that clouded the ideal. The poet said that in writing he thought much of his true-hearted sailor-brother who, as Captain of an Indiaman, had been drowned in the wreck of his ship off the Bill of Portland on the* 5*th of February* 1805, *his body not being found until the* 20*th of March.*

CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR.

WHO is the happy Warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
—It is the generous spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought:
Whose high endeavours are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright:
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care;
Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed—miserable train!—
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;

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